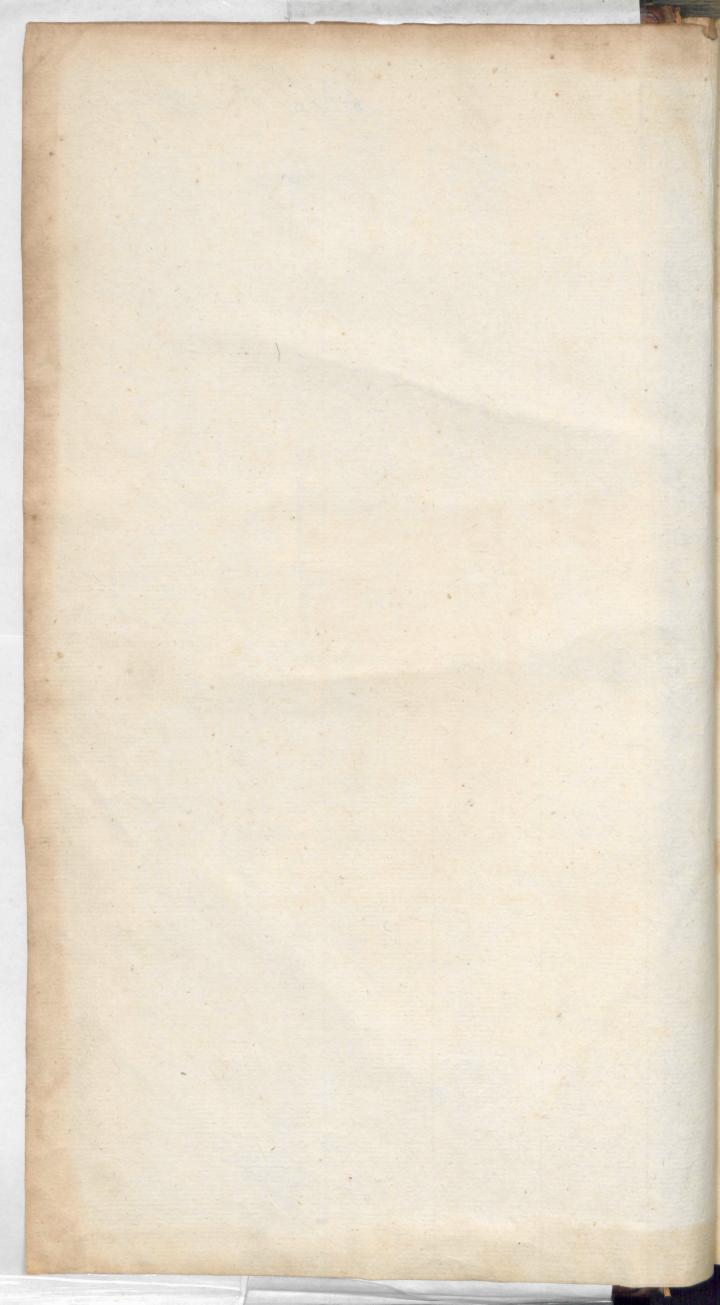




AMM Galfac



Regnals Bray Bray

Lampson

M^t Dryden's

FABLES.

Caser was war, Agustus peace, Impuro Tiberius was, Caligula past curo, Claudius was dotard, Nero basely mad, Galber Stale, Otho trim, Vetellius Iwad, Vespafian Ihrond and base, Titus more good Than bad, Tomitian was pride hut and blood

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FABLES

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FABLES

Ancient and Modern;

Translated into VERSE,

FROM

Homer, Ovid, Boccace, & Chaucer:

WITH

ORIGINAL POEMS.

By Mr DRYDEN.

Nunc ultrò ad Cineres ipsius & ossa parentis (Haud equidem sine mente, reor, sine numine divum) Adsumus. Virg. Æn. lib. 5.

LONDON:

Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Gray's Inn Gate next Gray's Inn Lane. MDCC.

Ancient and Modern;

Translated into VERSE,

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By ME DRIDEN

Nume ultre ad Cineres infine de clas perçates (Hand equiden fine mente, reet, fine minine leum) Adfumes.

Verestan, III.

EDNDONS

Princed for From Tongon, within Gray's Lim Cone next

HIS GRACE

THE

Duke of Ormond.

My LORD,

OME Estates are held in England, by paying a Fine at the change of every Lord: I have enjoy'd the Patronage of your Family, from the time of your excellent Grandfather to this present Day. I have dedicated the Lives of Plutarch to the first Duke; and have celebrated the Memory of your Heroick Father. Tho' I am very short of the Age of Nestor, yet I have liv'd to a third Generation of your House; and by your Grace's Favour am admitted still to hold from you by the same Tenure.

I am not vain enough to boast that I have deserv'd the value of so Illustrious a Line; but my Fortune is the greater, that for three Descents they have been pleas'd to distinguish my Poems from those of other Men; and have accordingly made me their peculiar Care. May it be permitted me to say, That as your Grandfather and Father were cherish'd and adorn'd with Honours by two successive Monarchs, so I have been esteem'd, and patronis'd, by the Grandfather, the Father, and

the Son, descended from one of the most Ancient, most Conspicuous, and most Deserving Families in Europe.

'Tis true, that by delaying the Payment of my last Fine, when it was due by your Grace's Accession to the Titles, and Patrimonies of your House, I may seem in rigour of Law to have made a forfeiture of my Claim, yet my Heart has always been devoted to your Service: And since you have been graciously pleas'd, by your permission of this Address, to accept the tender of my Duty, 'tis not yet too late to lay these Poems at your Feet.

The World is fensible that you worthily succeed, not only to the Honours of your Ancestors, but also to their Virtues. The long Chain of Magnanimity, Courage, easiness of Access, and desire of doing Good, even to the Prejudice of your Fortune, is so far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious Metal yet runs pure to the newest Link of it: Which I will not call the last, because I hope and pray, it may descend to late Posterity: And your flourishing Youth, and that of your excellent Dutchess, are happy Omens of my Wish.

'Tis observ'd by Livy and by others, That some of the noblest Roman Families retain'd a refemblance of their Ancestry, not only in their Shapes and Features; but also in their Manners, their Qualities, and the diffinguishing Characters of their Minds: Some Lines were noted for a stern, rigid Virtue, salvage, haughty, parcimonious and unpopular: Others were more sweet, and affable; made of a more pliant Past, humble, courteous, and obliging; studious of doing charitable Offices, and disfusive of the Goods which they enjoy'd. The last of these is the proper and indelible Character of your Grace's Family. God Almighty has endu'd you with a Softness, a Beneficence, an attractive Behaviour winning on the Hearts of others; and so sensible of their Misery, that the Wounds of Fortune, seem not inflicted on them but on your felf. You are so ready to redrefs, that you almost prevent their Wishes, and always exceed their Expectations: As if what was yours, was not your own, and not given you to posses, but to bestow on wanting Merit. But this is a Topick which I must cast in Shades, lest

I offend your Modesty, which is so far from being oftentatious of the Good you do, that it blushes even to have it known: And therefore I must leave you to the Satisfaction and Testimony of your own Conscience, which though it be a filent Panegyrick, is yet the best.

You are so easy of Access, that Poplicola was not more, whose Doors were open'd on the Outside to save the People even the common Civility of asking entrance; where all were equally admitted; where nothing that was reasonable was deny'd; where Missortune was a powerful Recommendation, and where (I can scarce forbear saying) that Want it self was a powerful Mediator, and was next to Merit.

The History of Peru assures us, That their Inca's above all their Titles, esteem'd that the highest, which call'd them Lovers of the Poor: A Name more glorious, than the Felix, Pius, and Augustus of the Roman Emperors; which were Epithets of Flattery, deserv'd by sew of them; and not running in a Blood like the perpetual Gentleness, and inherent Goodness of the ORMOND Family.

Gold, as it is the purest, so it is the softest, and most ductile of all Metals: Iron, which is the hardest, gathers Rust, corrodes its self; and is therefore subject to Corruption: It was never intended for Coins and Medals, or to bear the Faces and Inscriptions of the Great. Indeed 'tis sit for Armour, to bear off Insults, and preserve the Wearer in the Day of Battle: But the Danger once repell'd, 'tis laid aside by the Brave, as a Garment too rough for civil Conversation; a necessary Guard in War, but too harsh and cumbersome in Peace, and which keeps off the embraces of a more human Life.

For this Reason, my Lord, though you have Courage in a heroical Degree, yet I ascribe it to you, but as your second Attribute: Mercy, Beneficence, and Compassion, claim Precedence, as they are first in the divine Nature. An intrepid Courage, which is inherent in your Grace, is at best but a Holiday-kind of Virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in Cases of Necessity: Affability, Mildness, Tenderness, and a Word.

Word, which I would fain bring back to its original Signification of Virtue, I mean good Nature, are of daily use: They are the Bread of Mankind, and Staff of Life: Neither Sighs, nor Tears, nor Groans, nor Curses of the vanquish'd, follow Acts of Compassion, and of Charity: But a sincere Pleasure, and Serenity of Mind, in him who performs an Action of Mercy, which cannot suffer the Missortunes of another, without redress; least they should bring a kind of Contagion along with them, and pollute the Happiness which he enjoys.

Yet fince the perverse Tempers of Mankind, fince Oppression on one side, and Ambition on the other, are sometimes the unavoidable Occasions of War; that Courage, that Magnanimity, and Resolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended: And here it grieves me that I am scanted in the pleasure of dwelling on many of your Actions: But and Trowas is an Expression which Tully often uses, when he would do what he dares not, and fears the Censure of the Romans.

I have sometimes been forc'd to amplify on others; but here, where the Subject is so fruitful, that the Harvest overcomes the Reaper, I am shorten'd by my Chain, and can only see what is forbidden me to reach: Since it is not permitted me to commend you, according to the extent of my Wishes, and much less is it in my Power to make my Commendations equal to your Merits.

Yet in this Frugality of your Praises, there are some Things which I cannot omit, without detracting from your Character. You have so form'd your own Education, as enables you to pay the Debt you owe your Country; or more properly speaking, both your Countries: Because you were born, I may almost say in Purple at the Castle of Dublin, when your Grandsather was Lord-Lieutenant, and have since been bred in the Court of England.

If this Address had been in Verse, I might have call'd you as Claudian calls Mercury, Numen commune, Gemino faciens commercia mundo. The better to satisfy this double Obligation you have

have early cultivated the Genius you have to Arms, that when the Service of Britain or Ireland shall require your Courage, and your Conduct, you may exert them both to the Benefit of either Country. You began in the Cabinet what you afterwards practis'd in the Camp; and thus both Lucullus and Casar (to omit a crowd of shining Romans) form'd themfelves to the War by the Study of History; and by the Examples of the greatest Captains, both of Greece and Italy, before their time. I name those two Commanders in particular, because they were better read in Chronicle than any of the Roman Leaders; and that Lucullus in particular, having only the Theory of War from Books, was thought fit, without Practice, to be fent into the Field, against the most formidable Enemy of Rome. Tully indeed was call'd the learn'd Conful in derifion; but then he was not born a Soldier: His Head was turn'd another way: When he read the Tacticks he was thinking on the Bar, which was his Field of Battle. The Knowledge of Warfare is thrown away on a General who dares not make use of what he knows. I commend it only in a Man of Courage and of Resolution; in him it will direct his Martial Spirit; and teach him the way to the best Victories, which are those that are least bloody, and which tho' atchiev'd by the Hand, are manag'd by the Head. Science distinguishes a Man of Honour from one of those Athletick Brutes whom undeservedly we call Heroes. Curs'd be the Poet, who first honour'd with that Name a meer Ajax, a Man-killing Ideot. The Ulysses of Ovid upbraids his Ignorance, that he understood not the Shield for which he pleaded: There was engraven on it, Plans of Cities, and Maps of Countries, which Ajax could not comprehend, but look'd on them as stupidly as his Fellow-Beast the Lion. But on the other side, your Grace has given your felf the Education of his Rival; you have studied every Spot of Ground in Flanders, which for these ten Years past has been the Scene of Battles and of Sieges. No wonder if you perform'd your Part with fuch Applause on a Theater which you understood so well.

If I defign'd this for a Poetical Encomium, it were easy to enlarge on so copious a Subject; but confining my self to the

Severity of Truth, and to what is becoming me to fay, I must not only pass over many Instances of your Military Skill, but also those of your assiduous Diligence in the War; and of your Personal Bravery, attended with an ardent Thirst of Honour; a long Train of Generosity; Profuseness of doing Good; a Soul unsatisfy'd with all it has done; and an unextinguish'd Desire of doing more. But all this is Matter for your own Historians; I am, as Virgil says, Spatiis exclusus iniquis.

Yet not to be wholly filent of all your Charities I must stay a little on one Action, which preferr'd the Relief of Others, to the Consideration of your Self. When, in the Battle of Landen, your Heat of Courage (a Fault only pardonable to your Youth) had transported you so far before your Friends, that they were unable to follow, much less to succour you; when you were not only dangeroully, but in all appearance mortally wounded, when in that desperate Condition you were made Prisoner, and carried to Namur at that time in Possession of the French; thenit was, my Lord, that you took a confiderable Part of what was remitted to you of your own Revenues, and as a memorable Instance of your Heroick Charity, put it into the Hands of CountGuifcard, who was Governor of the Place, to be diffributed among your Fellow-Prisoners. The French Commander, charm'd with the greatness of your Soul, accordingly confign'd it to the Use for which it was intended by the Donor: By which means the Lives of so many miserable Men were sav'd, and a comfortable Provision made for their Subsistance, who had otherwise perish'd, had not you been the Companion of their Misfortune: or rather sent by Providence, like another Joseph, to keep out Famine from invading those, whom in Humility you call'd your Brethren. How happy was it for those poor Creatures, that your Grace was made their Fellow-Sufferer? And how glorious for You, that you chose to want rather than not relieve the Wants of others? The Heathen Poet, in commending the Charity of Dido to the Trojans, spoke like a Christian: Non ignara mali miseris, succurere disco. All Men, even those of a different Interest, and contrary Principles, must praise this Action, as the most eminent for Piety, not only in this degenerate Age, but almost in any of the former; when Men were made

made de meliore luto; when Examples of Charity were frequent, and when there were in being, Teucri pulcherrima proles, Magnanimi Heroes nati melioribus annis. No Envy can detract from this; it will shine in History; and like Swans, grow whiter the longer it endures: And the Name of OR MOND will be more celebrated in his Captivity, than in his greatest Triumphs.

But all Actions of your Grace are of a piece; as Waters keep the Tenour of their Fountains: your Compassion is general, and has the same Effect as well on Enemies as Friends. Tis so much in your Nature to do Good, that your Life is but one continued Act of placing Benefits on many; as the Sun is always carrying his Light to some Part or other of the World: And were it not that your Reason guides you where to give, I might almost say that you could not help bestowing more, than is consisting with the Fortune of a private Man, or with the Will of any but an Alexander.

What Wonder is it then, that being born for a Bleffing to Mankind, your suppos'd Death in that Engagement, was so generally lamented through the Nation? The Concernment for it was as universal as the Loss: And though the Gratitude might be counterfeit in some, yet the Tears of all were real: Where every Man deplor'd his private Part in that Calamity, and even those who had not tasted of your Favours, yet built so much on the Fame of your Beneficence, that they bemoan'd the Loss of their Expectations.

This brought the untimely Death of your Great Father into fresh remembrance; as if the same Decree had pass'd on two short successive Generations of the Virtuous; and I repeated to my self the same Verses, which I had formerly apply'd to him: Ostendunt terris bunc tantum sata, nec ultra, esse sinunt. But to the Joy not only of all good Men, but of Mankind in general, the unhappy Omen took not place. You are still living to enjoy the Blessings and Applause of all the Good you have perform'd, the Prayers of Multitudes whom you have oblig'd, for your long Prosperity; and that your Power

of doing generous and charitable Actions, may be as extended as your Will; which is by none more zealously defir'd than by

will be more coloured in his Captivity, than in his greatest

Your GRACE's most kumble,

most oblig'd, and most

obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

IS with a Poet, as with a Man who deligns to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the Cost beforehand: But, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his Account, and reckons short of the Expence he first intended: He alters his Mind as the Work proceeds, and will have this or that Convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it hapned to me; I have built a House, where I intended but a Lodge: Yet with better Success than a certain Nobleman, who beginning with a Dog-kennil, never liv'd to finish the Palace he had contriv'd.

From translating the First of Homer's Iliads, (which I intended as an Essay to the whole Work) I proceeded to the Translation of the Twelith Book of Ovid's Metamorphofes, because it contains, among other Things, the Causes, the Beginning, and Ending, of the Trojan War: Here I ought in reason to have stopp'd; but the Speeches of Ajax and Ulyffes lying next in my way, I could not balk 'em. When I had compass'd them, I was so taken with the former Part of the Fifteenth Book, (which is the Master-piece of the whole Metamorphoses) that I enjoyn'd my felf the pleasing Task of rendring it into English. And now I found, by the Number of my Verses, that they began to swell into a little Volume; which gave me an Occafion of looking backward on fome Beauties of my Author, in his former Books: There occur'd to me the Hunting of the Boar, Cinyras and Myrrha, the good-natur'd Story of Baucis and Philemon, with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same Turn of Verse, which they had in the Original; and this, I may fay without vanity, is not the Talent of every Poet: He who has arriv'd the nearest to it, is the Ingenious and Learned Sandys, the best Versifier of the former Age; if I may properly call it by that Name, which was the former Part of this concluding Century. For Spencer and Fairfax both flourish'd in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth: Great Masters in our Language; and who saw much farther into the Beauties of our Numbers, than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the Poetical Son of Spencer, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our Lineal Defcents and Clans, as well as other Families: Spencer more than once infinuates, that the Soul of Chaucer was transfus'd into his Body; and that he was begotten by him Two hundred years after his Decease. Milton has acknowledg'd to me, that Spencer was his Original; and many besides my self have heard our famous Waller. own, that he deriv'd the Harmony of his Numbers from the Godfres of Bulloign, which was turn'd into English by Mr. Fairfax. But to return: Having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind, that our old English Poet Chaucer in many Things resembled

him, and that with no disadvantage on the Side of the Modern Author, as I shall endeavour to prove when I compare them: And as I am, and always have been studious to promote the Honour of my Native Country, fo I foon refolv'd to put their Merits to the Trial, by turning some of the Canterbury Tales into our Language, as it is now refin'd: For by this Means both the Poets being set in the same Light, and dress'd in the same English Habit, Story to be compar'd with Story, a certain Judgment may be made betwixt them, by the Reader, without obtruding my Opinion on him: Or if I feem partial to my Country-man, and Predecessor in the Laurel, the Friends of Antiquity are not few: And besides many of the Learn'd, Ovid has almost all the Beaux, and the whole Fair Sex his declar'd Patrons. Perhaps I have affum'd fomewhat more to my felf than they allow me; because I have adventur'd to sum up the Evidence: But the Readers are the Jury; and their Privilege remains entire to decide according to the Merits of the Cause: Or, if they please to bring it to another Hearing, before some other Court. In the mean time, to follow the Thrid of my Discourse, (as Thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbs, have always some Connexion) so from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his Contemporary, but also pursu'd the same Studies; wrote Novels in Profe, and many Works in Verse; particularly is faid to have invented the Octave Rhyme, or Stanza of Eight Lines, which ever fince has been maintain'd by the Practice of all Italian Writers, who are, or at least assume the Title of Heroick Poets: He and Chaucer, among other Things, had this in common, that they refin'd their Mother-Tongues; but with this difference, that Dante had begun to file their Language, at least in Verse, before the time of Boccace, who likewise receiv'd no little Help from his Master Petrarch: But the Resormation of their Prose was wholly owing to Boccace himself; who is yet the Standard of Purity in the Italian Tongue; though many of his Phrases are become obsolete, as in process of Time it must needs happen. Chaucer (as you have formerly been told by our learn'd Mr. Rhymer) first adorn'd and amplified our barren Tongue from the Provencall, which was then the most polish'd of all the Modern Lauguages: But this Subject has been copiously treated by that great Critick, who deserves no little Commendation from us his Countrymen. For these Reasons of Time, and Resemblance of Genius, in Chaucer and Boccace, I refolv'd to join them in my present Work; to which I have added fome Original Papers of my own; which whether they are equal or inferiour to my other Poems, an Author is the most improper Judge; and therefore I leave them wholly to the Mercy of the Reader: I will hope the best, that they will not be condemn'd; but if they should, I have the Excuse of an old Gentleman, who mounting on Horseback before some Ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desir'd of the Fair Spectators, that they would count Fourscore and eight before they judg'd him. By the Mercy of God, I am already come within Twenty Years of his Number, a Cripple in my Limbs, but what Decays are in my Mind, the Reader must determine. I think my self as vigorous as ever in the Faculties of my Soul, excepting only my Memory, which is

not impair'd to any great degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What Judgment I had, increases rather than diminishes; and Thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only Difficulty is to chuse or to reject; to run them into Verse, or to give them the other Harmony of Prose, I have so long studied and practis'd both, that they are grown into a Habit, and become samiliar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old Gentleman's Excuse; yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no Grains of Allowance for the Faults of this my present Work, but those which are given of course to Humane Frailty. I will not trouble my Reader with the shortness of Time in which I writ it; or the several Intervals of Sickness: They who think too well of their own Persormances, are apt to boast in their Presaces how little Time their Works have cost them; and what other Business of more importance interser'd: But the Reader will be as apt to ask the Question, Why they allow'd not a longer Time to make their Works more persect? and why they had so despicable an Opinion of their Judges, as to thrust their indigested Stuff upon them, as if

they deferv'd no better?

With this Account of my present Undertaking, I conclude the first Part of this Discourse: In the second Part, as at a second Sitting, though I alter not the Draught, I must touch the same Features over again, and change the Dead-colouring of the Whole. In general I will only fay, that I have written nothing which favours of Immorality or Profaneness; at least, I am not conscious to my self of any such Intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent Expression, or a Thought too wanton, they are crept into my Verses through my Inadvertency: If the Searchers find any in the Cargo, let them be stav'd or forfeited, like Counterbanded Goods; at least, let their Authors be answerable for them, as being but imported Merchandise, and not of my own Manusacture. On the other Side, I have endeavour'd to chuse such Fables, both Ancient and Modern, as contain in each of them some instructive Moral, which I could prove by Induction, but the Way is tedious; and they leap foremost into fight, without the Reader's Trouble of looking after them. I wish I could affirm with a fafe Conscience, that I had taken the same Care in all my former Writings; for it must be own'd, that supposing Verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet if they contain any thing which shocks Religion, or Good Manners, they are at best, what Horace says of good Numbers without good Sense, Versus inopes rerum, nugaque canoræ: Thus far, I hope, I am Right in Court, without renouncing to my other Right of Self-defence, where I have been wrongfully accus'd, and my Sense wire-drawn into Blasphemy or Bawdry, as it has often been by a Religious Lawyer, in a late Pleading against the Stage; in which he mixes Truth with Falshood, and has not forgotten the old Rule, of calumniating strongly, that something may remain.

I resume the Thrid of my Discourse with the first of my Translations, which was the First Iliad of Homer. If it shall please God to give me longer Life, and moderate Health, my Intentions are to translate the whole Ilias; provided still, that I meet with those En-

couragements

couragements from the Publick, which may enable me to proceed in my Undertaking with some Chearfulness. And this I dare affure the World before-hand, that I have found by Trial, Homer a more pleafing Task than Virgil, (though I say not the Translation will be less laborious.) For the Grecian is more according to my Genius, than the Latin Poet. In the Works of the two Authors we may read their Manners, and natural Inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate Temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of Fire. The chief Talent of Virgil was Propriety of Thoughts, and Ornament of Words: Homer was rapid in his Thoughts, and took all the Liberties both of Numbers, and of Expressions, which his Language, and the Age in which he liv'd allow'd him: Homer's Invention was more copious, Virgil's more confin'd: So that if Homer had not led the Way, it was not in Virgil to have begun Heroick Poetry: For, nothing can be more evident, than that the Roman Poem is but the Second Part of the Ilias; a Continuation of the same Story: And the Persons already form'd: The Manners of *Eneas*, are those of *Hector* superadded to those which *Homer* gave him. The Adventures of *Ulysses* in the Odysses, are imitated in the first Six Books of Virgil's Æneis: And though the Accidents are not the fame, (which would have argu'd him of a fervile, copying, and total Barrenness of Invention) yet the Seas were the same, in which both the Heroes wander'd; and Dido cannot be deny'd to be the Poetical Daughter of Calypso. The Six latter Books of Virgil's Poem, are the Four and twenty Iliads contracted: A Quarrel occasion'd by a Lady, a Single Combate, Battels fought, and a Town besieg'd. I say not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict any thing which I have formerly faid in his just Praise: For his Episodes are almost wholly of his own Invention; and the Form which he has given to the Telling, makes the Tale his own, even though the Original Story had been the fame. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to defign: And if Invention be the first Vertue of an Epick Poet, then the Latin Poem can only be allow'd the second Place. Mr. Hobbs, in the Preface to his own bald Translation of the Ilias, (studying Poetry as he did Mathematicks, when it was too late) Mr. Hobbs, I fay, begins the Praise of Homer where he should have ended it. He tells us, that the first Beauty of an Epick Poem consists in Diction, that is, in the Choice of Words, and Harmony of Numbers: Now, the Words are the Colouring of the Work, which in the Order of Nature is last to be consider'd. The Design, the Disposition, the Manners, and the Thoughts, are all before it: Where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the Imitation of Humane Life; which is in the very Definition of a Poem. Words indeed, like glaring Colours, are the first Beauties that arise, and strike the Sight; but if the Draught be false or lame, the Figures ill dispos'd, the Manners obscure or inconsistent, or the Thoughts unnatural, then the finest Colours are but Dawbing, and the Piece is a beautiful Monster at the best. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former Beauties; but in this last, which is Expression, the Roman Poet is at least equal to the Grecian, as I have said elsewhere; supplying the

Poverty of his Language, by his Musical Ear, and by his Diligence. But to return : Our two Great Poets, being so different in their Tempers, one Cholerick and Sanguin, the other Phlegmatick and Melancholick; that which makes them excel in their feveral Ways, is, that each of them has follow'd his own natural Inclination, as well in Forming the Defign, as in the Execution of it. The very Heroes shew their Authors: Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful, Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, &c. Anaas patient, confiderate, careful of his People, and merciful to his Enemies; ever submissive to the Will of Heaven, quo fata trabunt retrabuntque, Sequamur. I could please my self with enlarging on this Subject, but am forc'd to defer it to a fitter Time. From all I have faid, I will only draw this Inference, That the Action of Homer being more full of Vigour than that of Virgil, according to the Temper of the Writer, is of confequence more pleafing to the Reader. One warms you by Degrees; the other fets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his Heat. 'Tis the fame Difference which Longinus makes betwixt the Effects of Eloquence in Demosthenes, and Tully. One persuades; the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the Second Book, (a graceful Flattery to his Countrymen;) but he hastens from the Ships, and concludes not that Book till he has made you an Amends by the violent playing of a new Machine. From thence he hurries on his Action with Variety of Events, and ends it in less Compass than Two Months. This Vehemence of his, I confess, is more suitable to my Temper: and therefore I have translated his First Book with greater Pleasure than any Part of Virgit: But it was not a Pleasure without Pains: The continual Agitations of the Spirits, must needs be a Weakning of any Constitution, especially in Age: and many Pauses ere required for Refreshment betwixt the Heats; the Iliad of its felf being a third part longer than all Virgil's Works together.

This is what I thought needful in this Place to fay of Homer. I proceed to Ovid, and Chaucer; confidering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the Golden Age of the Roman Tongue: From Chaucer the Purity of the English Tongue began. The Manners of the Poets were not unlike: Both of them were well-bred, well-natur'd, amorous, and Libertine, at least in their Writings, it may be also in their Lives. Their Studies were the fame, Philosophy, and Philology. Both of them were knowing in Astronomy, of which Ovid's Books of the Roman Feasts, and Chau-cer's Treatise of the Astrolabe, are sufficient Witnesses. But Chaucer was likewise an Astrologer, as were Virgil, Horace, Perstus, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful Facility and Clearness; neither were great Inventors: For Ovid only copied the Grecian Fables; and most of Chaucer's Stories were taken from his Italian Contemporaries, or their Predecessors: Boccace his Decameron was first publish'd; and from thence our Englishman has borrow'd many of his Canterbury Tales: Yet that of Palamon and Arcite was written in all probability by fome Italian Wit, in a former Age; as I shall prove hereafter: The Tale of Grizild was the Invention of Petrarch; by him fent to Boccace; from whom it came to Chaucer: Troilus and Gressida was also written by a Lombard Author; but much amplified

by our English Translatour, as well as beautified; the Genius of our Countrymen in general being rather to improve an Invention, than to invent themselves; as is evident not only in our Poetry, but in many of our Manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him: But there is so much less behind; and I am of the Temper of most Kings, who love to be in Debt, are all for present Money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: Besides, the Nature of a Preface is rambling; never wholly out of the Way, nor in it. This I have learn'd from the Practice of honest Montaign, and return at my pleasure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to fay. Both of them built on the Inventions of other Men; yet fince Chaucer had something of his own, as The Wife of Baths Tale, The Cock and the Fox, which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our Country-man the Precedence in that Part; since I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them understood the Manners; under which Name I comprehend the Passions, and, in a larger Sense, the Descriptions of Persons, and their very Habits: For an Example, I fee Baucis and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if some ancient Painter had drawn them; and all the Pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales, their Humours, their Features, and the very Dress, as distinctly as if I had supp'd with them at the Tabard in Southwark: Yet even there too the Figures of Chaucer are much more lively, and fet in a better Light: Which though I have not time to prove; yet I appeal to the Reader, and am fure he will clear me from Partiality. The Thoughts and Words remain to be consider'd, in the Comparison of the two Poets; and I have sav'd my felf one half of that Labour, by owning that Ovid liv'd when the Roman Tongue was in its Meridian; Chaucer, in the Dawning of our Language: Therefore that Part of the Comparison stands not on an equal Foot, any more than the Diction of Ennius and Ovid; or of Chaucer, and our present English. The Words are given up as a Post not to be defended in our Poet, because he wanted the Modern Art of Fortifying. The Thoughts remain to be confider'd: And they are to be measur'd only by their Propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the Persons describ'd, on such and fuch Occasions. The Vulgar Judges, which are Nine Parts in Ten of all Nations, who call Conceits and Jingles Wit, who see Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little less than mad, for preferring the Englishman to the Roman: Yet, with their leave, I must presume to say, that the Things they admire are only glitzering Trifles, and fo far from being Witty, that in a serious Poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Wou'd any Man who is ready to die for Love, describe his Passion like Narcissus? Wou'd he think of inopem me copia fecit, and a Dozen more of fuch Expressions, pour'd on the Neck of one another, and fignifying all the same Thing? If this were Wit, was this a Time to be witty, when the poor Wretch was in the Agony of Death? This is just John Littlewit in Bartholomew Fair, who had a Conceit (as he tells you) left him in his Misery; a miserable Conceit. On these Occasions the Poet shou'd endeavour to raise Pity: But instead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never

never made use of such Machines, when he was moving you to commiferate the Death of Dido: He would not destroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his Love, and unjust in the Pursuit of it: Yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably: He repents not of his Love, for that had alter'd his Character; but acknowledges the Injustice of his Proceedings, and resigns Emilia to Palamen. What would Ovid have done on this Occasion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his Death-bed. He had complain'd he was farther off from Possession, by being so near, and a thousand such Boyisms, which Chaucer rejected as below the Dignity of the Subject. They who think otherwise, would by the same Reason preser Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all Four of them. As for the Turn of Words, in which Ovid particularly excels all Poets; they are sometimes a Fault, and sometimes a Beauty, as they are us'd properly or improperly; but in strong Passions always to be shunn'd, because Passions are serious, and will admit no Playing. The French have a high Value for them; and I confess, they are often what they call Delicate, when they are introduc'd with Judgment; but Chaucer writ with more Simplicity, and follow'd Nature more closely, than to use them. I have thus far, to the best of my Knowledge, been an upright Judge betwixt the Parties in Competition, not medling with the Design nor the Disposition of it; because the Design was not their own; and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, As he is the Father of English Poetry, so I hold him in the same Degree of Veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: He is a perpetual Fountain of good Sense; learn'd in all Sciences; and therefore speaks properly on all Subjects: As he knew what to fay, so he knows also when to leave off; a Continence which is practis'd by few Writers, and scarcely by any of the Ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great Poets is funk in his Reputation, because he cou'd never forgive any Conceit which came in his way; but swept like a Drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the Dishes were ill sorted; whole Pyramids of Sweet-meats, for Boys and Women; but little of solid Meat, for Men: All this proceeded not from any want of Knowledge, but of Judgment; neither did he want that in difcerning the Beauties and Faults of other Poets; but only indulg'd himself in the Luxury of Writing; and perhaps knew it was a Fault, but hop'd the Reader would not find it. For this Reason, though he must always be thought a great Poet, he is no longer esteem'd a good Writer: And for Ten Impressions, which his Works have had in so many successive Years, yet at present a hundred Books are scarcely purchas'd once a Twelvemonth: For, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, Not being of God, be could not stand.

Chaucer follow'd Nature every where; but was never so bold to go beyond her: And there is a great Difference of being Poeta and nimis Poeta, if we may believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest Behaviour and Affectation. The Verse of Chaucer, I confess,

is not Harmonious to us; but 'tis like the Eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was auribus istius temporis accommodata: They who liv'd with him, and fome time after him, thought it Musical; and it continues so even in our Judgment, if compar'd with the Numbers of Lidgate and Gower his Contemporaries: There is the rude Sweetness of a Scotch Tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. 'Tis true, I cannot go fo far as he who publish'd the last Edition of him; for he would make us believe the Fault is in our Ears, and that there were really Ten Syllables in a Verse where we find but Nine: But this Opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis fo gross and obvious an Errour, that common Sense (which is a Rule in every thing but Matters of Faith and Revelation) mnst convince the Reader, that Equality of Numbers in every Verse which we call Heroick, was either not known, or not always practis'd in Chaucer's Age. It were an easie Matter to produce some thousands of his Verses, which are lame for want of half a Foot, and fometimes a whole one, and which no Pronunciation can make otherwife. We can only fay, that he liv'd in the Infancy of our Poetry, and that nothing is brought to Perfection at the first. We must be Children before we grow Men. There was an Ennius, and in process of Time a Lucilius, and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spencer, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being: And our Numbers were in their Nonage till these last appear'd. I need fay little of his Parentage, Life, and Fortunes: They are to be found at large in all the Editions of his Works. He was employ'd abroad, and favour'd by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was Poet, as I suppose, to all Three of them. In Richard's Time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the Rebellion of the Commons; and being Brother-in-Law to John of Ghant, it was no wonder if he follow'd the Fortunes of that Family; and was well with Henry the Fourth when he had depos'd his Predeceffor. Neither is it to be admir'd, that Henry, who was a wife as well as a valiant Prince, who claim'd by Succession, and was fensible that his Title was not found, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the Heir of Tork; it was not to be admir'd, I fay, if that great Politician should be pleas'd to have the greatest Wit of those Times in his Interests, and to be the Trumpet of his Praises. Augustus had given him the Example, by the Advice of Mecænas, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him; whose Praises help'd to make him Popular while he was alive, and after his Death have made him Precious to Posterity. As for the Religion of our Poet, he feems to have some little Byas towards the Opinions of Wickliff, after John of Ghant his Patron; somewhat of which appears in the Tale of Piers Plowman: Yet I cannot blame him for inveighing fo sharply against the Vices of the Clergy in his Age: Their Pride, their Ambition, their Pomp, their Avarice, their Worldly Interest, deferved the Lashes which he gave them, both in that, and in most of his Canterbury Tales: Neither has his Contemporary Boccace, spar'd them. Yet both those Poets liv'd in much esteem, with good and holy Men in Orders: For the Scandal which is given by particular Priests, reslects not on the Sacred Function. Chaucer's Monk.

Monk, his Chanon, and his Fryar, took not from the Character of his Good Parson. A Satyrical Poet is the Check of the Laymen, on bad Priests. We are only to take care, that we involve not the Innocent with the Guilty in the same Condemnation. The Good cannot be too much honour'd, nor the Bad too coursly us'd: For the Corruption of the Best, becomes the Worst. When a Clergy-man is whipp'd, his Gown is first taken off, by which the Dignity of his Order is fecur'd: If he be wrongfully accus'd, he has his Action of Slander; and 'tis at the Poet's Peril, if he transgress the Law. But they will stell us, that all kind of Satire, though never so well deferv'd by particular Priests, yet brings the whole Order into Contempt. Is then the Peerage of England any thing dishonour'd, when a Peer suffers for his Treason? If he be libell'd, or any way defam'd, he has his Scandalum Magnatum to punish the Offendor. They who use this kind of Argument Seem to be conscious to themselves of some this kind of Argument, seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserv'd the Poet's Lash; and are less concern'd for their Publick Capacity, than for their Private: At least, there is Pride at the bottom of their Reasoning. If the Faults of Men in Orders are only to be judg'd among themselves, they are all in some sort Parties: For, since they say the Honour of their Order is concern'd in every Member of it, how can we be sure, that they will be impartial Judges? How far I may be allow'd to speak my Opinion in this Case, I know not: But I am sure a Dispute of this National Action of the State of England and ture caus'd Mischief in abundance betwixt a King of England and an Archbishop of Canterbury; one standing up for the Laws of his Land, and the other for the Honour (as he call'd it) of God's Church; which ended in the Murther of the Prelate, and in the whipping of his Majesty from Post to Pillar for his Penance. The Learn'd and Ingenious Dr. Drake has fav'd me the Labour of inquiring into the Esteem and Reverence which the Priests have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it: Yet I must needs say, that when a Priest provokes me without any Occasion given him, I have no Reason, unless it be the Charity of a Christian, to forgive him: Prior last is Justification sufficient in the Civil Law. If I answer him in his own Language, Self-defence, I am sure, must be allow'd me; and if I carry it tarther, even to a sharp Recrimination, somewhat may be indulg'd to Humane Frailty. Yet my Resentment has not wrought so far, but that I have follow'd Chaucer in his Character of a Holy Man, and have enlarg'd on that Subject with some Pleasure, reserving to my felf the Right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another fort of Priests, such as are more easily to be found than the Good Parson; such as have given the last Blow to Christianity in this Age, by a Practice so contrary to their Doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the mean while, I take up Chaucer where I left him. He must have been a Man of a most wonderful comprehensive Nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the Compass of his Canterbury Tales the various Manners and Humours (as we now call them) of the whole English Nation, in his Age. Not a single Character has escap'd him. All his Pilgrims are severally distinguish'd from each other; and not only in their Inclinations, but in their very Phisiognomies and Persons. Baptista Porta could not have de-

scrib'd their Natures better, than by the Marks which the Poer gives them. The Matter and Manner of their Tales, and of their Telling, are fo fuited to their different Educations, Humours, and Callings, that each of them would be improper in any other Mouth. Even the grave and ferious Characters are distinguish'd by their several forts of Gravity: Their Discourses are such as belong to their Age, their Calling, and their Breeding; fuch as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his Persons are Vicious, and some Vertuous; fome are unlearn'd, or (as Chaucer calls them) Lewd, and some are Learn'd. Even the Ribaldry of the Low Characters is different: The Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several Men, and diffinguish'd from each other, as much as the mincing Lady Prioress, and the broad-speaking gap-tooth'd Wife of Bathe. But enough of this: There is such a Variety of Game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my Choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say according to the Proverb, that here is God's Plenty. We have our Fore-fathers and Great Grand-dames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's Days; their general Chararacters are still remaining in Mankind, and even in England, though they are call'd by other Names than those of Moncks, and Fryars, and Chanons, and Lady Abbesses, and Nuns: For Mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of Nature, though every thing is alter'd. May I have leave to do my self the Justice, (since my Enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good Poet, that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a Moral Man) may I have leave, I say, to inform my Reader, that I have confin'd my Choice to such Tales of Chaucer, as favour nothing of Immodesty. If I had desir'd more to please than to instruct, the Reve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchant, the Sumner, and above all, the Wife of Bathe, in the Prologue to her Tale, would have procur'd me as many Friends and Readers, as there are Beaux and Ladies of Pleasure in the Town. But I will no more offend against Good Manners: I am sensible as I ought to be of the Scandal I have given by my loofe Writings; and make what Reparation I am able, by this Publick Acknowledgment. If any thing of this Nature, or of Profaneness, be crept into these Poems, I am fo far from defending it, that I disown it. Totum boc indictum volo. Chaucer makes another manner of Apologie for his broad-speaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our Country-man, in the end of his Characters, before the Canterbury Tales, thus excuses the Ribaldry, which is very gross, in many of his Novels.

But first, I pray you, of your courtesy,
That ye ne arrete it nought my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this mattere
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere:
Ne though I speak her words properly,
For this ye knowen as well as I,
Who shall tellen a tale after a man
He mote rehearse as nye, as ever He can:

Everich

Everich word of it been in his charge,
All speke he, never so rudely, ne large.
Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or seine things, or find words new:
He may not spare, altho he were his brother,
He mote as well say o word as another.
Christ spake himself full broad in holy Writ,
And well I wote no Villany is it.
Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
The words mote been Cousin to the dede.

Yet if a Man should have enquir'd of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing such Characters, where obscene Words were proper in their Mouths, but very undecent to be heard; I know not what Answer they could have made: For that Reason, such Tales shall be left untold by me. You have here a Specimen of Chaucer's Language, which is so obsolete, that his Sense is scarce to be understood; and you have likewise more than one Example of his unequal Numbers, which were mention'd before. Yet many of his Verses consist of Ten Syllables, and the Words not much behind our present English: As for Example, these two Lines, in the Description of the Carpenter's Young Wise:

Wincing she was, as is a jolly Colt, Long as a Mast, and upright as a Bolt.

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have answer'd some Objections relating to my present Work. I find some People are offended that I have turn'd these Tales into modern English; because they think them unworthy of my Pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-fashion'd Wit, not worth receiving. I have often heard the late Earl of Leicester say, that Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion; who having read him over at my Lord's Request, declar'd he had no Taste of him. I dare not advance my Opinion against the Judgment of so great an Author: But I think it fair, however, to leave the Decision to the Publick: Mr. Cowley was too modest to set up for a Dictatour; and being shock'd perhaps with his old Style, never examin'd into the depth of his good Sense. Chaucer, I consess, is a rough Diamond, and must first be polish'd e'er he shines. I deny not likewise, that living in our early Days of Poetry, he writes not always of a piece; but sometimes mingles trivial Things, with those of greater Moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has faid enough. But there are more great Wits, beside Chaucer, whose Fault is their Excess of Conceits, and those ill forted. An Author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observ'd this Redundancy in Chaucer, (as it is an easie Matter for a Man of ordinary Parts to find a Fault in one of greater) I have not ty'd my self to a Literal Translation; but have often omitted what I judg'd unnecessary, or not of Dignity enough to appear in the Company of better Thoughts. I have presum'd farther in some Places, and added fomewhat of my own where I thought my Author

was deficient, and had not given his Thoughts their true Lustre, for want of Words in the Beginning of our Language. And to this I was the more embolden'd, because (if I may be permitted to say it of my self) I found I had a Soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same Studies. Another Poet, in another Age, may take the same Liberty with my Writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve Correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the Sense of Chaucer, which was lost or mangled in the Errors of the Press: Let this Example suffice at present in the Story of Palamon and Arcite, where the Temple of Diana is describ'd, you find these Verses, in all the Editions of our Author:

There saw I Dan't urned unto a Tree,
I mean not the Goddess Diane,
But Venus Daughter, which that hight Dan't.

Which after a little Consideration I knew was to be reform'd into this Sense, that Daphne the Daughter of Peneus was turn'd into a Tree. I durst not make thus bold with Ovid, lest some future Milbourn should arise, and say, I varied from my Author, because I understood him not.

But there are other Judges who think I ought not to have translated Chancer into English, out of a quite contrary Notion: They suppose there is a certain Veneration due to his old Language; and that it is little less than Profanation and Sacrilege to alter it. are farther of opinion, that somewhat of his good Sense will suffer in this Transfusion, and much of the Beauty of his Thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more Grace in their old Habit. Of this Opinion was that excellent Person, whom I mention'd, the late Earl of Leicester, who valu'd Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despis'd him. My Lord dissuaded me from this Attempt, (for I was thinking of it some Years before his Death) and his Authority prevail'd fo far with me, as to defer my Undertaking while he liv'd, in deference to him: Yet my Reason was not convinc'd with what he urg'd against it. If the first End of a Writer be to be understood, then as his Language grows obfolete, his Thoughts must grow obscure, multa renascuntur quæ nunc cecidere; cadentque quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus, quem penes arbitrium est & jus & norma loquendi. When an ancient Word for its Sound and Significancy deserves to be reviv'd, I have that reasonable Veneration for Antiquity, to restore it. All beyond this is Superstition. Words are not like Land-marks, fo facred as never to be remov'd: Customs are chang'd, and even Statutes are filently repeal'd, when the Reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other Part of the Argument, that his Thoughts will lose of their original Beauty, by the innovation of Words; in the first place, not only their Beauty, but their Being is lost, where they are no longer understood, which is the present Case. I grant, that something must be lost in all Transsusson, that is, in all Translations; but the Sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be main'd, when it is scarce intelligible; and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, so as to understand him perfectly? And if imperfectly,

imperfectly, then with less Profit, and no Pleasure. 'Tis not for the Use of some old Saxon Friends, that I have taken these Pains with him: Let them neglect my Version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their fakes who understand Sense and Poetry, as well as they; when that Poetry and Sense is put into Words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what Beauties I lose in some Places, I give to others which had them not originally: But in this I may be partial to my felf; let the Reader judge, and I submit to his Decision. Yet I think I have just Occasion to complain of them, who because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their Countrymen of the same Advantage, and hoord him up, as Misers do their Grandam Gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In sum, I seriously protest, that no Man ever had, or can have, a greater Veneration for Chaucer, than my felf. I have translated some part of his Works, only that I might perpetuate his Memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my Countrymen. If I have alter'd him any where for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him: Facile est inventis addere, is no great Commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserv'd a greater. I will conclude what I have to fay of him fingly, with this one Remark: A Lady of my Acquaintance, who keeps a kind of Correspondence with some Authors of the Fair Sex in France, has been inform'd by them, that Mademoiselle de Scudery, who is as old as Sibyl, and inspir'd like her by the same God of Poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old Provencall, (for, how she should come to understand Old English, I know not.) But the Matter of Fact being true, it makes me think, that there is fomething in it like Fatality; that after certain Periods of Time, the Fame and Memory of Great Wits should be renew'd, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly Chance, 'tis extraordinary; and I dare not call it more, for fear of being tax'd with Superstition.

Boccace comes last to be consider'd, who living in the same Age with Chaucer, had the same Genius, and follow'd the same Studies: Both writ Novels, and each of them cultivated his Mother-Tongue: But the greatest Resemblance of our two Modern Authors being in their familiar Style, and pleasing way of relating Comical Adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that Nature. In the ferious Part of Poetry, the Advantage is wholly on Chaucer's Side; for though the Englishman has borrow'd many Tales from the Italian, yet it appears, that those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from Authors of former Ages, and by him only modell'd: So that what there was of Invention in either of them, may be judg'd equal. But Chaucer has refin'd on Boccace, and has mended the Stories which he has borrow'd, in his way of telling; though Profe allows more Liberty of Thought, and the Expression is more easie, when unconfin'd by Numbers. Our Countryman carries Weight, and yet wins the Race at disadvantage. I defire not the Reader should take my Word; and therefore I will let two of their Discourses on the

fame Subject, in the fame Light, for every Man to judge betwixt them. I translated Chaucer first, and amongst the rest, pitch'd on the Wife of Bath's Tale; not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her Prologue; because 'tis too licentious: There Chaucer introduces an old Woman of mean Parentage, whom a youthful Knight of Noble Blood was forc'd to marry, and confequently loath'd her: The Crone being in bed with him on the wedding Night, and finding his Aversion, endeavours to win his Affection by Reason, and speaks a good Word for her felf, (as who could blame her ?) in hope to mollifie the fullen Bridegroom. She takes her Topiques from the Benefits of Poverty, the Advantages of old Age and Ugliness, the Vanity of Youth, and the filly Pride of Ancestry and Titles without inherent Vertue, which is the true Nobility. When I had clos'd Chaucer, I return'd to Ovid, and translated some more of his Fables; and by this time had so far forgotten the Wife of Bath's Tale, that when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the same Argument of preferring Virtue to Nobility of Blood, and Titles, in the Story of Sigismonda; which I had certainly avoided for the Resemblance of the two Discourses, if my Memory had not fail'd me. Let the Reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, 'tis

in him to right Boccace.

I prefer in our Countryman, far above all his other Stories, the Noble Poem of Palamon and Arcite, which is of the Epique kind, and perhaps not much inferiour to the Ilias or the Aneis: the Story is more pleasing than either of them, the Manners as perfect, the Diction as poetical, the Learning as deep and various; and the Disposition full as artful: only it includes a greater length of time; as taking up seven years at least; but Aristotle has left undecided the Duration of the Action; which yet is eafily reduc'd into the Compass of a year, by a Narration of what preceded the Return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought for the Honour of our Nation, and more particularly for his, whose Laurel, tho' unworthy, I have worn after him, that this Story was of English Growth, and Chaucer's own: But I was undeceiv'd by Boccace; for cafually looking on the End of his feventh Giornata, I found Dioneo (under which name he shadows himself) and Fiametta (who represents his Mistrels, the natural Daughter of Robert King of Naples) of whom these Words are spoken. Dioneo e Fiametta gran pezza eantarono insieme d'Arcita, e di Palamone: by which it appears that this Story was written before the time of Boccace; but the Name of its Author being wholly loft, Chaucer is now become an Original; and I question not but the Poem has receiv'd many Beauties by patling through his Noble Hands. Belides this Tale, there is another of his own Invention, after the manner of the Provencalls, call'd The Flower and the Leaf; with which I was fo particularly pleas'd, both for the Invention and the Moral; that I cannot hinder my felf from recommending it to the Reader.

As a Corollary to this Preface, in which I have done Justice to others, I owe somewhat to my self: not that I think it worth my time to enter the Lists with one M——, or one B——, but barely to take notice, that such Men there are who have written scurrilously against me without any Provocation. M——, who is in Orders, pretends already the rest this Quarrel to me, that I have fallen soul

on Priesthood; If I have, I am only to ask Pardon of good Priests, and am afraid his part of the Reparation will come to little. Let him be fatisfied that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an Adversary. I contemn him too much to enter into Competition with him. His own Translations of Virgil have answer'd his Criticifms on mine. If (as they fay, he has declar'd in Print) he prefers the Version of Ogilly to mine, the World has made him the same Compliment: For 'tis agreed on all hands, that he writes even below Ogilly: That, you will fay, is not eafily to be done; but what -- bring about? I am fatisfy'd however, that while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the worst Poet of the Age. It looks as if I had desir'd him underhand to write so ill against me: But upon my honest Word I have not brib'd him to do me this Service, and am wholly guiltless of his Pamphlet. 'Tis true I should be glad, if I could persuade him to continue his good Offices, and write such another Critique on any thing of mine: For I find by Experience he has a great Stroke with the Reader, when he condemns any of my Poems to make the World have a better Opinion of them. He has taken fome Pains with myPoetry; but no body will be perfuaded to take the fame with his. If I had taken to the Church (as he affirms, but which was never in my Thoughts) I should have had more Sense, if not more Grace, than to have turn'd my felf out of my Benefice by writing Libels on my Parishioners. But his Account of my Manners and my Principles, are of a Piece with his Cavils and his Poetry: And fo I have done with him for ever.

As for the City Bard, or Knight Physician, I hear his Quarrel to me is, that I was the Author of Absalom and Architophel, which he thinks

is a little hard on his Fanatique Patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two Poems, because nothing ill is to be spoken of the Dead: And therefore Peace be to the Manes of his Arthurs. I will only say that it was not for this Noble Knight that I drew the Plan of an Epick Poem on King Arthur in my Presace to the Translation of Juvenal. The Guardian Angels of Kingdoms were Machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them as Dares did the Whirl-bats of Eryx when they were thrown before him by Entellus: Yet from that Presace he plainly took his Hint: For he began immediately upon the Story; though he had the Baseness not to acknowledge his Benesactor; but in itead of it, to traduce me in a Libel.

I shall fay the less of Mr. Collier, because in many Things he has tax'd me justly; and I have pleaded Guilty to all Thoughts and Expressions of mine, which can be truly argu'd of Obscenity, Profaneness, or Immorality; and retract them. If he be my Enemy, let him triumph; if he be my Friend, as I have given him no Personal Occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my Repentance. It becomes me not to draw my Pen in the Defence of a bad Cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove, that in many Places he has perverted my Meaning by his Glosles; and interpreted my Words into Blasphemy and Baudry, of which they were not gusty. Besides that, he is too much given to Horse-play in his Raillery; and comes to Battel, like a Dictatour from the Plough. I will not say, The Zeal of Gods

House has eaten him up; but I am sure it has devour'd some Part of his Good Manners and Civility. It might also be doubted, whether it were altogether Zeal, which prompted him to this rough manner of Proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his Function to rake into the Rubbish of Ancient and Modern Plays; a Divine might have employ'd his Pains to better purpose, than in the Nastiness of Plautus and Aristophanes; whose Examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly suppos'd, that he read them not without some Pleasure. They who have written Commentaries on those Poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have explain'd some Vices, which without their Interpretation had been unknown to Modern Times. Neither has he judg'd impartially betwixt the

former Age and us.

There is more Baudry in one Play of Fletcher's, call'd The Custom of the Country, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the Stage in my remembrance. Are the Times so much more reform'd now, than they were Five and twenty Years ago? If they are, I congratulate the Amendment of our Morals. But I am not to prejudice the Cause of my Fellow-Poets, though I abandon my own Defence: They have some of them answer'd for themselves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier so formidable an Enemy, that we should shun him. He has lost Ground at the latter end of the Day, by pursuing his Point too far, like the Prince of Condé at the Battel of Senneph: From Immoral Plays, to No Plays; ab abusu ad usum, non valet consequentia. But being a Party, I am not to erect my self into a Judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such Scoundrels, that they deserve not the least Notice to be taken of them. B—— and M—— are only distinguish'd from the Crowd, by being remember'd to their Insamy.

Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

HERGRACE

THE

DUTCHESS

OF

ORMOND,

With the following POEM of

Palamon and Arcite,

FROM

CHAUCER.

HERGRACE

SHT

DUTCHESS

HO.

ORMOND,

With the following POEM of

Palamon and Arcite,

FROM

CHAUCER.

Vondeld Towolatholl AldinoV

HER GRACE

H. Chare or by the best H T would

And Poets can divine each others Thou . h.

DUTCHESS

Who three contending Prince made has Prize, And ruld the Rival Mar 7.0 with her Evest.

ORMOND.

Like Her, of caud spagned to the Time

You keep her Conquetts and extend your own

He Bard who first adorn'd our Native Tongue
Tun'd to his British Lyre this ancient Song:
Which Homer might without a Blush reherse,
And leaves a doubtful Palm in Virgil's Verse:

He match'd their Beauties, where they most excell;

Of Love sung better, and of Arms as well.

A

Vouchsafe,

Vouchsafe, Illustrious Ormand, to behold What Pow'r the Charms of Beauty had of old; Nor wonder if such Deeds of Arms were done, Inspir'd by two sair Eyes, that sparkled like your own.

If Chaucer by the best Idea wrought,
And Poets can divine each others Thought,
The fairest Nymph before his Eyes he set;
And then the fairest was Plantagenet;
Who three contending Princes made her Prize,
And rul'd the Rival-Nations with her Eyes:
Who left Immortal Trophies of her Fame,
And to the Noblest Order gave the Name.

Like Her, of equal Kindred to the Throne,
You keep her Conquests, and extend your own:
As when the Stars, in their Etherial Race,
At length have roll'd around the Liquid Space,
At certain Periods they resume their Place,
From the same Point of Heav'n their Course advance,
And move in Measures of their former Dance;
Thus, after length of Ages, she returns,
Restor'd in you, and the same Place adorns;

Or you perform her Office in the Sphere, Born of her Blood, and make a new Platonick Year.

O true Plantagenet, O Race Divine,

(For Beauty still is fatal to the Line,)

Had Chancer liv'd that Angel-Face to view,

Sure he had drawn his Emily from You:

Or had You liv'd, to judge the doubtful Right,

Your Noble Palamon had been the Knight:

And Conqu'ring Theseus from his Side had sent

Your Gen'rous Lord, to guide the Theban Government.

Time shall accomplish that; and I shall see

A Palamon in Him, in You an Emily.

Already have the Fates your Path prepar'd, And fure Prefage your future Sway declar'd:

When Westward, like the Sun, you took your Way,
And from benighted Britain bore the Day,
Blue Triton gave the Signal from the Shore,
The ready Nereids heard, and swam before the Seas;
To smooth the Seas; a soft Etesian Gale to be beginned.

But just inspir'd, and gently swell'd the Sail;

A 2

So mighty the competed Your Henry

Portunus

Portunus took his Turn, whose ample Hand
Heav'd up the lighten'd Keel, and sunk the Sand,
And steer'd the sacred Vessel safe to Land.
The Land, if not restrain'd, had met Your Way,
Projected out a Neck, and jutted to the Sea.
Hibernia, prostrate at Your Feet, ador'd,
In You, the Pledge of her expected Lord;
Due to her Isle; a venerable Name;
His Father and his Grandsire known to Fame:
Aw'd by that House, accustom'd to command,
The sturdy Kerns in due Subjection stand;
Nor hear the Reins in any Foreign Hand.

At Your Approach, they crowded to the Port;
And scarcely Landed, You create a Court:
As Ormond's Harbinger, to You they run;
For Venus is the Promise of the Sun.

The Waste of Civil Wars, their Towns destroy'd, Pales unhonour'd, Geres unemploy'd, Were all forgot; and one Triumphant Day Wip d all the Tears of three Campaigns away. Blood, Rapines, Massacres, were cheaply bought, So mighty Recompence Your Beauty brought.

As when the Dove returning, bore the Mark
Of Earth restor'd to the long-lab'ring Ark,
The Relicks of Mankind, secure of Rest,
Op'd ev'ry Window to receive the Guest,
And the fair Bearer of the Message bless'd;
So, when You came, with loud repeated Cries,
The Nation took an Omen from your Eyes,
And God advanc'd his Rainbow in the Skies,
To sign inviolable Peace restor'd;
The Saints with solemn Shouts proclaim'd the new accord.

When at Your second Coming You appear,

(For I foretell that Millenary Year)

The sharpen'd Share shall vex the Soil no more,

But Earth unbidden shall produce her Store:

The Land shall laugh, the circling Ocean smile,

And Heav'ns Indulgence bless the Holy Isle.

Heav'n from all Ages has referv'd for You That happy Clyme, which Venom never knew;
Or if it had been there, Your Eyes alone
Have Pow'r to chase all Poyson, but their own.

word curle by Warling Wall to cross the Mon

Now in this Interval, which Fate has cast
Betwixt Your Future Glories, and Your Past,
This Paule of Pow'r, 'tis Irelands Hour to mourn;
While England celebrates Your safe Return,
By which You seem the Seasons to command,
And bring our Summers back to their forsaken Land.

The Vanquish'd Isle our Leisure must attend,
Till the Fair Blessing we vouchsafe to send;
Nor can we spare You long, though often we may lend.
The Dove was twice employ'd abroad, before
The World was dry'd; and she return'd no more.

Nor dare we trust so soft a Messenger,

New from her Sickness to that Northern Air;

Rest here a while, Your Lustre to restore,

That they may see You as You shone before:

For yet, th' Eclipse not wholly past, You wade

Thro' some Remains, and Dimness of a Shade.

A Subject in his Prince may claim a Right,

Nor suffer him with Strength impair'd to fight;

Till Force returns, his Ardour we restrain,

And curb his Warlike Wish to cross the Main.

Now

Now past the Danger, let the Learn'd begin
Th' Enquiry, where Disease could enter in;
How those malignant Atoms forc'd their Way,
What in the saultless Frame they sound to make their Prey?
Where ev'ry Element was weigh'd so well,
That Heav'n alone, who mix'd the Mass, could tell
Which of the Four Ingredients could rebel;
And where, imprison'd in so sweet a Cage,
A Soul might well be pleas'd to pass an Age.

And yet the fine Materials made it weak;

Porcelain by being Pure, is apt to break:

Ev'n to Your Breast the Sickness durst aspire;

And forc'd from that fair Temple to retire,

Profanely set the Holy Place on Fire.

In vain Your Lord like young Vespasian mourn'd,

When the sierce Flames the Sanctuary burn'd:

And I prepar'd to pay in Verses rude

A most detested Act of Gratitude:

Ev'n this had been Your Elegy, which now

Is offer'd for Your Health, the Table of my Vow.

Your Angel sure our Morley's Mind inspir'd,
To find the Remedy Your Ill requir'd;

As once the Macedon, by Jove's Decree,
Was taught to dream an Herb for Ptolomee:
Or Heav'n, which had fuch Over-cost bestow'd,
As scarce it could afford to Flesh and Blood,
So lik'd the Frame, he would not work anew,
To save the Charges of another You.
Or by his middle Science did he steer,
And saw some great contingent Good appear,
Well worth a Miracle to keep You here:
And for that End, preserv'd the precious Mould,
Which all the suture Ormonds was to hold;
And meditated in his better Mind
An Heir from You, who may redeem the failing Kind.

Bless'd be the Pow'r which has at once restor'd

The Hopes of lost Succession to Your Lord,

Joy to the first, and last of each Degree,

Vertue to Courts, and what I long'd to see,

To You the Graces, and the Muse to me.

O Daughter of the Rose, whose Cheeks unite of The diff'ring Titles of the Red and White; Who Heav'ns alternate Beauty well display, The Blush of Morning, and the Milky Way;

As

Whole

Evn to Your Bush

A most detelled Ad of Granude.

To find the Remedy Your III require

the Dutchess of Ormond.

Whose Face is Paradise, but senc'd from Sin: For God in either Eye has plac'd a Cherubin.

All is Your Lord's alone; ev'n absent, He Employs the Care of Chast Penelope.

For him You waste in Tears Your Widow'd Hours, For him Your curious Needle paints rhe Flow'rs:

Such Works of Old Imperial Dames were taught;

Such for Ascanius, fair Elisa wrought.

The foft Recesses of Your Hours improve
The Three fair Pledges of Your Happy Love:
All other Parts of Pious Duty done,
You owe Your Ormond nothing but a Son:
To fill in future Times his Father's Place,
And wear the Garter of his Mother's Race.

For him Your curious Tanks thinks the Howise. Such Works of Old Inspiral Linguist variety range The Three fair Fledges of Your Hoppy over All other Page of Pious Day do You owe Your Owing tothing To M in faction Times his Ember 2 Err And wear the Center of his Mostor's le

PALAMON

AND

ARCITE:

OR;

The Knight's Tale,

FROM

CHAUCER.

In Three Books.

PALAMON

AND

ARCITE:

I O.R.

The Knight's Tale,

FROM

CHAUCER.

With Honour to his Home let I

But, were it not too long N A regress on the Way

Rewixt & Burdy Trees and De 1xivas

The Female Army, and the , A O day Flore .

The Town belief d, and how much Blood it coft

But there and other Things I must forbear

That others may have time to take their Turn ;

Knight's Tale.

In Three Books. and nozo da W

To tire your Patience, and O O a my Strength;

'N Days of old, there liv'd, of mighty Fame and A A valiant Prince; and Theseus was his Name: 1 and I A Chief, who more in Feats of Arms excell'd blunde The Rifing nor the Setting Sun beheld. Of Athens he was Lord; much Land he won, or one but And added Foreign Countrys to his Crown: Insigne zin'T

In Scythia with the Warriour Queen he strove, is adod al Whom first by Force he conquer'd, then by Love; II He brought in Triumph back the beauteous Dame, aid al With whom her Sister, fair Emilia, came. When R

With

dai Vê

With Honour to his Home let Theseus ride, With Love to Friend, and Fortune for his Guide, And his victorious Army at his Side. I pass their warlike Pomp, their proud Array, Their Shouts, their Songs, their Welcome on the Way: But, were it not too long, I would recite The Feats of Amazons, the fatal Fight Betwixt the hardy Queen, and Heroe Knight. The Town befieg'd, and how much Blood it cost The Female Army, and th' Athenian Host; The Spoufals of Hippolita the Queen; What Tilts, and Turneys at the Feast were seen; The Storm at their Return, the Ladies Fear: But these and other Things I must forbear. The Field is spacious I design to sow, With Oxen far unfit to draw the Plow: The Remnant of my Tale is of a length To tire your Patience, and to waste my Strength; And trivial Accidents shall be forborn, That others may have time to take their Turn; As was at first enjoin'd us by mine Host: That he whose Tale is best, and pleases most, Should win his Supper at our common Cost.

And therefore where I left, I will pursue

This ancient Story, whether false or true,

In hope it may be mended with a new.

The Prince I mention'd, full of high Renown,

In this Array drew near th' Athenian Town;

When

Book I.

When in his Pomp and utmost of his Pride,
Marching, he chanc'd to cast his Eye aside,
And saw a Quire of mourning Dames, who lay
By Two and Two across the common Way:
At his Approach they rais'd a rueful Cry,
And beat their Breasts, and held their Hands on high,
Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last
His Coursers Bridle, and his Feet embrac'd.

Tell me, said Theseus, what and whence you are,
And why this Funeral Pageant you prepare?

Is this the Welcome of my worthy Deeds,
To meet my Triumph in Ill-omen'd Weeds?

Or envy you my Praise, and would destroy

With Grief my Pleasures, and pollute my Joy?

Or are you injur'd, and demand Relief?

Name your Request, and I will ease your Grief.

The most in Years of all the Mourning Train

Began; (but sounded first away for Pain)

Then scarce recover'd, spoke: Nor envy we

Thy great Renown, nor grudge thy Victory;

'Tis thine, O King, th' Afflicted to redress,

And Fame has fill'd the World with thy Success:

We wretched Women sue for that alone,

Which of thy Goodness is resus'd to none:

Let fall some Drops of Pity on our Grief,

If what we beg be just, and we deserve Relief:

For none of us, who now thy Grace implore,

But held the Rank of Sovereign Queen before;

Till,

Till, thanks to giddy Chance, which never bears in north That Mortal Blifs should last for length of Years, and Mortal Blifs should last for length of Years, and the Mortal Blifs should last for length of Years, and the Mortal Blifs should last for length of Years, and the Mortal Blifs should last for length of Years, and the Mortal Blifs should last for length of Years, and the Mortal Blifs should last for length of Years, and the Mortal Blifs should last for length of Years, and the Mortal Blifs should last for length of Years, and the Mortal Blifs should last for length of Years, and the Mortal Blifs should last for length of Years, and the Mortal Blifs should last for length of Years, and the Mortal Blifs should last for length of Years, and the Mortal Blifs should last for length of Years, and the Mortal Blifs should last shou She cast us headlong from our high Estate, we bank And here in hope of thy Return we wait: I bus owT va And long have waited in the Temple nigh, sough and IA Built to the gracious Goddes Clemency. and made and bala But rev'rence thou the Pow'r whose Name it bears, Relieve th' Oppress'd, and wipe the Widows Tears, I, wretched I, have other Fortune feen, The Wife of Capaneus, and once a Queen : In one HoT At Thebes he fell; curs'd be the fatal Day! I aid your bnA And all the rest thou seest in this Array mode W and side all To make their moan, their Lords in Battel loft noon of Before that Town besieg'd by our Confed'rate Host: But Creon, old and impious, who commands and daw The Theban City, and usurps the Lands, by min boy and To Denies the Rites of Fun'ral Fires to those and movement Whose breathless Bodies yet he calls his Foes. Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a Heap they lie; I ni flom od I Such is their Fate, (and fuch his Tyranny, and) a migal No Friend has leave to bear away the Dead, a some med T But with their Lifeles Limbs his Hounds are fed : org val At this she skriek'd aloud, the mournful Train on the T Echo'd her Gricf, and grov'ling on the Plain, of one I bnA With Groans, and Hands upheld, to move his Mind, Befought his Pity to their helpless Kind! Let fall fome Drops of Pity on our Grief,

The Prince was touch'd, his Tears began to flow, dw H
And, as his tender Heart would break in two, to one and
But held the Rank of Sovereign Queen before

He figh'd; and could not but their Fate deplore, with the
So wretched now, so fortunate before. To to work work work to
Then lightly from his lofty Steed he flew, with and or wolf
And raising one by one the suppliant Crew, is to sailod od T
To comfort each, full folemnly he fwore, and and him ball
That by the Faith which Knights to Knighthood bore, IIA
And what e'er else to Chivalry belongs, wobiW on orage I
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their Wrongs:
That Greece shou'd see perform'd what de declar'd, wolf
And crud Creon find his just Reward. As all and sind which but
He said no more, but shunning all Delay,
Rode on; nor enter'd Athens on his Way: do nodw and T
But left his Sifter and his Queen behind, by by pages ball
And wav'd his Royal Banner in the Wind:
Where in an Argent Field the God of War
Was drawn triumphant on his Iron Carr; and and the ball
Red was his Sword, and Shield, and whole Attire,
And all the Godhead seem'd to glow with Fire;
Ev'n the Ground glitter'd where the Standard flew,
And the green Grass was dy'd to sanguin Hue. Manda ov T
High on his pointed Lance his Pennon bore
His Cretan Fight, the conquer'd Minotaure:
The Soldiers shout around with generous Rage, and mod
And in that Victory, their own prefage to naminix modW
He prais'd their Ardour: inly pleas'd to fee my my vol man
His Host the Flow'r of Grecian Chivalry.
All Day he march'd; and all th' ensuing Night; and all th' ensuing Night;
And faw the City with returning Light. and to I vines with
The Process of the War I need not tell, you sails liew now
How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon fell:
Or

Or after, how by Storm the Walls were won,
Or how the Victor fack'd and burn'd the Town:
How to the Ladies he reftor'd again
The Bodies of their Lords in Battel flain:
And with what ancient Rites they were interr'd;
All these to fitter time shall be deferr'd:
I spare the Widows Tears, their wosul Cries
And Howling at their Husbands Obsequies;
How Theseus at these Fun'rals did affist,
And with what Gifts the mourning Dames dismis'd.

Thus when the Victor Chief had Creon flain,
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the Plain
His mighty Camp, and when the Day return'd,
The Country wasted, and the Hamlets burn'd;
And left the Pillagers, to Rapine bred,
Without Controul to strip and spoil the Dead:

There, in a Heap of Slain, among the rest
Two youthful Knights they sound beneath a Load oppress'd
Of slaughter'd Foes, whom first to Death they sent,
The Trophies of their Strength, a bloody Monument.
Both fair, and both of Royal Blood they seem'd,
Whom Kinsmen to the Crown the Heralds deem'd;
That Day in equal Arms they sought for Fame;
Their Swords, their Shields, their Surcoats were the same.
Close by each other laid they press'd the Ground,
Their manly Bosoms pierc'd with many a griesly Wound;
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint Signs of seeble Life appear:

The wandring Breath was on the Wing to part,
Weak was the Pulse, and hardly heav'd the Heart.
These two were Sisters Sons; and Arcite one,
Much sam'd in Fields, with valiant Palamon.
From These their costly Arms the Spoilers rent,
And softly both convey'd to Theseus Tent;
Whom known of Creon's Line, and cur'd with care;
He to his City sent as Pris'ners of the War,
Hopeless of Ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In Durance, doom'd a lingring Death to die.

This done, he march'd away with warlike Sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with Laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd, and more renown'd.
But in a Tow'r, and never to be loos'd,
The woful captive Kinsmen are enclos'd;

Thus Year by Year they pass, and Day by Day,
Till once ('twas on the Morn of chearful May)
The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair Lilly on the Flow'ry Green,
More fresh than May her self in Blossoms new
(For with the Rosse Colour strove her Hue)
Wak'd as her Custom was before the Day,
To do th' Observance due to sprightly May:
For sprightly May commands our Youth to keep
The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their sluggard Sleep:
Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth she moves;
Inspires new Flames, revives extinguish'd Loves;

Arose, and dress'd her self in rich Array;

Fresh as the Month, and as the Morning fair:

Adown her Shoulders fell her length of Hair:

A Ribband did the braided Tresses bind,

The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the Wind:

Aurora had but newly chas'd the Night,

And purpl'd o'er the Sky with blushing Light,

When to the Garden-walk she took her way,

To sport and trip along in Cool of Day,

And offer Maiden Vows in honour of the May.

At ev'ry Turn, she made a little Stand, and a little Stand, and or bath And thrust among the Thorns her Lilly Hand | vagad and W To draw the Rose, and ev'ry Rose she drew woll and She shook the Stalk, and brush'd away the Dew : Intow od! Then party-colour'd Flow'rs of white and red She wove, to make a Garland for her Head : date X and I This done, the fung and caroll'd out so clear, 10000 list That Men and Angels might rejoice to hear. Ev'n wondring Philomel forgot to fing; And learn'd from Her to welcome in the Spring. The Tow'r, of which before was mention made, him to I) Within whose Keep the captive Knights were laid, a blaw Built of a large Extent, and strong withal, and the obot Was one Partition of the Palace Wall: Wall to I The Garden was enclos'd within the Square Andreworld Where young Emilia took the Morning-Air. I obnog don't

Inspires new Flames, revives extinguished Loves;

It happen'd Palamon the Pris'ner Knight, Restless for Woe, arose before the Light, And with his Jaylor's leave defir'd to breathe An Air more wholesom than the Damps beneath. This granted, to the Tow'r he took his way, Cheer'd with the Promife of a glorious Day: Then cast a languishing Regard around, and bad odw 10 And faw with hateful Eyes the Temples crown'd With golden Spires, and all the Hostile Ground. He figh'd, and turn'd his Eyes, because he knew 'Twas but a larger Jayl he had in view: with mo book of Then look'd below, and from the Castles height Beheld a nearer and more pleafing Sight: Include 10 The Garden, which before he had not feen, In Springs new Livery clad of White and Green, Fresh Flow'rs in wide Parterres, and shady Walks between. -This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with Arms across in to told He stood, reflecting on his Country's Loss; godden to rold Himself an Object of the Publick Scorn, on you made and And often wish'd he never had been born. At last (for so his Destiny requir'd) mobile a drive bornel With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd, He thro' a little Window cast his Sight, nomed to some of Tho' thick of Bars, that gave a scanty Light: But ev'n that Glimmering ferv'd him to defery word doo! Th' inevitable Charms of Emily. And all the Cyprian Queen is in her Face.

Scarce had he seen, but seiz'd with sudden Smart, word I Stung to the Quick, he selt it at his Heart;

(

Struck

Struck blind with overpowering Light he stood, Then started back amaz'd, and cry'd aloud.

Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with hafte, To help his Friend, and in his Arms embrac'd; And ask'd him why he look'd fo deadly wan, And whence, and how his change of Cheer began? Or who had done th' Offence? But if, faid he, Your Grief alone is hard Captivity; For Love of Heav'n, with Patience undergo A cureless Ill, since Fate will have it so: So stood our Horoscope in Chains to lie, And Saturn in the Dungeon of the Sky, Or other baleful Aspect, rul'd our Birth, When all the friendly Stars were under Earth: Whate'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done; And better bear like Men, than vainly feek to shun. Nor of my Bonds, said Palamon again, Nor of unhappy Planets I complain; But when my mortal Anguish caus'd my Cry, That Moment I was hurt thro' either Eye; Pierc'd with a Random-shaft, I faint away And perish with insensible Decay: A Glance of some new Goddess gave the Wound, Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found. Look how the walks along you thady Space, and a same Not Juno moves with more Majestick Grace; de von & And all the Cyprian Queen is in her Face. If thou art Venus, (for thy Charms confess of bod some That Face was form'd in Heav'n) nor art thou less;

Difguis'd

Disguis'd in Habit, undisguis'd in Shape, Thank tuo? on O O help us Captives from our Chains to scape; But if our Doom be past in Bonds to lie of project and of For Life, and in a loathforn Dungeon die; jud guidion bak Then be thy Wrath appeas'd with our Difgrace, about and And shew Compassion to the Theban Race, I be read one I al Oppress'd by Tyrant Pow'r! While yet he spoke, Anso 10%. Arcite on Emily had fix'd his Look; o monoH van dosogga The fatal Dart a ready Passage found; un lo me north some And deep within his Heart infix'd the Wound: And John W So that if Palamon were wounded fore, and the bow bank Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more: Then from his inmost Soul he figh'd, and faid, and faid, The Beauty I behold has struck me dead: Unknowingly the strikes; and kills by chance; Poyson is in her Eyes, and Death in ev'ry Glance. O, I must ask; nor ask alone, but move Her Mind to Mercy, or must die for Love. bed of village of

Thus Arcite: And thus Palamon replies,

(Eager his Tone, and ardent were his Eyes.)

Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting Vein?

Jesting, said Arcite, suits but ill with Pain.

It suits far worse (said Palamon again,

And bent his Brows) with Men who Honour weigh,

Their Faith to break, their Friendship to betray;

But worst with Thee, of Noble Lineage born,

My Kinsman, and in Arms my Brother sworn.

Have we not plighted each our holy Oath,

That one shou'd be the Common Good of both?

One

SIL

One Soul shou'd both inspire, and neither provent His Fellows Hindrance in pursuit of Love ? 1960 20 900 0 To this before the Gods we gave our Hands, of mo hand And nothing but our Death can break the Bands. This binds thee, then, to farther my Defign; As I am bound by Vow to farther thine: I some both Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, Traytor, on the Plain bango Appeach my Honour, or thy own maintain, dime no store Since thou art of my Council, and the Friend Whose Faith I trust, and on whose Care depend: And would'st thou court my Ladies Love, which I But thou false Arcite never shalt obtain omni aid mon ned T Thy bad Pretence; I told thee first my Pain: I yoursell and I For first my Love began e'er thine was born; Thou, as my Council, and my Brother fworn, Art bound t'affift my Eldership of Right, Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd Knight.

Thus Palamon: But Arcite with disdain

In haughty Language thus reply'd again:

Forsworn thy self: The Traytor's odious Name

I first return, and then disprove thy Claim.

If Love be Passion, and that Passion nurst

With strong Desires, I lov'd the Lady first.

Canst thou pretend Desire, whom Zeal instam'd

To worship, and a Pow'r Coelestial nam'd!

Thine was Devotion to the Blest above,

I saw the Woman, and desir'd her Love;

First

First own'd my Passion, and to thee commend vol flum I roll.
Th' important Secret, as my chosen Friend with 10 Desire.

Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy Desire.

A Moment elder than my Rival Fire and not not saw that Can Chance of seeing first thy Title prove? on driw does that And know'st thou not, no Law is made for Love? made won Law is to Things which to free Choice relate; which made the law is not in our Choice, but in our Fate: which to had ball ball ball ball ball ball laws are but positive: Loves Pow'r we see a tast ball ball Is Natures Sanction, and her first Decree.

Fach Day we break the Bond of Humane Laws bond of For Love, and vindicate the Common Cause. It will be a sufficient to be for Deserted of Civil Rights are plac'd, and an are plac'd, and a sufficient to be forced down, and makes a general Waste: A Maids, Widows, Wives, without distinction fall; and The sweeping Deluge, Love, comes on, and covers all. If then the Laws of Friendship I transgress, and wolf at I keep the Greater, while I break the Less; And both are mad alike, since neither can possess. Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more to be a sufficient to be a sufficient of the Sun, but as he passes o'er.

Like Esop's Hounds contending for the Bone, and would be Lord alone: Demod Market Each pleaded Right, and would be Lord alone: Demod Rig

For I must love, and am resolv'd to try

My Fate, or failing in th' Adventure die.

My Fate, or failing in the Adventure die.

Great was their Strife, which hourly was renew'd,

Till each with mortal Hate his Rival view'd:

Now Friends no more, nor walking Hand in Hand;

But when they met, they made a furly Stand;

And glar'd like angry Lions as they pass'd,

And wish'd that ev'ry Look might be their last.

Is Natures Sanction, and her first Decreel

It chanc'd at length, Perithous came, t' attend word of this worthy Theseus, his familiar Friend:

Their Love in early Infancy began,

And rose as Childhood ripen'd into Man.

Companions of the War; and lov'd so well,

That when one dy'd, as ancient Stories tell,

His Fellow to redeem him went to Hell.

But to pursue my Tale; to welcome home and bod back. His Warlike Brother, is Perithous come: and or alloged dod Arcite of Thebes was known in Arms long fince, and and Tand honour'd by this young Thessalian Prince. Theseus, to gratiste his Friend and Guest, Who made our Arcite's Freedom his Request, belong the Restor'd to Liberty the Captive Knight, But on these hard Conditions I recite:

That if hereaster Arcite shou'd be found
Within the Compass of Athenian Ground, By Day or Night, or on whate'er Pretence, His Head shou'd pay the Forseit of th' Ofsence.

To this, Perithous for his Friend, agreed,
And on his Promise was the Pris'ner freed.

Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes his way, At his own Peril; for his Life must pay. Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter Fate, Finds his dear Purchase, and repents too late? What have I gain'd, he faid, in Prison pent, If I but change my Bonds for Banishment? And banish'd from her Sight, I suffer more In Freedom, than I felt in Bonds before; Forc'd from her Presence, and condemn'd to live: Unwelcom Freedom, and unthank'd Reprieve: Heav'n is not but where Emily abides, And where she's absent, all is Hell besides. Next to my Day of Birth, was that accurft Which bound my Friendship to Perithous first: Had I not known that Prince, I still had been In Bondage, and had still Emilia seen: For tho' I never can her Grace deserve, 'Tis Recompence enough to see and serve. O Palamon, my Kinsman and my Friend, How much more happy Fates thy Love attend! Thine is th' Adventure; thine the Victory: Well has thy Fortune turn'd the Dice for thee: Thou on that Angels Face maist feed thy Eyes, In Prison, no; but blissful Paradise! Thou daily feest that Sun of Beauty shine, which was all the state of And lov'st at least in Loves extreamest Line. Well knows the Sot he has a certain 11

I mourn in Absence, Loves Eternal Night,
And who can tell but since thou hast her Sight,
And art a comely, young, and valiant Knight,
Fortune (a various Pow'r) may cease to frown,
And by some Ways unknown thy Wishes crown:
But I, the most forlorn of Humane Kind,
Nor Help can hope, nor Remedy can find;
But doom'd to drag my loathsom Life in Care,
For my Reward, must end it in Despair.
Fire, Water, Air, and Earth, and Force of Fates
That governs all, and Heav'n that all creates,
Nor Art, nor Natures Hand can ease my Grief,
Nothing but Death, the Wretches last Relief:
Then farewel Youth, and all the Joys that dwell
With Youth and Life, and Life it self farewell.

But why, alas! do mortal Men in vain

Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain?

God gives us what he knows our Wants require,

And better Things than those which we desire:

Some pray for Riches; Riches they obtain;

But watch'd by Robbers, for their Wealth are slain:

Some pray from Prison to be freed; and come

When guilty of their Vows, to fall at home;

Murder'd by those they trusted with their Life,

A favour'd Servant, or a Bosom Wise.

Such dear-bought Blessings happen ev'ry Day,

Because we know not for what Things to pray.

Like drunken Sots about the Streets we roam;

Well knows the Sot he has a certain Home;

And blunders on, and staggers ev'ry Pace.

Thus all seek Happiness; but sew can find,

For far the greater Part of Men are blind.

This is my Case, who thought our utmost Good and back Was in one Word of Freedom understood:

The fatal Blessing came: From Prison free, and I blood to I started abroad, and lose the Sight of Emily.

I starve abroad, and lose the Sight of Emily.

The same abroad and lose the Sight of Emily.

Thus Arcite; but if Arcite thus deplore is a sunt non I His Suff'rings, Palamon yet fuffers more. Went of W For when he knew his Rival freed and gone, alw one bank He fwells with Wrath; he makes outrageous Moan? He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the Ground; The hollow Tow'r with Clamours rings around: w brown With briny Tears he bath'd his fetter'd Feet, and drive of And dropp'd all o'er with Agony of Sweat. Alas! he cry'd, I Wretch in Prison pine, I want bloom Too happy Rival, while the Fruit is thing um an alada IIA Thou liv'ft at large, thou draw'ft thy Native Air, Pleas'd with thy Freedom, proud of my Despair: Thou may'ft, fince thou hast Youth and Courage join'd, A fweet Behaviour, and a folid Mind, I yobig to out I Assemble ours, and all the Theban Race, and show wall To vindicate on Athens thy Difgrace, nod onling or mod T And after (by some Treaty made) possess and bound aw Fair Emily, the Pledge of lasting Peace, search busy but So thine shall be the beauteous Prize, while I nodw nod T Must languish in Despair, in Prison die

Thus all th' Advantage of the Strife is thine,
'Thy Portion double Joys, and double Sorrows mine.

The Rage of Jealousie then fir'd his Soul, And his Face kindl'd like a burning Coal: Now cold Despair, succeeding in her stead, To livid Paleness turns the glowing Red. His Blood scarce Liquid, creeps within his Veins, Like Water, which the freezing Wind constrains. Then thus he faid; Eternal Deities, Who rule the World with absolute Decrees, And write whatever Time shall bring to pass With Pens of Adamant, on Plates of Brass; What is the Race of Humane Kind your Care Beyond what all his Fellow-Creatures are? welled ad I He with the rest is liable to Pain, And like the Sheep, his Brother-Beaft, is flain. Cold, Hunger, Prisons, Ills without a Cure, and toll A All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure: Or does your Justice, Pow'r, or Prescience fail, When the Good suffer, and the Bad prevail? What worse to wretched Vertue could befall, If Fate, or giddy Fortune govern'd all? Nay, worse than other Beasts is our Estate; and old month Them, to pursue their Pleasures you create; We, bound by harder Laws, must curb our Will, And your Commands, not our Desires fulfil: Then when the Creature is unjustly slain, and land and and Yet after Death at least he feels no Pain; manual fluid

But Man in Life furcharg'd with Woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to fuffer more.

A Serpent shoots his Sting at unaware;
An ambush'd Thief forelays a Traveller;
The Man lies murder'd, while the Thief and Snake,
One gains the Thickets, and one thrids the Brake.
This let Divines decide; but well I know,
Just, or unjust, I have my Share of Woe:
Through Saturn seated in a luckless Place,
And Juno's Wrath, that persecutes my Race;
Or Mars and Venus in a Quartil, move
My Pangs of Jealousie for Arcite's Love.

Let Palamon oppress'd in Bondage mourn, While to his exil'd Rival we return. By this the Sun declining from his Height, The Day had shortned to prolong the Night: The lengthen'd Night gave length of Misery Both to the Captive Lover, and the Free. For Palamon in endless Prison mourns, And Arcite forfeits Life if he returns. The Banish'd never hopes his Love to see, Nor hopes the Captive Lord his Liberty: 'Tis hard to fay who fuffers greater Pains, One sees his Love, but cannot break his Chains: One free, and all his Motions uncontroul'd, Beholds whate'er he wou'd, but what he wou'd behold. Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell What Fortune to the banish'd Knight befel.

That Palificurus Yellow, and his Pace rec

When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again, The Loss of her he lov'd renew'd his Pain; What could be worse, than never more to see a money A His Life, his Soul, his charming Emily? He rav'd with all the Madness of Despair, He roar'd, he beat his Breast, he tore his Hair. Dry Sorrow in his stupid Eyes appears, on will and all I For wanting Nourishment, he wanted Tears: Municipality His Eye-balls in their hollow Sockets fink, Bereft of Sleep; he loaths his Meat and Drink. He withers at his Heart, and looks as wan As the pale Spectre of a murder'd Man: That Pale turns Yellow, and his Face receives The faded Hue of fapless Boxen Leaves: In folitary Groves he makes his Moan, Walks early out, and ever is alone. Nor mix'd in Mirth, in youthful Pleasure shares, But fighs when Songs and Instruments he hears: His Spirits are so low, his Voice is drown'd, He hears as from afar, or in a Swound, Like the deaf Murmurs of a distant Sound: Uncomb'd his Locks, and squalid his Attire, Unlike the Trim of Love and gay Defire; But full of museful Mopings, which presage The lofs of Reason, and conclude in Rage.

This when he had endur'd a Year and more, Now wholly chang'd from what he was before, It happen'd once, that flumbring as he lay, He dreamt (his Dream began at Break of Day)

That

That Hermes o'er his Head in Air appear'd, And with fost Words his drooping Spirits cheer'd: His Hat, adorn'd with Wings, disclos'd the God, And in his Hand he bore the Sleep-compelling Rod: Such as he feem'd, when at his Sire's Command On Argus Head he laid the Snaky Wand; Arise, he said, to conqu'ring Athens go, There Fate appoints an End of all thy Woe. The Fright awaken'd Arcite with a Start, Against his Bosom bounc'd his heaving Heart; But soon he said, with scarce-recover'd Breath, And thither will I go, to meet my Death, Sure to be flain; but Death is my Defire, Since in Émilia's Sight I shall expire. By chance he fpy'd a Mirrour while he fpoke, And gazing there beheld his alter'd Look; Wondring, he faw his Features and his Hue So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he knew. A fudden Thought then starting in his Mind, Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find, The World may fearch in vain with all their Eyes, But never penetrate through this Disguise. Thanks to the Change which Grief and Sickness give, In low Estate I may securely live, And see unknown my Mistress Day by Day: He faid; and cloth'd himself in course Array; A lab'ring Hind in shew: Then forth he went, And to th' Athenian Tow'rs his Journey bent: One Squire attended in the same Disguise, Made conscious of his Master's Enterprize.

Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to Court,
Unknown, unquestion'd in that thick Resort;
Pross'ring for Hire his Service at the Gate,
To drudge, draw Water, and to run or wait.

So fair befel him, that for little Gain He ferv'd at first Emilia's Chamberlain; And watchful all Advantages to fpy, Was still at Hand, and in his Master's Eye; And as his Bones were big, and Sinews strong, Refus'd no Toil that could to Slaves belong; But from deep Wells with Engines Water drew, And us'd his Noble Hands the Wood to hew. He pass'd a Year at least attending thus On Emily, and call'd Philostratus. But never was there Man of his Degree So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he. So gentle of Condition was he known, That through the Court his Courtesie was blown: All think him worthy of a greater Place, And recommend him to the Royal Grace; That exercis'd within a higher Sphere, His Vertues more conspicuous might appear. Thus by the general Voice was Arcite prais'd, And by Great Theseus to high Favour rais'd; Among his Menial Servants first enroll'd, And largely entertain'd with Sums of Gold: Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent, Of his own Income, and his Annual Rent.

This

This well employ'd, he purchas'd Friends and Fame,
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three Years he liv'd with large Increase,
In Arms of Honour, and Esteem in Peace;
To Theseus Person he was ever near,
And Theseus for his Vertues held him dear.

The End of the First Book.

PALAMON

Book Is The Knights Tale, and

But cantioufly conceal'd from whence it came Thus for three Years he liv'd with large Increase, In Arms of Honour, and Effects in Peaces were salured of To Thefeus Person he was ever near, And Thefeus for his Vertues held him dear.

The End of the First Book.

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ARCITE:

OR,

The Knight's Tale.

BOOK II.

Where hopeless Palamon in Prison mourns.
For six long Years immur'd, the captive Knight
Had dragg'd his Chains, and scarcely seen the Light:
Lost Liberty, and Love at once he bore;
His Prison pain'd him much, his Passion more:
Nor dares he hope his Fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from Love.

But when the fixth revolving Year was run, And May within the Twins receiv'd the Sun, Were it by Chance, or forceful Destiny, Which forms in Causes first whate'er shall be. Affisted by a Friend one Moonless Night, This Palamon from Prison took his Flight: A pleasant Beverage he prepar'd before Of Wine and Honey mix'd, with added Store Of Opium; to his Keeper this he brought, Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy Draught, And fnor'd fecure till Morn, his Senses bound In Slumber, and in long Oblivion drown'd. Short was the Night, and careful Palamon Sought the next Covert e'er the Rifing Sun. A thick spread Forest near the City lay, To this with lengthen'd Strides he took his way, (For far, he cou'd not fly, and fear'd the Day:) Safe from Pursuit, he meant to shun the Light, Till the brown Shadows of the friendly Night To Thebes might favour his intended Flight. When to his Country come, his next Defign Was all the Theban Race in Arms to join, And war on Theseus, till he lost his Life, Or won the Beauteous Emily to Wife. Thus while his Thoughts the lingring Day beguile, To gentle Arcite let us turn our Style; Who little dreamt how nigh he was to Care, Till treacherous Fortune caught him in the Snare.

The

The Morning-Lark, the Messenger of Day, Saluted in her Song the Morning gray; and be away and And foon the Sun arose with Beams so bright, to and lit That all th' Horizon laugh'd to see the joyous Sight; He with his tepid Rays the Rose renews, adouted that And licks the dropping Leaves, and dries the Dews; When Arcite left his Bed, resolv'd to pay and bus assented all Observance to the Month of merry May: word and and but A Forth on his fiery Steed betimes he rode, That scarcely prints the Turf on which he trod: At ease he seem'd, and pransing o'er the Plains, Turn'd only to the Grove his Horses Reins, World and 104 The Grove I nam'd before; and lighting there, not to I A Woodbind Garland fought to crown his Hair; Then turn'd his Face against the rising Day, the minds alol but A And rais'd his Voice to welcom in the May. The May And loudly fung his Roundelay of Love.

For thee, sweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries wear If not the first, the fairest of the Year: non none rovol 2A) For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours, and woll And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs: When thy short Reign is past, the Fev'rish Sun The fultry Tropick fears, and moves more flowly on. So may thy tender Blossoms fear no Blite, and T Nor Goats with venom'd Teeth thy Tendrils bite, no stand As thou shalt guide my wandring Feet to find The fragrant Greens I feek, my Brows to bind.

> Let it be blotted from the Calendar rich it pollute the Month and pollut it His

Curs'd be the Day when first I did appear,

His Vows address'd, within the Grove he stray'd, Till Fate, or Fortune, near the Place convey'd brook ba His Steps where fecret Palamon was laid. Full little thought of him the gentle Knight, and divisit Who flying Death had there conceal'd his Flight, and ball In Brakes and Brambles hid, and shunning Mortal Sight. And less he knew him for his hated Foe, But fear'd him as a Man he did not know. But as it has been faid of ancient Years, That Fields are full of Eyes, and Woods have Ears; For this the Wife are ever on their Guard, who bound For, Unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd. Man I ovoid of I Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone, I alone Andboow A And less than all suspected Palamon, a sold and and mon mod I Who liftning heard him, while he fearch'd the Grove, And loudly fung his Roundelay of Love. But on the fudden stopp'd, and filent stood, (As Lovers often muse, and change their Mood;) Now high as Heav'n, and then as low as Hell'; For thee the Now up, now down, as Buckets in a Well: And Mature For Venus, like her Day, will change her Cheer, And feldom shall we see a Friday clear. Thus Arcite having fung, with alter'd Hue Sunk on the Ground, and from his Bosom drew A desp'rate Sigh, accusing Heav'n and Fate, And angry Juno's unrelenting Hate. Curs'd be the Day when first I did appear; Let it be blotted from the Calendar, Lest it pollute the Month, and poison all the Year.

Still

Still will the jealous Queen pursue our Race? In brow on Cadmus is dead, the Theban City was: Tylboob or nool and Yet ceases not her Hate: For all who come to bidmon of From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus Doom Doom Land I fuffet for my Blood: Unjust Decree! bish regnol row That punishes another's Crime on melons book brovoolid In mean Estate I serve my mortal Foe, with towart older The Man who caus'd my Countrys Overthrow, and bound This is not all; for Juno, to my shame, and not are wow) Has forc'd me to forfake my former Name none frab but Arcite I was, Philostratus I am and I before the of the That Side of Heav'n is all my Enemy : 101 , wo V vol flning A Mars ruin'd Thebes; this Mother ruin'd me worred a rebut Of all the Royal Rade remains but one of the world ollar of Beside my self, th'unhappy Palamon, is self, brulle for sull Whom Theseus holds in Bonds, and will not free; 1 910 10 Without a Crime, except his Kin to me manual demonst roll Yet these, and all the rest I cou'd endure; muchiw and mA But Love's a Malady without a Cure : naM slad , ton sqoH Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery Date, I me I to I He fries within, and hisses at my Heart. Your Eyes, fair Emily, my Fate pursue grand odw. estima I suffer for the rest, I die for you as bidisadian brows ail-

I suffer for the rest, I die for you an bid bows sill Of such a Goddess no Time leaves Record, bod out you won Who burn'd the Temple where she was ador'd a word word. Who let it burn, Drever will complain, and bed brow That Pleas'd with my Suff'rings, if you knew my Pain back The Surety which I gave thee I defer.

At this a fickly Qualm his Heart affail'dond of ton loof His Ears ring inward, and his Senfes fail'dual and won No

No Word miss'd Palamon of all he spoke, and his line But foon to deadly Pale he chang'd his Look: 20 21 21 21 He trembl'd ev'ry Limb, and felt a Smart, 100 201000 191 As if cold Steel had glided through his Heart; Nor longer staid, but starting from his Place, and some Discover'd stood, and shew'd his hostile Face: dinug and I False Traytor Arcite, Traytor to thy Blood, and man all Bound by thy facred Oath to feek my Good, orly nell of T Now art thou found for worn, for Emily; Ils son a aid I And dar'st attempt her Love, for whom I die borol and So hast thou cheated Theseus with a Wile, Will and I should Against thy Vow, returning to beguile n'vesH to shie and I Under a borrow'd Namer As falle todme, deal b'aur and So false thou art to him who set thee free sayo A od Ils AO But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die, it aled you obide Or elfe renouncerthy Claim in Emily : ablad analod I mod W For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by Chance) words W Am here without my Sword, or pointed Lance; so and 19 Hope not, base Man, unquestion'd hence to go, woll and For I am Palamon thy mortal Foe borney and evol soroil He fries within, and hiffes at my Heart.

Arcite, who heard his Tale, and knew the Man, ve mod His Sword unsheath'd, and siercely thus begans not restored to Mow by the Godsh who govern Heav'n above, of a don't weak with Hunger, mad with Love, don't hat Word had been thy last, or in this Groverd it rel but This Hand should force thee to renounce thy Love. I had The Surety which I gave thee, I defie;

Fool, not to know that Love endures no Tie, it is said to And Jove but laughs at Dovers Perjury browning air and all Know

Know I will serve the Fair in thy despight; But fince thou art my Kinsman, and a Knight, Here, have my Faith, to morrow in this Grove Our Arms shall plead the Titles of our Love: And Heav'n so help my Right, as I alone Will come, and keep the Cause and Quarrel both unknown 3 With Arms of Proof both for my felf and thee; Chuse thou the best, and leave the worst to me. And, that at better ease, thou maist abide, Bedding and Clothes I will this Night provide, And needful Sustenance, that thou maist be A Conquest better won, and worthy me. His Promise Palamon accepts; but pray'd, To keep it better than the first he made. Thus fair they parted till the Morrows Dawn, For each had laid his plighted Faith to pawn. Oh Love! Thou sternly dost thy Pow'r maintain, And wilt not bear a Rival in thy Reign, Tyrants and thou all Fellowship disdain. This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon, Both in Despair, yet each would love alone. Arcite return'd, and, as in Honour ty'd, His Foe with Bedding, and with Food supply'd; Then, e'er the Day, two Suits of Armour fought, Which born before him on his Steed he brought : Both were of shining Steel, and wrought so pure, As might the Strokes of two fuch Arms endure. Now, at the Time, and in th' appointed Place, The Challenger, and Challeng'd, Face to Face,

Approach; each other from afar they knew,

And from afar their Hatred chang'd their Hue.

So stands the Thracian Heardsman with his Spear,

Full in the Gap, and hopes the hunted Bear,

And hears him rustling in the Wood, and sees

His Course at Distance by the bending Trees;

And thinks, Here comes my mortal Enemy,

And either he must fall in Fight, or I:

This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his Dart;

A gen rous Chilness seizes ev'ry Part;

The Veins pour back the Blood, and fortisse the Heart.

Thus pale they meet; their Eyes with Fury burn; None greets; for none the Greeting will return: But in dumb Surliness, each arm'd with Care His Foe profest, as Brother of the War: Then both, no Moment lost, at once advance Against each other, arm'd with Sword and Lance: They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore Their Corslets, and the thinnest Parts explore. Thus two long Hours in equal Arms they stood, And wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in Blood; And not a Foot of Ground had either got, As if the World depended on the Spot. Fell Arcite like an angry Tyger far'd, And like a Lion Palamon appear'd: Or as two Boars whom Love to Battel draws, With rifing Briftles, and with froathy Jaws, Their adverse Breasts with Tusks oblique they wound; With Grunts and Groans the Forest rings around.

So fought the Knights, and fighting must abide, Till Fate an Umpire sends their Diff rence to decide. The Pow'r that ministers to God's Decrees, And executes on Earth what Heav'n foresees, bed and of Call'd Providence, or Chance, or fatal Sway, Comes with refiftless Force, and finds or makes her Way. Nor Kings, nor Nations, nor united Pow'r One Moment can retard th' appointed Hour. And some one Day, some wondrous Chance appears, Which happen'd not in Centuries of Years: For fure, whate'er we Mortals hate or love, which have the Or hope, or fear, depends on Pow'rs above; They move our Appetites to Good or Ill, And by Forefight necessitate the Will. In Theseus this appears; whose youthful Joy Was Beafts of Chase in Forests to destroy; This gentle Knight, inspir'd by jolly May, we add daw bod Forfook his easie Couch at early Day, and about abnormand And to the Wood and Wilds pursu'd his Way. Beside him rode Hippolita the Queen, WW suov on and W And Emily attir'd in lively Green: With Horns, and Hounds, and all the tuneful Cry, To hunt a Royal Hart within the Covert nigh: And as he follow'd Mars before, fo now He serves the Goddess of the Silver Bow. The Way that Theseus took was to the Wood Where the two Knights in cruel Battel stood: The Laund on which they fought, th' appointed Place In which th' uncoupl'd Hounds began the Chace.

Thicker

Thither forth-right he rode to rowfe the Prey, That shaded by the Fern in Harbour lay; And thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the Wood, For open Fields, and cross the Crystal Flood. O 20182072 ball Approach'd, and looking underneath the Sun, bivoig bills He faw proud Arcite, and fierce Palamon, and drive and In mortal Battel doubling Blow on Blow, A ron again and Like Lightning flam'd their Fauchions to and from the lightning flam'd t And thot a dreadful Gleam; fo strong they strook, There feem'd less Force requir'd to fell an Oak : and don't He gaz'd with Wonder on their equal Might, Look'd eager on, but knew not either Knight: 10 2001 10 Refolv'd to learn, he spurr'd his fiery Steed With goring Rowels, to provoke his Speed. The Tyle ball The Minute ended that began the Race, So foon he was betwixt 'em on the Place; To the Alar M. And with his Sword unsheath'd, on pain of Life Commands both Combatants to cease their Strife: Then with imperious Tone pursues his Threat; What are you? Why in Arms together met? How dares your Pride presume against my Laws, As in a lifted Field to fight your Cause? Hous and in a Unask'd the Royal Grant; no Marshal by, As Knightly Rites require; nor Judge to try? Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd Breath, Thus hasty spoke; We both deserve the Death, And both wou'd die; for look the World around, A Pair so wretched is not to be found. How to bour I all Our Life's a Load; encumber'd with the Charge, We long to fet th' imprison'd Soul at large.

Book II.

Now as thou art a Sovereign Judge, decree The rightful Doom of Death to him and me, and not back Let neither find thy Grace; for Grace is Cruelty. Me first, O kill me first; and cure my Woe : 18 20 1000 Then sheath the Sword of Justice on my Foe: Or kill him first; for when his Name is heard, and of He foremost will receive his due Reward. In which but Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal Foe, is more about not On whom thy Grace did Liberty bestow, we I to so all all But first contracted, that if ever found moved moved a By Day or Night upon th' Athenian Ground, I may led I His Head should pay the Forseit: See return'd The perjur'd Knight, his Oath and Honour fcorn'd. For this is he, who with a borrow'd Name And profer'd Service, to thy Palace came, vode noon of I Now call'd Philostratus: retain'd by thee, 10 mone 1 od 1) A Traytor trusted, and in high Degree, will rebust to] Aspiring to the Bed of beauteous Emily. My Part remains: From Thebes my Birth I own, 1906 IA And call my felf th' unhappy Palamon. It guoms and but Think me not like that Man; fince no Difgrace Can force me to renounce the Honour of my Race. Know me for what I am: I broke thy Chain, Nor promis'd I thy Pris'ner to remain: The Love of Liberty with Life is giv'n, And Life it self th' inferiour Gift of Heaven. Thus without Crime I fled; but farther know, den I with this Arcite am thy mortal Foe: Then give me Death, since I thy Life pursue,

For Safeguard of thy felf, Death is my Due.

More would'st thou know? I love bright Emily, has wolf And for her Sake, and in her Sight will die? Introduce of I But kill my Rival too; for he no less the Deserves; and I thy righteous Doom will bless, affur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess.

Affur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess.

To this reply'd the stern Athenian Prince, and similar to And sow'rly smild, In owning your Offence

You judge your self; and I but keep Record to stand In place of Law, while you pronounce the Word. Offence

Take your Desert, the Death you have decreed; and I see I see

He faid; dumb Sorrow feiz'd the Standers by The Queen above the rest, by Nature Good, (The Pattern form'd of perfect Womanhood) For tender Pity wept: When the began, belly stored A Through the bright Quire th' infectious Vertue ran-All dropp'd their Tears, ev'n the contended Maid; And thus among themselves they softly said : 1 vm lloo bank What Eyes can suffer this unworthy Sight! I to a on And I Two Youths of Royal Blood, renown'd in Fight, The Mastership of Heav'n in Face and Mind, and would And Lovers, far beyond their faithless Kind; See their wide streaming Wounds; they neither came From Pride of Empire, nor defire of Fame: Kings fight for Kingdoms, Madmen for Applause; But love for Love alone; that crowns the Lover's Caufe. This Thought, which ever bribes the beauteous Kind, Such Pity wrought in ev'ry Ladies Mind,

They

They left their Steeds, and prostrate on the Place, build at From the fierce King, implor'd th' Offenders Grace.

He paus'd a while, stood silent in his Mood; (For yet, his Rage was boiling in his Blood) But soon his tender Mind th' Impression felt; (As foftest Metals are not flow to melt And Pity soonest runs in gentle Minds:) Then reasons with himself; and first he finds His Passion cast a Mist before his Sense, And either made, or magnifi'd th' Offence. In drawon and I Offence! of what? to whom? Who judg'd the Cause? The Pris'ner freed himself by Natures Laws: Born free, he fought his Right: The Man he freed Was perjur'd, but his Love excus'd the Deed: Thus pond'ring, he look'd under with his Eyes, And faw the Womens Tears, and heard their Cries; Which mov'd Compassion more: He shook his Head, And foftly fighing to himself, he said,

Curse on th' unpard'ning Prince, whom Tears can draw
To no Remorse; who rules by Lions Law;
And deaf to Pray'rs, by no Submission bow'd,
Rends all alike; the Penitent, and Proud:
At this, with Look serene, he rais'd his Head,
Reason resum'd her Place, and Passion sted:
Then thus aloud he spoke: The Pow'r of Love,
In Earth, and Seas, and Air, and Heav'n above,
Rules, unresisted, with an awful Nod;
By daily Miracles declar'd a God:

For its their Maxim, Lovedt I over the

He blinds the Wise, gives Eye-fight to the Blind; And moulds and flamps anew the Lover's Mind. Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon, Freed from my Fetters, and in Safety gone, What hinder'd either in their Native Soil At ease to reap the Harvest of their Toil? But Love, their Lord, did otherwise ordain, And brought 'em in their own despite again, not will ball To fuffer Death deserv'd; for well they know, 'Tis in my Pow'r, and I their deadly Foe; the north I all The Proverb holds, That to be wife and love, Is hardly granted to the Gods above. Of said to I sould See how the Madmen bleed: Behold the Gains With which their Master, Love, rewards their Pains: For fev'n long Years, on Duty ev'ry Day, Lo their Obedience, and their Monarch's Pay: Yet, as in Duty bound, they ferve him on, Work was back And ask the Fools, they think it wifely done: by and don't Nor Ease, nor Wealth, nor Life it self regard, For 'tis their Maxim, Love is Love's Reward. This is not all; the Fair for whom they strove Nor knew before, nor could suspect their Love, Nor thought, when she beheld the Fight from far, Her Beauty was th' Occasion of the War. But fure a gen'ral Doom on Man is past, I down and A And all are Fools and Lovers, first or last: This both by others and my felf I know, For I have ferv'd their Sovereign, long ago.

Oft have been caught within the winding Train Of Female Snares, and felt the Lovers Pain, And learn'd how far the God can Humane Hearts constrain. To this Remembrance, and the Pray'rs of those money Who for th' offending Warriors interpofe, I give their forfeit Lives; on this accord, Is V to oxing all To do me Homage as their Sov'reign Lord; And as my Vassals, to their utmost Might, Affift my Person, and affert my Right. This, freely sworn, the Knights their Grace obtain'd; Then thus the King his fecret Thoughts explain'd: If Wealth, or Honour, or a Royal Race, Or each, or all, may win a Ladies Grace, and I bond Then either of you Knights may well deferve and dod II A Princess born; and such is she you serve: For Emily is Sifter to the Crown, And but too well to both her Beauty known: But shou'd you combate till you both were dead, Two Lovers cannot share a single Bed: I do a lody of I As therefore both are equal in Degree, The Lot of both be left to Destiny. Now hear th' Award, and happy may it prove To her, and him who best deserves her Love. Depart from hence in Peace, and free as Air, Search the wide World, and where you please repair; To the same Point through ev'ry Sign has run, Then each of you his Hundred Knights shall bring, In Royal Lists, to fight before the King;

For Fmily's Sider to the Crown,

And then, the Knight whom Fate or happy Chance
Shall with his Friends to Victory advance,
And grace his Arms fo far in equal Fight,
From out the Bars to force his Opposite,
Or kill, or make him Recreant on the Plain,
The Prize of Valour and of Love shall gain;
The vanquish'd Party shall their Claim release,
And the long Jars conclude in lasting Peace.
The Charge be mine t' adorn the chosen Ground,
The Theatre of War, for Champions so renown'd;
And take the Patrons Place of either Knight,
With Eyes impartial to behold the Fight;
And Heav'n of me so judge, as I shall judge aright.

If both are fatisfi'd with this Accord,
Swear by the Laws of Knighthood on my Sword.

Who now but Palamon exults with Joy?

And ravish'd Arcite seems to touch the Sky:

The whole assembl'd Troop was pleas'd as well,

Extol'd th' Award, and on their Knees they fell

To bless the gracious King. The Knights with Leave

Departing from the Place, his last Commands receive;

On Emily with equal Ardour look,

And from her Eyes their Inspiration took.

From thence to Thebes old Walls pursue their Way,

Each to provide his Champions for the Day.

It might be deem'd on our Historian's Part, of the one of the Or too much Negligence, or want of Art,

If he forgot the vast Magnificence of A to the wind of Royal Thesews, and his large Expence. In the Magnificence of A the first enclosed for Lists a level Ground, we are sold on the He first enclosed for Lists a level Ground, we are sold on the He first enclosed for Lists a level Ground, we are sold on the He first enclosed for Lists a level Ground, we are sold on the He first enclosed for Lists a level Ground, we are sold on the Height was sunk, to Moat the Place about and the Within; an Amphitheatre appeared, to sold on the Basis'd in Degrees; to fixty Paces rear'd and the Height was allowed for him above to see admits and and and the Height was allowed for him above to see admits and and and the Height was allowed for him above to see admits and and and the Height was allowed for him above to see admits a sold of the so

Eastward was built a Gate of Marble white; animals but The like adorn'd the Western opposite. The base amislamed A nobler Object than this Fabrick was, and I ambled but Rome never saw; nor of so vast a Space. The base is but For, rich with Spoils of many a conquer'd Land, and I of All Arts and Artists Theseus could command; in about stad I who sold for Hire, or wrought for better Fame is a small but The Master-Painters, and the Carvers came, of vibring but A So rose within the Compass of the Year of an about that An Ages Work, a glorious Theatre of the Year of an about that A Temple, sacred to the Queen of Love; in the adolesial and An Altar stood below: On either Handward but and an Altar stood below: On either Handward but and an A Priest with Roses crown'd, who held a Myrtle Wand.

The Dome of Mars was on the Gate oppos'd, lool awoul And on the North a Turret was enclos'd, and or broggo

Within

The coffly Feath, the Carol, and the Dance

Wichin

Within the Wall, of Alabaster white,

And crimson Coral, for the Queen of Night,

Who takes in Sylvan Sports her chaste Delight.

The whole Circumference a Mile ar Within these Oratories might you see and and and Rich Carvings, Pourtraitures, and Imagery: And Imagery Where ev'ry Figure to the Life express'd dan A as and W The Godhead's Pow'r to whom it was address'd. In Venus Temple, on the Sides were feen and a north and I The broken Slumbers of inamour'd Men: walls as walled H Pray'rs that ev'n spoke, and Pity seem'd to call, And iffuing Sighs that smoak'd along the Walk Complaints, and hot Desires, the Lover's Hell, observed on I And scalding Tears, that wore a Channel where they fell: And all around were Nuptial Bonds, the Ties Of Loves Assurance, and a Train of Lies, That, made in Lust, conclude in Perjuries. Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury, And spritely Hope, and short-enduring Joy; And Sorceries to raise th' Infernal Pow'rs, and many olders of And Sigils fram'd in Planetary Hours: Is a stown and na Expence, and After-thought, and idle Care, And Doubts of motley Hue, and dark Despair: Suspicions, and fantastical Surmise, : wood book and and And Jealousie suffus'd, with Jaundice in her Eyes; Discolouring all she view'd, in Tawney dress'd; Down-look'd, and with a Cuckow on her Fift. Oppos'd to her, on t'other Side, advance no bad The costly Feast, the Carol, and the Dance,

Minstrels, and Musick, Poetry, and Play, And Balls by Night, and Turnaments by Day. Ball all All these were painted on the Wall, and more; With Acts, and Monuments of Times before: And others added by Prophetick Doom, and and an and And Lovers yet unborn, and Loves to come : Mile Mile For there, th' Idalian Mount, and Citheron, The Court of Venus, was in Colours drawn: Before the Palace-gate, in careless Dress, and bloomed and And loofe Array, fat Portress Idleness: There, by the Fount, Narcissus pin'd alone; There Samson was; with wifer Solomon, And all the mighty Names by Love undone: Medea's Charms were there, Circean Feafts, With Bowls that turn'd inamour'd Youth to Beafts. Here might be seen, that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit, And Prowefs, to the Pow'r of Love submit: The spreading Snare for all Mankind is laid; And Lovers all betray, and are betray'd. Illowed T guiller A The Goddess self, some noble Hand had wrought; Smiling the feem'd, and full of pleafing Thought: From Ocean as the first began to rife, who will but A And smooth'd the ruffl'd Seas, and clear'd the Skies; She trode the Brine all bare below the Breast, And the green Waves, but ill conceal'd the rest; A Lute she held; and on her Head was seen A Wreath of Roses red, and Myrtles green: Her Turtles fann'd the buxom Air above; And, by his Mother, stood an Infant-Love: With Acts, and Monuments of Times before

drilly

With Wings unfledg'd; his Eyes were banded o'er;
His Hands a Bow, his Back a Quiver bore,
Supply'd with Arrows bright and keen, a deadly Store.

But in the Dome of mighty Mars the Red, by 21000 bal With diff'rent Figures all the Sides were spread and bala This Temple, less in Form, with equal Grace Was imitative of the first in Thrace: Was initiative of the first in Thrace: For that cold Region was the lov'd Abode, in I and a stoll a And Sov'reign Mansion of the Warriour-God. A shool bank The Landscape was a Forest wide and bare; I say vd prod I Where neither Beaft, nor Humane Kind repair solme ond T The Fowl, that scent afar, the Borders sty, dain on the bal And shun the bitter Blast, and wheel about the Sky A Cake of Scurf lies baking on the Ground, and alword do W And prickly Stubs, instead of Trees, are found; Or Woods with Knots, and Knares deform'd and old; Headless the most, and hideous to behold: A ratling Tempest through the Branches went, and I had That stripp'd 'em bare, and one sole way they bent Heav'n froze above, severe, the Clouds congeal, And through the Crystal Vault appear'd the standing Hail. Such was the Face without, a Mountain stood doord board Threatning from high, and overlook'd the Wood : /out of Beneath the lowring Brow, and on a Bent, Whomes ball The Temple stood of Mars Armipotent: The Frame of burnish'd Steel, that cast a Glare From far, and feem'd to thaw the freezing Air. A streight, long Entry, to the Temple led, Blind with high Walls; and Horrour over Head:

Thence

Thence iffu'd fuch a Blast, and hollow Rore, As threaten'd from the Hinge, to heave the Door; In, through that Door, a Northern Light there shone; Twas all it had, for Windows there were none. The Gate was Adamant; Eternal Frame! Which hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian Quarries came, The Labour of a God; and all along Tough Iron Plates were clench'd to make it strong. A Tun about, was ev'ry Pillar there; A polish'd Mirrour shone not half so clear. The and back There faw I how the fecret Fellon wrought, And Treason lab'ring in the Traytor's Thought; of the And Midwife Time the ripen'd Plot to Murder brought. There, the Red Anger dar'd the Pallid Fear; Next stood Hypocrifie, with holy Lear-: 10 1000 and 10 Soft, fmiling, and demurely looking down, But hid the Dagger underneath the Gown: Th' affaffinating Wife, the Houshold Fiend; And far the blackest there, the Traytor-Friend. On t' other Side there stood Destruction bare; Unpunish'd Rapine, and a Waste of War. Contest, with sharpen'd Knives in Cloysters drawn, And all with Blood bespread the holy Lawn. Loud Menaces were heard, and foul Difgrace, And bawling Infamy, in Language base; Till Sense was lost in Sound, and Silence fled the Place. The Slayer of Himself yet saw I there, The Gore congeal'd was clotter'd in his Hair: With Eyes half clos'd, and gaping Mouth he lay, And grim, as when he breath'd his fullen Soul away.

In midst of all the Dome, Misfortune sat, And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate: And Madness laughing in his ireful Mood; And arm'd Complaint on Theft; and Cries of Blood. There was the murder'd Corps, in Covert laid, And Violent Death in thousand Shapes display'd : wall do W The City to the Soldier's Rage refign'd? I wood I ad I Successless Wars, and Poverty behind: Wastell north agust Ships burnt in Fight, or forc'd on Rocky Shores, And the rash Hunter strangled by the Boars: The new-born Babe by Nurses overlaid; well was prod I And the Cook caught within the raging Fire he made. DuA All Ills of Mars his Nature, Flame and Steel: The gasping Charioteer, beneath the Wheel Of his own Car; the ruin'd House that falls And intercepts her Lord betwixt the Walls: The whole Division that to Mars pertains, All Trades of Death that deal in Steel for Gains, Were there: The Butcher, Armourer, and Smith, Who forges sharpen'd Fauchions, or the Scythe. The scarlet Conquest on a Tow'r was plac'd, With Shouts, and Soldiers Acclamations grac'd: A pointed Sword hung threatning o'er his Head, Sustain'd but by a slender Twine of Thred. There faw I Mars his Ides, the Capitol, The Seer in vain foretelling Cafar's Fall, The last Triumvirs, and the Wars they move, And Antony, who lost the World for Love. These, and a thousand more, the Fane adorn; Their Fates were painted e'er the Men were born,

A q

All copied from the Heavins, and ruling Force and lower of the Red Star, in his revolving Gourse, and notes and The Form of Mars high on a Chariot stood, when for our All sheath'd in Arms, and gruffly look'd the God saving bank. Two Geomantick Figures were display'd blook independent of the Above his Head, a * Warriour and a Maid, and and and a maid, and and a maid, and and a maid and a maid and a maid.

* Rubens, &

Tir'd with Deformities of Death, I hafte soon of the ni To the third Temple of Diana chaftesning a shed and as ball A Sylvan Scene with various Greens was drawn, a born and Shades on the Sides, and on the midst a Lawn : Lawn hard bala The Silver Cynthia, with her Nymphs around, and wood do W Pursu'd the flying Deer, the Woods with Horns resound Califibo there stood manifest of Shame, boost rod orolad And turn'd a Bear, the Northern Star became : biles but Her Son was next, and by peculiar Grace and olors IIA In the cold Circle held the fecond Place sign of the T The Stag Asteon in the Stream had fpy'd yrong bas brandlA The naked Huntress, and, for seeing, dy'd: on boom bal His Hounds, unknowing of his Change, pursue The Chace, and their mistaken Master slew in adenosis bak Peneian Daphne too was there to see The work soming of Apollo's Love before, and now his Tree: Th' adjoining Fane th' affembl'd Greeks express'd, And hunting of the Caledonian Beaft. and round of T Oenides Valour, and his envy'd Prize; M flav driw lls bal The fatal Pow'r of Atalanta's Eyes; down on sveslow Diana's Vengeance on the Victor shown, The Murdress Mother, and consuming Son.

The

The Volscian Queen extended on the Plain; The Treason punish'd, and the Traytor slain. The rest were various Huntings, well design'd, to mode of And Salvage Beafts destroy'd, of ev'ry Kind: The graceful Goddess was array'd in Green; About her Feet were little Beagles feen, That watch'd with upward Eyes the Motions of their Queen.) Her Legs were Buskin'd, and the Left before, In act to shoot, a Silver Bow she bore, And at her Back a painted Quiver wore. She trod a wexing Moon, that foon wou'd wane, And drinking borrow'd Light, be fill'd again: With down-cast Eyes, as seeming to survey day and advice-on I The dark Dominions, her alternate Sway. Before her stood a Woman in her Throws, And call'd Lucina's Aid, her Burden to disclose. All these the Painter drew with such Command, and and That Nature snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand, Asham'd and angry that his Art could feign And mend the Tortures of a Mothers Pain. Theseus beheld the Fanes of ev'ry God, And thought his mighty Cost was well bestow'd: So Princes now their Poets should regard; But few can write, and fewer can reward.

The Theater thus rais'd, the Lists enclos'd,
And all with vast Magnificence dispos'd,
We leave the Monarch pleas'd, and haste to bring
The Knights to combate; and their Arms to sing.

The End of the Second Book.

In fuch a Quarrel would

To Palamon of Anite fent his Name

But furnified all alike with Swore

their Frories cloth d with rich Caparifon

And had the Land felected on to beft,

Half had come hence, and let the World provide the ref Their Arms were feveral, as their Nation

Some for Detence would Leathern Bucklers ufe HE Day approach'd when Fortune shou'd decide Th' important Enterprize, and give the Bride; For now, the Rivals round the World had fought, And each his Number, well appointed, brought. and not on! The Nations far and near, contend in Choice, which drive And fend the Flow'r of War by Publick Voice; and no and I That after, or before, were never known as avoid a sads back Such Chiefs; as each an Army seem'd alone: Beside the Champions; all of high Degree, Who Knighthood lov'd, and Deeds of Chivalry,

Throng'd to the Lists, and envy'd to behold The Names of others, not their own inroll'd. Nor feems it strange; for ev'ry Noble Knight, Who loves the Fair, and is endu'd with Might, In fuch a Quarrel wou'd be proud to fight. There breaths not scarce a Man on British Ground (An Isle for Love, and Arms of old renown'd) But would have fold his Life to puchase Fame, To Palamon or Arcite fent his Name: And had the Land felected of the best, Half had come hence, and let the World provide the rest. A hundred Knights with Palamon there came, Approv'd in Fight, and Men of mighty Name; Their Arms were sev'ral, as their Nations were, But furnish'd all alike with Sword and Spear. Some wore Coat-armour, imitating Scale; And next their Skins were stubborn Shirts of Mail. Some wore a Breastplate and a light Juppon, Their Horses cloth'd with rich Caparison: Some for Defence would Leathern Bucklers use, Of folded Hides; and others Shields of Pruce. One hung a Poleax at his Saddle-bow, And one a heavy Mace, to stun the Foe : " of Tol One for his Legs and Knees provided well, and sin does but With Jambeux arm'd, and double Plates of Steel noise of T

And the Holmet word a Ladies Glove, wolf and bad bad and that after, or before and the Such Chiefs; as each an Army feem'd alone

Befide the Champions; all of high Degree, and and Milw Knighthood lov'd, and Deeds of Chivalry,

Mars bettion a Steed with greater Grack

With Palamon, above the rest in Place, Lycurgus came, the furly King of Thrace; Black was his Beard, and manly was his Face: The Balls of his broad Eyes roll'd in his Head, blunds at And glar'd betwixt a Yellow and a Red : Side side A drive He look'd a Lion with a gloomy Stare, molecular and And o'er his Eye-brows hung his matted Hair: Big-bon'd, and large of Limbs, with Sinews strong, Broad-shoulder'd, and his Arms were round and long. Four Milk-white Bulls (the Thracian Use of old) Were yok'd to draw his Car of burnish'd Gold. Upright he stood, and bore aloft his Shield, Conspicuous from afar, and over-look'd the Field. His Surcoat was a Bear-skin on his Back; His Hair hung long behind, and gloffy Raven-black. His ample Forehead bore a Coronet With sparkling Diamonds, and with Rubies set: Ten Brace, and more, of Greyhounds, snowy fair, And tall as Stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his Chair, A Match for Pards in flight, in grappling, for the Bear: With Golden Muzzles all their Mouths were bound, And Collars of the same their Necks surround. Thus thro' the Fields Lycurgus took his way; His hundred Knights attend in Pomp and proud Array. His hundred Kinghts attend him to the Wa

To match this Monarch, with strong Arcite came

Emetrius King of Inde, a mighty Name,

On a Bay Courser, goodly to behold,

The Trappings of his Horse emboss'd with barb'rous Gold.

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Not

Not Mars bestrode a Steed with greater Grace; His Surcoat o'er his Arms was Cloth of Thrace, Adorn'd with Pearls, all Orient, round, and great ; His Saddle was of Gold, with Emeralds fet. His Shoulders large, a Mantle did attire, and to all a did With Rubies thick, and sparkling as the Fire : ball ball His Amber-colour'd Locks in Ringlets run, With graceful Negligence, and shone against the Sun. His Nose was Aquiline, his Eyes were blue, Ruddy his Lips, and fresh and fair his Hue: Some sprinkled Freckles on his Face were seen, Whose Dusk set off the Whiteness of the Skin: His awful Presence did the Crowd surprize, Nor durst the rash Spectator meet his Eyes, Eyes that confess'd him born for Kingly Sway, So fierce, they flash'd intolerable Day. and and mill ail His Age in Nature's youthful Prime appear'd, Tolque all And just began to bloom his yellow Beard. Whene'er he spoke, his Voice was heard around, Loud as a Trumpet, with a Silver Sound. A Laurel wreath'd his Temples, fresh, and green; And Myrtle-sprigs, the Marks of Love, were mix'd between Upon his Fist he bore, for his Delight, and to applied back An Eagle well reclaim'd, and Lilly-white and order and I

His hundred Knights attend him to the War,
All arm'd for Battel; fave their Heads were bare.
Words, and Devices blaz'd on ev'ry Shield,
And pleasing was the Terrour of the Field.

For Kings, and Dukes, and Barons you might see,
Like sparkling Stars, though diff'rent in Degree,
All for th' Increase of Arms, and Love of Chivalry.
Before the King, tame Leopards led the way,
And Troops of Lions innocently play.
So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And Beasts in Gambols frisk'd before their honest God.

In this Array the War of either Side
Through Athens pass'd with Military Pride.
At Prime, they enter'd on the Sunday Morn;
Rich Tap'stry spread the Streets, and Flowr's the Pots adorn.
The Town was all a Jubilee of Feasts;
So Theseus will'd, in Honour of his Guests:
Himself with open Arms the Kings embrac'd,
Then all the rest in their Degrees were grac'd.
No Harbinger was needful for the Night,
For ev'ry House was proud to lodge a Knight.

I pass the Royal Treat, nor must relate
The Gifts bestow'd, nor how the Champions sate;
Who sirst, who last, or how the Knights address'd
Their Vows, or who was fairest at the Feast;
Whose Voice, whose graceful Dance did most surprise,
Soft am'rous Sighs, and silent Love of Eyes.
The Rivals call my Muse another way,
To sing their Vigils for th' ensuing Day.
'Twas ebbing Darkness, past the Noon of Night;
And Phospher on the Consines of the Light,

Promis'd

Promis'd the Sun, e'er Day began to spring

The tuneful Lark already stretch'd her Wing,

And slick'ring on her Nest, made short Essays to sing.

When wakeful Palamon, preventing Day, 10 20001 bnA Took, to the Royal Lifts, his early way, To Venus at her Fane, in her own House to pray. There, falling on his Knees before her Shrine, He thus implor'd with Pray'rs her Pow'r Divine. Creator Venus, Genial Pow'r of Love, and Adda demond? The Blifs of Men below, and Gods above, Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy Race, Dost fairest shine, and best become thy Place. For thee the Winds their Eastern Blasts forbear, Thy Month reveals the Spring, and opens all the Year. Thee, Goddess, thee the Storms of Winter fly, Earth smiles with Flow'rs renewing; laughs the Sky, And Birds to Lays of Love their tuneful Notes apply. For thee the Lion loaths the Taste of Blood, And roaring hunts his Female through the Wood: For thee the Bulls rebellow through the Groves, And tempt the Stream, and fnuff their absent Loves. 'Tis thine, whate'er is pleafant, good, or fair: All Nature is thy Province, Life thy Care; Thou mad'st the World, and dost the World repair. Thou Gladder of the Mount of Cytheron, Increase of Jove, Companion of the Sun; If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender Heart, Have pity, Goddess, for thou know'st the Smart:

Alas! I have not Words to tell my Grief; To vent my Sorrow wou'd be some Relief : bobno and I. Light Suff'rings give us leifure to complain; boron od! We groan, but cannot speak, in greater Pain. I amilio ad T O Goddess, tell thy self what I would say, to it dig I in Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray. So grant my Suit, as I enforce my Might, In Love to be thy Champion, and thy Knight; A Servant to thy Sex, a Slave to thee, and and and and A Foe profest to barren Chastity. 18 2017 mood aid wond of Nor ask I Fame or Honour of the Field, and some of Nor chuse I more to vanquish, than to yield: In my Divine Emilia make me bleft, of driw anoth work. Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest: 12 ods olos que Find thou the Manner, and the Means prepare in blandba Possession, more than Conquest, is my Care. Should all Mars is the Warriour's God; in him it lies, and and or On whom he favours, to confer the Prize; bo ban appeal With smiling Aspect you serenely move to I amount on I In your fifth Orb, and rule the Realm of Love both world The finest of the Wooll is left for you. The finest of the Wooll is left for you. Spare me but one small Portion of the Twine, And let the Sisters cut below your Line: agenting admoont. The rest among the Rubbish may they sweep, which had Or add it to the Yarn of some old Miser's Heap. - -But if you this ambitious Pray'r deny, and one and along will should be a standard and a standar (A Wish, I grant, beyond Mortality) bond of must daily Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's Arms, month W And I once dead, let him possess her Charms.

Thus ended he; then, with Observance due,
The facred Incence on her Altar threw:
The curling Smoke mounts heavy from the Fires;
At length it catches Flame, and in a Blaze expires;
At once the gracious Goddess gave the Sign,
Her Statue shook, and trembl'd all the Shrine:
Pleas'd Palamon the tardy Omen took:
For, since the Flames pursu'd the trailing Smoke,
He knew his Boon was granted; but the Day
To distance driv'n, and Joy adjourn'd with long Delay.

Now Morn with Rosie Light had streak'd the Sky, Up rose the Sun, and up rose Emily; Address'd her early Steps to Cynthia's Fane, In State attended by her Maiden Train, Who bore the Vests that Holy Rites require, Incence, and od'rous Gums, and cover'd Fire. The plenteous Horns with pleasant Mead they crown, Nor wanted ought besides in honour of the Moon. Now while the Temple smoak'd with hallow'd Steam, They wash the Virgin in a living Stream; The fecret Ceremonies I conceal: I land one and our areas Uncouth; perhaps unlawful to reveal: 200 and sol ball But such they were as Pagan Use requir'd, Perform'd by Women when the Men retir'd, do no book of Whose Eyes profane, their chast mysterious Rites Might turn to Scandal, or obscene Delights. Well-meaners think no Harm; but for the rest, on island I Things Sacred they pervert, and Silence is the best.

Her shining Hair, uncomb'd, was loosly spread,

A Crown of Mastless Oak adorn'd her Head:

When to the Shrine approach'd the spotless Maid,

Had kindling Fires on either Altar laid:

(The Rites were such as were observ'd of old,

By Statius in his Theban Story told.)

Then kneeling with her Hands across her Breast,

Thus lowly she preferr'd her chast Request.

O Goddels, Haunter of the Woodland Green, To whom both Heav'n and Earth and Seas are feen; Queen of the nether Skies, where half the Year Thy Silver Beams descend, and light the gloomy Sphere Goddess of Maids, and conscious of our Hearts, So keep me from the Vengeance of thy Darts, Which Niobe's devoted Issue felt, When hissing through the Skies the feather'd Deaths were dealt As I desire to live a Virgin-life, Nor know the Name of Mother of of Wife. Thy Votress from my tender Years I am, And love, like thee, the Woods and Sylvan Game. Like Death, thou know'st, I loath the Nuptial State, And Man, the Tyrant of our Sex, I hate, A lowly Servant, but a lofty Mate. Where Love is Duty, on the Female Side; On theirs meer sensual Gust, and sought with surly Pride. Now by thy triple Shape, as thou art feen In Heav'n, Earth, Hell, and ev'ry where a Queen, Grant this my first Desire; let Discord cease, And make betwixt the Rivals lasting Peace: Quench

Quench their hot Fire, or far from me remove

The Flame, and turn it on some other Love.

Or if my frowning Stars have so decreed, and an or many

That one must be rejected, one succeed, and an or many

Make him my Lord within whose faithful Breast

Is fix'd my Image, and who loves me best.

But, oh! ev'n that avert! I chuse it not, day guilbond and I

But take it as the least unhappy Lot.

A Maid I am, and of thy Virgin-Train;

Oh, let me still that spotless Name retain!

And only make the Beasts of Chace my Prey!

And only make the Beasts of Chace my Prey!

The Flames ascend on either Altar clear,
While thus the blameless Maid address'd her Pray'r.
When lo! the burning Fire that shone so bright,
Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd Light,
And left one Altar dark, a little space;
Which turn'd self-kindl'd, and renew'd the Blaze:
That other Victour-Flame a Moment stood,
Then sell, and lifeless left th' extinguish'd Wood;
For ever lost, th' irrevocable Light
Forsook the blackning Coals, and sunk to Night:
At either End it whistled as it slew,
And as the Brands were green, so dropp'd the Dew;
Insected as it fell with Sweat of Sanguin Hue.

The Maid from that ill Omen turn'd her Eyes, And with loud Shrieks and Clamours rent the Skies,

ake betweet the Rivals labor P.

Nor knew what fignifi'd the boding Sign, But found the Pow'rs displeas'd, and fear'd the Wrath Divine. Of Mars, who har'd the Heptarchy of Pow'r,

Then shook the Sacred Shrine, and sudden Light Sprung through the vaulted Roof, and made the Temple bright. The Pow'r, behold! the Pow'r in Glory shone, doing and I By her bent Bow, and her keen Arrows known: The rest, a Huntress issuing from the Wood, to bod ground Reclining on her Cornel Spear she stood. Then gracious thus began; Dismiss thy Fear, And Heav'ns unchang'd Decrees attentive hear: More pow'rful Gods have torn thee from my Side, Unwilling to refign, and doom'd a Bride: 10 poursol od T The two contending Knights are weigh'd above; One Mars protects, and one the Queen of Love: But which the Man, is in the Thund'rer's Breast, This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best. The Fire that once extinct, reviv'd again, as he holyombal Foreshews the Love allotted to remain. Farewell, she said, and vanish'd from the Place; The Sheaf of Arrows shook, and rattl'd in the Case. Agast at this, the Royal Virgin stood, Disclaim'd, and now no more a Sister of the Wood: But to the parting Goddess thus she pray'd; Propitious still be present to my Aid, Nor quite abandon your once favour'd Maid. Then fighing she return'd; but smil'd betwixt, With Hopes, and Fears, and Joys with Sorrows mixt.

man who might I 2 who had hobby a The

n'es

Nor knew what figniff'd the boding Sign, The next returning Planetary Hour and I have been all Of Mars, who shar'd the Heptarchy of Pow'r, His Steps bold Arcite to the Temple bent, T' adore with Pagan Rites the Pow'r Armipotent: Then prostrate, low before his Altar lay, bloded a woll all And rais'd his manly Voice, and thus began to pray. Strong God of Arms, whose Iron Scepter sways The freezing North, and Hyperborean Seas, and no gain of A And Scythian Colds, and Thracia's Wintry Coast, Where stand thy Steeds, and thou art honour'd most: There most; but ev'ry where thy Pow'r is known, The Fortune of the Fight is all thy own : 1970 of galling Terrour is thine, and wild Amazement flung From out thy Chariot, withers ev'n the Strong: And Difarray and shameful Rout ensue, And Force is added to the fainting Crew. Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my Pray'r, If ought I have atchiev'd deferve thy Care: If to my utmost Pow'r with Sword and Shield I dar'd the Death, unknowing how to yield, And falling in my Rank, still kept the Field: Then let my Arms prevail, by thee fustain'd, That Emily by Conquest may be gain'd. Have pity on my Pains; nor those unknown To Mars, which when a Lover, were his own. Venus, the Publick Care of all above, Thy stubborn Heart has softned into Love: Now by her Blandishments and pow'rful Charms When yielded, she lay curling in thy Arms,

Ev'n by thy Shame, if Shame it may be call'd, When Vulcan had thee in his Net inthrall'd; O envy'd Ignominy, sweet Disgrace, wollow to And and When ev'ry God that faw thee, wish'd thy Place! By those dear Pleasures, aid my Arms in Fight, And make me conquer in my Patron's Right: For I am young, a Novice in the Trade, The Fool of Love, unpractis'd to perfuade; And want the foothing Arts that catch the Fair, But caught my self, lie strugling in the Snare; And the I love, or laughs at all my Pain, and well of A Or knows her Worth too well; and pays me with Disdain. For fure I am, unless I win in Arms, To stand excluded from Emilia's Charms: Nor can my Strength avail, unless by thee Endu'd with Force, I gain the Victory: Then for the Fire which warm'd thy gen'rous Heart, Pity thy Subject's Pains, and equal Smart. So be the Morrows Sweat and Labour mine, The Palm and Honour of the Conquest thine: Then shall the War, and stern Debate, and Strife Immortal, be the Bus'ness of my Life; And in thy Fane, the dusty Spoils among, High on the burnish'd Roof, my Banner shall be hung; Rank'd with my Champions Bucklers, and below With Arms revers'd, th' Atchievements of my Foe: And while these Limbs the Vital Spirit feeds, While Day to Night, and Night to Day succeeds, Thy smoaking Altar shall be fat with Food Of Incence, and the grateful Steam of Blood;

Burnt Off'rings Morn and Ev'ning shall be thine;

And Fires eternal in thy Temple shine.

This Bush of yellow Beard, this Length of Hair, and was a way with Which from my Birth inviolate I bear,

Guiltless of Steel, and from the Razour free,

Shall fall a plenteous Crop, reserved for thee.

So may my Arms with Victory be blest,

I ask no more; let Fate dispose the rest.

Then from the Ground a Scent began to rife,

Sweet-smelling, as accepted Sacrifice:

This Omen pleas'd, and as the Flames aspire

With od'rous Incence Arcite heaps the Fire:

Nor wanted Hymns to Mars, or Heathen Charms:

At length the nodding Statue clash'd his Arms,

And with a fullen Sound, and feeble Cry,

Half sunk, and half pronounc'd the Word of Victory.

For this, with Soul devout, he thank'd the God,

And of Success secure, return'd to his Abode.

Picy thy Subject's Pains, and equal Smare.

Thy fmoaking Altar shall be fat w

shaff cence, and the grateful secam of Blood a

These Vows thus granted, rais'd a Strife above, Betwixt the God of War, and Queen of Love. Is some on A She granting first, had Right of Time to plead; home of But he had granted too, nor would recede. In the had but he Fove was for Venus; but he fear'd his Wife, a land and W And feem'd unwilling to decide the Strife; bush land and I Till Saturn from his Leaden Throne arose, I at a mod bal And found a Way the Diff'rence to compose: Though sparing of his Grace, to Mischief bent, He seldom does a Good with good Intent. Wayward, but wife; by long Experience taught To please both Parties, for ill Ends, he sought: For this Advantage Age from Youth has won, As not to be outridden, though outrun. By Fortune he was now to Venus Trin'd, and a mileo I was And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd: Of him disposing in his own Abode, word on gow wold He footh'd the Goddess, while he gull'd the God: Cease, Daughter, to complain; and stint the Strife; Thy Palamon shall have his promis'd Wife: And Mars, the Lord of Conquest, in the Fight With Palm and Laurel shall adorn his Knight. Wide is my Course, nor turn I to my Place Till length of Time, and move with tardy Pace. Man feels me, when I press th' Etherial Plains, My Hand is heavy, and the Wound remains. Mine is the Shipwreck, in a Watry Sign; on room IIA And in an Earthy, the dark Dungeon mine. 22 11 10 do do do

Cold shivering Agues, melancholy Care, And bitter blafting Winds, and poison'd Air, Are mine, and wilful Death, refulting from Despair. The throtling Quinfey 'tis my Star appoints, And Rheumatisms I send to rack the Joints: When Churls rebel against their Native Prince, I arm their Hands, and furnish the Pretence; And housing in the Lion's hateful Sign, Bought Senates, and deferting Troops are mine. Mine is the privy Pois'ning, I command Unkindly Seasons, and ungrateful Land. By me Kings Palaces are push'd to Ground, And Miners, crush'd beneath their Mines are found. 'Twas I flew Samson, when the Pillar'd Hall Fell down, and crush'd the Many with the Fall. My Looking is the Sire of Pestilence, That fweeps at once the People and the Prince. Now weep no more, but trust thy Grandsire's Art; Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy Part. 'Tis ill, though diff'rent your Complexions are, The Family of Heav'n for Men should war. Th' Expedient pleas'd, where neither loft his Right: Mars had the Day, and Venus had the Night. The Management they left to Chrono's Care; Now turn we to th' Effect, and fing the War.

In Athens, all was Pleasure, Mirth, and Play, All proper to the Spring, and spritely May:
Which ev'ry Soul inspir'd with such Delight,
'Twas Justing all the Day, and Love at Night.

Heav'n

Heav'n smil'd, and gladded was the Heart of Man; and odd And Venus had the World, as when it first began. In a solid At length in Sleep their Bodies they compose, of rolls in bank. And dreamt the future Fight, and early rose, and among odd and bank and and an adaptive man and an analysis of the same and an adaptive man and an analysis of the same and an adaptive man adaptive man and an adaptive man ad

Now scarce the dawning Day began to spring, As at a Signal giv'n, the Streets with Clamours ring: At once the Crowd arose; confus'd and high ngis ods bnostA Ev'n from the Heav'n was heard a shouting Cry; For Mars was early up, and rowz'd the Sky. Of the od b The Gods came downward to behold the Wars, Sharpning their Sights, and leaning from their Stars. The Neighing of the gen'rous Horse was heard, For Battel by the busie Groom prepar'd: Rustling of Harness, ratling of the Shield, and bus another Clatt'ring of Armour, furbish'd for the Field. Crowds to the Castle mounted up the Street, Batt'ring the Pavement with their Coursers Feet: The greedy Sight might there devour the Gold Of glittring Arms, too dazling to behold; But mod theird And polish'd Steel that cast the View aside, And Crested Morions, with their Plumy Pride. Knights, with a long Retinue of their Squires, In gawdy Liv'ries march, and quaint Attires. One lac'd the Helm, another held the Lance: A third the shining Buckler did advance. The Courser paw'd the Ground with restless Feet, And fnorting foam'd, and champ'd the Golden Bit.

The Smiths and Armourers on Palfreys ride,

Files in their Hands, and Hammers at their Side,

And Nails for loofen'd Spears, and Thongs for Shields provide.

The Yeomen guard the Streets, in feemly Bands;

And Clowns come crowding on, with Cudgels in their Hands.

Now scarce the dawning Day began to spring The Trumpets, next the Gate, in order plac'd, Attend the Sign to found the Martial Blaft: won on some A The Palace-yard is fill'd with floating Tides, I add more ave And the last Comers bear the former to the Sides. The Throng is in the midst: The common Crew Shut out, the Hall admits the better Few. In Knots they stand, or in a Rank they walk, Serious in Aspect, earnest in their Talk: Ind and yellowed had Factious, and fav'ring this or t'other Side, and to golden. As their strong Fancies, and weak Reason, guide :0 Their Wagers back their Wishes: Numbers hold of abword With the fair freekl'd King, and Beard of Gold: So vig'rous are his Eyes, such Rays they cast, So prominent his Eagles Beak is plac'd. But most their Looks on the black Monarch bend, His rifing Muscles, and his Brawn commend; His double-biting Ax, and beamy Spear, Each asking a Gygantick Force to rear-All spoke as partial Favour mov'd the Mind; And fafe themselves, at others Cost divin'd.

Wak'd by the Cries, th' Athenian Chief arose,
The Knightly Forms of Combate to dispose;

And passing through the obsequious Guards, he sate and and Conspicuous on a Throne, sublime in State; of the add back. There, for the two contending Knights he sent: Man and Marm'd Cap-a-pe, with Rev'rence low they bent; and man at the smil'd on both, and with superiour Look and and a Alike their offer'd Adoration took. When both to be bend at The People press on ev'ry Side to see the solution of the Their awful Prince, and hear his high Decree of bellevy. Then signing to the Heralds with his Hand, and another the Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud The King at Arms bespeaks the Knights and listning Crowd.

Our Sovereign Lord has ponder'd in his Mind and n've H The Means to spare the Blood of gentle Kind; but flui o? And of his Grace, and in-born Clemency, it may and saw aid T He modifies his first severe Decree; moderny salita W bnA The keener Edge of Battel to rebate, a good guidanam od T The Troops for Honour fighting, not for Hate. Hate and and T He wills, not Death shou'd terminate their Strife; on med od T And Wounds, if Wounds enfue, be short of Life. to nin A But issues, e'er the Fight, his dread Command, monole of I That Slings afar, and Ponyards Hand to Hand, Hand of bul Be banish'd from the Field; that none shall dare og gnill od I With shortned Sword to Stab in closer Wars and laupo al But in fair Combate fight with manly Strength, on rolls axold Nor push with biting Point, but strike at length. dim'd di W The Turney is allow'd but one Career, lavad guiwollor off Of the tough Ash, with the sharp-grinded Spear, vd booost But Knights unhors'd may rife from off the Plain,
And fight on Foot, their Honour to regain.

Nor, if at Mischief taken, on the Ground

Be slain, but Pris'ners to the Pillar bound,
At either Barrier plac'd; nor (Captives made,)

Be freed, or arm'd anew the Fight invade.

The Chief of either Side, berest of Life,
Or yielded to his Foe, concludes the Strife.

Thus dooms the Lord: Now valiant Knights and young,

Fight each his fill with Swords and Maces long.

The Herald ends: The vaulted Firmament Assembled T With loud Acclaims, and vast Applause is rent: Heav'n guard a Prince so gracious and so good, So just, and yet so provident of Blood! and of another and and and and and and another and another and another and another another and another and another another and another another and another ano This was the gen'ral Cry. The Trumpets found, and to but And Warlike Symphony is heard around. In a solibon of The marching Troops through Athens take their way, The great Earl-Marshal orders their Array. To agood of Todd The Fair from high the passing Pomp behold; Jon alliw H A Rain of Flow'rs is from the Windows roll'd. The ball The Casements are with Golden Tissue spread, 200 200 1100 And Horses Hoofs, for Earth, on Silken Tap'stry tread. The King goes midmost, and the Rivals ride and billing of In equal Rank, and close his either Side now? bonstool dri W Next after these, there rode the Royal Wife, had not all and With Emily, the Cause, and the Reward of Strife. The following Cavalcade, by Three and Three, value of T Proceed by Titles marshall'd in Degree. Wall Adduct out 10

Thus through the Southern Gate they take their Way, And at the Lists arriv'd e'er Prime of Day. A day of There, parting from the King, the Chiefs divide, And wheeling East and West, before their Many ride. Th' Athenian Monarch mounts his Throne on high, and I A And after him the Queen, and Emily: Next these, the Kindred of the Crown are grac'd With nearer Seats, and Lords by Ladies plac'd. wolf ToriT Scarce were they feated, when with Clamours loud and bank In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous Crowd: I ablated at T The Guards, and then each other overbare, To onun of odl And in a Moment throng the spacious Theatre. Now chang'd the jarring Noise to Whispers low, and As Winds forfaking Seas more foftly blow; of pomula Tall When at the Western Gate, on which the Car goans of the W Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of War, of arosiV and T Proud Arcite entring arm'd before his Train, Hodge and Stops at the Barrier, and divides the Plain. The Miney world Red was his Banner, and display'd abroad, and amount but The bloody Colours of his Patron God. Along to buol A And all at once the Combatants are loft:

At that self-moment enters Palamon
The Gate of Venus, and the Rising Sun;
Wav'd by the wanton Winds, his Banner slies,
All Maiden White, and shares the Peoples Eyes.
From East to West, look all the World around,
Two Troops so match'd were never to be found:
Such Bodies built for Strength, of equal Age,
In Stature siz'd; so proud an Equipage:

The nicest Eye cou'd no Distinction make, where lay th' Advantage, or what Side to take.

Thus rang'd, the Herald for the last proclaims

A Silence, while they answer'd to their Names:

For so the King decreed, to shun with Care

The Fraud of Musters salse, the common Bane of War.

The Tale was just, and then the Gates were clos'd;

And Chief to Chief, and Troop to Troop oppos'd.

The Heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,

The Fortune of the Field be fairly try'd.

The Fortune of the Field be fairly try'd.

At this, the Challenger with fierce Defie de bounds wold His Trumpet founds; the Challeng'd makes Reply: With Clangour rings the Field, resounds the vaulted Sky. Their Vizors clos'd, their Lances in the Reft. Jols boalg al Or at the Helmet pointed, or the Crest; with buoil They vanish from the Barrier, speed the Race, And spurring see decrease the middle Space. Red was his A Cloud of Smoke envellops either Hoft, The bloody (And all at once the Combatants are lost: Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen, Coursers with Coursers justling, Men with Men: 0 3110 311 As lab'ring in Eclipse, a while they stay, Wav'd by the All Maiden W Till the next Blaft of Wind restores the Day. They look anew: The beauteous Form of Fight Is chang'd, and War appears a grizly Sight. Two Troops fo Two Troops in fair Array one Moment howd, soilod doub The next, a Field with fallen Bodies strow'd:

Not half the Number in their Seats are found, and good of But Men and Steeds lie grov'ling on the Ground. The Points of Spears are stuck within the Shield, is an another The Steeds without their Riders scour the Field. The Knights unhors'd, on Foot renew the Fight; The glitt'ring Fauchions cast a gleaming Light: Hauberks and Helms are hew'd with many a Wound; Out spins the streaming Blood, and dies the Ground. The mighty Maces with such haste descend, and amin's docate They break the Bones, and make the folid Armour bend. This thrusts amid the Throng with furious Force; and vol I Down goes, at once, the Horseman and the Horse: was I That Courser stumbles on the fallen Steed, And floundring, throws the Rider o'er his Head. One rolls along, a Foot-ball to his Foes; and to show all One with a broken Truncheon deals his Blows. This halting, this difabl'd with his Wound, and dood bank In Trumph led, is to the Pillar bound, and another of T Where by the King's Award he must abide: There goes a Captive led on t' other Side. By Fits they cease; and leaning on the Lance, I and no Mod Take Breath a while, and to new Fight advance. and turn'd him to his unexpected Foe;

Full oft the Rivals met, and neither spar'd
His utmost Force, and each forgot to ward.
The Head of this was to the Saddle bent,
That other backward to the Crupper sent:
Both were by Turns unhors'd; the jealous Blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on Foot they close.

bah

So deep their Fauchions bite, that ev'ry Stroke and sold poll.

Pierc'd to the Quick; and equal Wounds they gave and took.

Born far asunder by the Tides of Men, and a sun of all.

Like Adamant and Steel they meet agen.

A familh'd Lion issuing from the Wood and but has already of Roars Lordly fierce, and challenges the Food.

Each claims Possession, neither will obey,

But both their Paws are fasten'd on the Prey:

They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,

The Swains come arm'd between, and both to distance drive.

At length, as Fate foredoom'd, and all things tend of bal By Course of Time to their appointed End; and allor on O So when the Sun to West was far declin'd, lord a daw on O And both afresh in mortal Battel join'd, be side gauled aid I The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's Aid, And Palamon with Odds was overlaid: and odd vd orod W For turning short, he struck with all his Might Full on the Helmet of th' unwary Knight. Today and and the Deep was the Wound; he stagger'd with the Blow. And turn'd him to his unexpected Foe; Whom with fuch Force he struck, he fell'd him down. And cleft the Circle of his Golden Crown. But Arcite's Men, who now prevail'd in Fight, Twice Ten at once furround the fingle Knight: O'erpowr'd at length, they force him to the Ground, Unyielded as he was, and to the Pillar bound;

And King Lycurgus, while he fought in vain His Friend to free, was tumbl'd on the Plain.

Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd

No more to try the Fortune of the Field!

And worse than Death, to view with hateful Eyes

His Rival's Conquest, and renounce the Prize!

The Royal Judge on his Tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the Fight from first to last,
Bad cease the War; pronouncing from on high
Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.
The Sound of Trumpets to the Voice reply'd,
And round the Royal Lists the Heralds cry'd,
Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous Bride.

The People rend the Skies with vast Applause;
All own the Chief, when Fortune owns the Cause.

Arcite is own'd ev'n by the Gods above,
And conqu'ring Mars insults the Queen of Love.

So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's usurping Arms in Heav'n prevail'd.

Laugh'd all the Pow'rs who favour Tyranny;
And all the Standing Army of the Sky.

But Venus with dejected Eyes appears,
And weeping, on the Lists, distill'd her Tears;
Her Will resus'd, which grieves a Woman most,
And in her Champion soil'd, the Cause of Love is lost.

Till Saturn said, Fair Daughter, now be still,
The blustring Fool has satisfi'd his Will:

His

His Boon is giv'n; his Knight has gain'd the Day,
But lost the Prize, th' Arrears are yet to pay.
Thy Hour is come, and mine the Care shall be
To please thy Knight, and set thy Promise free.

Now while the Heralds run the Lists around, And Arcite, Arcite, Heav'n and Earth refound; A Miracle (nor less it could be call'd) The Royal Jud Their Joy with unexpected Sorrow pall'd. The Victor Knight had laid his Helm aside, Part for his Ease, the greater part for Pride: Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd, And paid the Salutations of the Crowd. Then spurring at full speed, ran endlong on Where Theseus sat on his Imperial Throne; Furious he drove, and upward cast his Eye, Where next the Queen was plac'd his Emily; Then paffing, to the Saddle-bow he bent, A fweet Regard the gracious Virgin lent: (For Women, to the Brave an easie Prey, Still follow Fortune, where she leads the Way:) Just then, from Earth sprung out a flashing Fire, By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad Defire; The startling Steed was seiz'd with sudden Fright, And, bounding, o'er the Pummel cast the Knight : Forward he flew, and pitching on his Head, He quiver'd with his Feet, and lay for Dead. Black was his Count'nance in a little space, For all the Blood was gather'd in his Face.

SlodT

Help was at Hand; they rear'd him from the Ground,
And from his cumbrous Arms his Limbs unbound;
Then lanc'd a Vein, and watch'd returning Breath;
It came, but clogg'd with Symptoms of his Death.
The Saddle-bow the Noble Parts had prest,
All bruis'd and mortisi'd his Manly Breast.
Him still entranc'd, and in a Litter laid,
They bore from Field, and to his Bed convey'd.
At length he wak'd, and with a feeble Cry,
The Word he first pronounc'd was Emily.

Mean time the King, though inwardly he mourn'd, In Pomp triumphant to the Town return'd, word wall to I Attended by the Chiefs, who fought the Field; di thand A (Now friendly mix'd, and in one Troop compell'd.) Compos'd his Looks to counterfeited Cheer, And bade them not for Arcite's Life to fear. It slidt need But that which gladded all the Warriour Train, and bad mort Though most were forely wounded, none were slain. The Surgeons foon despoil'd em of their Arms, and HA And some with Salves they cure, and some with Charms. Foment the Bruises, and the Pains asswage, of hos and pains asswage, of hos assured And heal their inward Hurts with Sov'reign Draughts of Sage. The King in Person visits all around, seibome A brawino IIA Comforts the Sick, congratulates the Sound; 10 blom odT Honours the Princely Chiefs, rewards the rest, below woll And holds for thrice three Days a Royal Feast. 10 swolled ad T None was difgrac'd; for Falling is no Shame; It to the IIA And Cowardice alone is Loss of Fame. Thood on new roll The vent'rous Knight is from the Saddle thrown;
But 'tis the Fault of Fortune, not his own.

If Crowns and Palms the conqu'ring Side adorn,
The Victor under better Stars was born:

The brave Man feeks not popular Applaufe,
Nor overpow'r'd with Arms, deferts his Cause;
Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can;
He had the Force is of Brutes, but Honour is of Man.

Thus Theseus smil'd on all with equal Grace; brown all And each was set according to his Place.

With ease were reconcil'd the diff'ring Parts, and make the For Envy never dwells in Noble Hearts.

At length they took their Leave, the Time expir'd; Leave the Time expir'd; Leave Well pleas'd; and to their several Homes retir'd.

Mean while the Health of Arcite still impairs; about he From Bad proceeds to Worse, and mocks the Leeches Cares: Swoln is his Breast, his inward Pains increase, from dau of All Means are us'd, and all without Success. I mosque of The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart, drive and but Corrupts, and there remains in spite of Art and administration. Nor breathing Veins, nor Cupping will prevail and had All outward Remedies and inward fail is not of an amount of the Mold of Natures Fabrick is destroy'd, lote an amount of the Bellows of his Lungs begins to swell and not ablor but All out of frame is ev'ry secret Cellon be being to be a subject to say the Corrupts and the Good receive, nor Bad expells and but and Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expells and but and Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expells and but and Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expells and but and Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expells and but and Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expells and but and Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expells and but and Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expells and but and Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expells and Dan Nor can the Good receive.

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Compos'd his Looks to counterfeited Cheer.

Those breathing Organs thus within opprest, With Venom soon distend the Sinews of his Breast. Nought profits him to fave abandon'd Life, Nor Vomits upward aid, nor downward Laxatife. The midmost Region batter'd, and destroy'd, When Nature cannot work, th' Effect of Art is voids For Physick can but mend our crazie State, Patch an old Building, not a new create. Arcite is doom'd to die in all his Pride, Must leave his Youth, and yield his beauteous Bride, Gain'd hardly, against Right, and unenjoy'd. When 'twas declar'd, all Hope of Life was past, Conscience, that of all Physick works the last, Caus'd him to fend for Emily in hafte. With her, at his defire, came Palamon; Then on his Pillow rais'd, he thus begun. - -No Language can express the smallest part made on ovo I and Of what I feel, and fuffer in my Heart, org bas evol grows For you, whom best I love and value most; loob I down but But to your Service I bequeath my Ghost; or murer brook I Which from this mortal Body when unty'd, not you slinly no I Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your Side; and a command of Nor fright you waking, nor your Sleep offend, I more day. But wait officious, and your Steps attend: nov ron of roll How I have lov'd, excuse my faltring Tongue, as sud ,I sold My Spirits feeble, and my Pains are strong: bus quest moy This I may fay, I only grieve to die all morniono and but Because I lose my charming Emily: had botha X mo list 10 T To die, when Heav'n had put you in my Pow'r, Me bod H Fate could not chuse a more malicious Hours! And nool I ball What

What greater Curse cou'd envious Fortune give, Than just to die, when I began to live! Vain Men, how vanishing a Bliss we crave, Now warm in Love, now with ring in the Grave! Never, O never more to fee the Sun! Monday of Still dark, in a damp Vault, and still alone! This Fate is common; but I lose my Breath Near Blifs, and yet not bless'd before my Death. Farewell; but take me dying in your Arms, 'Tis all I can enjoy of all your Charms: This Hand I cannot but in Death refign; Ah, could I live! But while I live 'tis mine. I feel my End approach, and thus embrac'd, de consistence Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my last. and hand Ah! my fweet Foe, for you, and you alone, and and the W I broke my Faith with injur'd Palamon. I woll I zid no nod I But Love the Sense of Right and Wrong confounds, and own Strong Love and proud Ambition have no Bounds. And much I doubt, shou'd Heav'n my Life prolong, way to I I shou'd return to justifie my Wrong :d I solving mov or ma For while my former Flames remain within, and more more more Repentance is but want of Pow'r to fin. and based on the land of t With mortal Hatred I pursu'd his Life, and wor man now Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the Strife; join to jis want Nor I, but as I lov'd: Yet all combin'd, b'vol svad I woll Your Beauty, and my Impotence of Mind; Idoo airing and And his concurrent Flame, that blew my Fire you I aid I For still our Kindred Souls had one Defired ym olol I dunged He had a Moments Right in point of Time H nadw sale of Had I seen first, then his had been the Crime on blue ons

Fate made it mine, and justified his Right;
Nor holds this Earth a more deserving Knight,
For Vertue, Valour, and for Noble Blood,
Truth, Honour, all that is comprized in Good;
So help me Heaven, in all the World is none
So worthy to be loved as Palamon.
He loves you too; with such a holy Fire,
As will not, cannot but with Life expire:
Our vowed Affections both have often tryed,
Nor any Love but yours could ours divide.
Then by my Loves inviolable Band,
By my long Suffering, and my short Command,
If e'er you plight your Vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon.

This was his last; for Death came on amain,

And exercis'd below, his Iron Reign;

Then upward, to the Seat of Life he goes;

Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze:

Yet cou'd he not his closing Eyes withdraw,

Though less and less of Emily he saw:

So, speechless, for a little space he lay;

Then grasp'd the Hand he held, and sigh'd his Soul away.

The Women bear their Breafts, their Cheeks they dearned W

But whither went his Soul, let fuch relate

Who fearch the Secrets of the future State:

Divines can fay but what themselves believe;

Strong Proofs they have, but not demonstrative:

For, were all plain, then all Sides must agree,

And Faith it self be lost in Certainty.

To live uprightly then is fure the best, and not to damn the rest.

To save our selves, and not to damn the rest.

The Soul of Arcite went, where Heathens go,

Who better live than we, though less they know.

In Palamon a manly Grief appears; byol od or ydriow o? Silent, he wept, asham'd to shew his Tears: Emilia shriek'd but once, and then oppress'd With Sorrow, funk upon her Lovers Breaft: Bond bwov mo Till Theseus in his Arms convey'd with Care, devolver to Far from fo fad a Sight, the fwooning Fair. Vol you vel nort? 'Twere loss of Time her Sorrow to relate; Ill bears the Sex a youthful Lover's Fate, v. delle nov 100 (When just approaching to the Nuptial State. It no viig ove But like a low-hung Cloud, it rains fo fast, That all at once it falls, and cannot laft. That aid any aid T The Face of Things is chang'd, and Athens now, was but That laugh'd fo late, becomes the Scene of Woe: Matrons and Maids, both Sexes, ev'ry State, and boll of some With Tears lament the Knight's untimely Fate, od byoo sol Not greater Grief in falling Troy was feen bas all demont For Hector's Death; but Hector was not then. ablication Old Men with Dust deform'd their hoary Hair, glaze nod I The Women beat their Breasts, their Cheeks they tear-Why would'st thou go, with one Consent they cry, When thou hadst Gold enough, and Emily dis double of W Divines can fay but what themselves believe;

Theseus himself, who shou'd have cheer'd the Griefgnon?
Of others, wanted now the same Relief, mile the griefgnon?

Old Egeus only could revive his Son, Who various Changes of the World had known; And strange Vicissitudes of Humane Fate, The book of Still alt'ring, never in a fleady State: a and ambituol daw Good after Ill, and after Pain, Delight; have been alled Alba Alternate, like the Scenes of Day and Night: Since ev'ry Man who lives, is born to die, And none can boast sincere Felicity. To do the brown With equal Mind, what happens, let us bear, Nor joy, nor grieve too much for Things beyond our Care. Like Pilgrims, to th' appointed Place we tend; The World's an Inn, and Death the Journeys End. Ev'n Kings but play; and when their Part is done, Some other, worse or better, mount the Throne. With Words like these the Crowd was satisfied, And so they would have been, had Theseus dy'd.

But he, their King, was lab'ring in his Mind, A fitting Place for Fun'ral Pomps to find, Which were in Honour of the Dead design'd. And after long Debate, at last he found (As Love it felf had mark'd the Spot of Ground) That Grove for ever green, that conscious Lawnd, Where he with Palamon fought Hand to Hand: That where he fed his amorous Defires With fost Complaints, and felt his hottest Fires, There other Flames might waste his Earthly Part, And burn his Limbs, where Love had burn'd his Heart. Was mapp'd with polified Seed, all thining bright,

sidT cover'd with th' At Movements of the Knight.

This, once refolv'd, the Peafants were enjoin'd Sere Wood, and Firs, and dodder'd Oaks to find. With founding Axes to the Grove they go, Fell, fplit, and lay the Fewel on a Row, Vulcanian Food: A Bier is next prepard, On which the lifeless Body should be rear'd, Cover'd with Cloth of Gold, on which was laid The Corps of Arcite, in like Robes array'd. White Gloves were on his Hands, and on his Head A Wreath of Laurel, mix'd with Myrtle, spread. A Sword keen-edg'd within his Right he held, The warlike Emblem of the conquer'd Field: Bare was his manly Vifage on the Bier; Menac'd his Count'nance; ev'n in Death fevere. Then to the Palace-Hall they bore the Knight, To lie in folemn State, a Publick Sight. Groans, Cries, and Howlings fill the crowded Place, And unaffected Sorrow fat on ev'ry Face. Sad Palamon above the rest appears, In Sable Garments, dew'd with gushing Tears: His Aubourn Locks on either Shoulder flow'd, Which to the Fun'ral of his Friend he vow'd: But Emily, as Chief, was next his Side, A Virgin-Widow, and a Mourning Bride. And that the Princely Obsequies might be Perform'd according to his high Degree, The Steed that bore him living to the Fight, Was trapp'd with polish'd Steel, all shining bright, And cover'd with th' Atchievements of the Knight.

The Riders rode abreast, and one his Shield, His Lance of Cornel-wood another held; The third his Bow, and, glorious to behold, The costly Quiver, all of burnish'd Gold. The Noblest of the Grecians next appear, And weeping, on their Shoulders bore the Bier; With sober Pace they march'd, and often staid, And through the Master-Street the Corps convey'd. The Houses to their Tops with Black were spread, And ev'n the Pavements were with Mourning hid. The Right-side of the Pall old Egeus kept, And on the Left the Royal Theseus wept: Each bore a Golden Bowl of Work Divine, With Honey fill'd, and Milk, and mix'd with ruddy Wine. Then Palamon the Kinsman of the Slain, And after him appear'd th' Illustrious Train: To grace the Pomp, came Emily the Bright, With cover'd Fire, the Fun'ral Pile to light. With high Devotion was the Service made, And all the Rites of Pagan-Honour paid: So lofty was the Pile, a Parthian Bow, With Vigour drawn, must send the Shaft below. The Bottom was full twenty Fathom broad, Work and I With crackling Straw beneath in due Proportion strowd. The Fabrick seem'd a Wood of rising Green, With Sulphur and Bitumen cast between, To feed the Flames: The Trees were unctuous Fir, And Mountain-Ash, the Mother of the Spear; The Mourner Eugh, and Builder Oak were there:

Hard Box, and Linden of a fofter Grain,
And Laurels, which the Gods for Conqu'ring Chiefs ordain.

How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me,
With nameless Nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry Tree;
Nor how the Dryads, and the Woodland Train,
Disherited, ran howling o'er the Plain:
Nor how the Birds to Foreign Seats repair'd,
Or Beasts, that bolted out, and saw the Forest bar'd:
Nor how the Ground, now clear'd, with gastly Fright
Beheld the sudden Sun, a Stranger to the Light.

The Straw, as first I said, was laid below; Of Chips and Sere-wood was the fecond Row; The third of Greens, and Timber newly fell'd; The fourth high Stage the fragrant Odours held, And Pearls, and Precious Stones, and rich Array; In midst of which, embalm'd, the Body lay. The Service fung, the Maid with mourning Eyes The Stubble fir'd; the smouldring Flames arise: and the bank This Office done, she funk upon the Ground; But what she spoke, recover'd from her Swoond, on I die I want the Wit in moving Words to dress; www.movod and But by themselves the tender Sex may guess. and board day While the devouring Fire was burning fast, and Jones I and Rich Jewels in the Flame the Wealthy cast in might de W And some their Shields, and some their Lances threw, And gave the Warriour's Ghost a Warriour's Due wold bank The Mourner Eugh, and Build r Oak were there

2 M

Full

Full Bowls of Wine, of Honey, Milk, and Blood, Were pour'd upon the Pile of burning Wood,
And hiffing Flames receive, and hungry lick the Food.

Then thrice the mounted Squadrons ride around
The Fire, and Arcite's Name they thrice refound:
Hail, and Farewell, they shouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the Left, and thrice they turn'd again:
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clatt'ring Shields;
The Women mix their Cries; and Clamour fills the Fields.
The warlike Wakes continu'd all the Night,
And Fun'ral Games were plaid at new-returning Light:
Who naked wrestl'd best, besmear'd with Oil,
Or who with Gantlets gave or took the Foil,
I will not tell you, nor wou'd you attend;
But briefly haste to my long Stories End.

I pass the rest; the Year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd,
When, by the Grecians general Consent,
At Athens Theseus held his Parliament:
Among the Laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from Bondage shou'd be freed;
Reserving Homage to th' Athenian Throne,
To which the Sov'reign summon'd Palamon.
Unknowing of the Cause, he took his Way,
Mournful in Mind, and still in Black Array.

The Monarch mounts the Throne, and plac'd on high, Commands into the Court the beauteous Emily:

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So call'd, she came; the Senate rose, and paid
Becoming Rev'rence to the Royal Maid.

And first soft Whispers through th' Assembly went:

With silent Wonder then they watch'd th' Event:

All hush'd, the King arose with awful Grace,

Deep Thought was in his Breast, and Counsel in his Face.

At length he sigh'd; and having first prepar'd

Th' attentive Audience, thus his Will declar'd.

The Cause and Spring of Motion, from above they and Hung down on Earth the Golden Chain of Love: Great was th' Effect, and high was his Intent, who have and W When Peace among the jarring Seeds he fent. Fire, Flood, and Earth, and Air by this were bound, And Love, the common Link, the new Creation crown'd. The Chain still holds; for though the Forms decay, Eternal Matter never wears away: The fame First Mover certain Bounds has plac'd, what I but How long those perishable Forms shall last; and you and we Nor can they last beyond the Time assign'd and another A By that All-feeing, and All-making Mind: and on snoons Shorten their Hours they may; for Will is free; product I But never pass th' appointed Destiny. So Men oppress'd, when weary of their Breath, and all of Throw off the Burden, and Subborn their Death. Then fince those Forms begin, and have their End, On some unalter'd Cause they sure depend : Parts of the Whole are we; but God the Whole; Who gives us Life, and animating Soul. At one abnormal

Book III. The Knight's Tale.

For Nature cannot from a Part derive That Being, which the Whole can only give: He perfect, stable; but imperfect We, Subject to Change, and diff'rent in Degree. Plants, Beafts, and Man; and as our Organs are, We more or less of his Perfection share. But by a long Descent, th' Etherial Fire and and odd on sinual Corrupts; and Forms, the mortal Part, expire: I and both As he withdraws his Vertue, fo they pass, And the same Matter makes another Mass: This Law th' Omniscient Pow'r was pleas'd to give, That ev'ry Kind should by Succession live, on the salam of That Individuals die, his Will ordains; The propagated Species still remains. The Monarch Oak, the Patriarch of the Trees, Shoots rifing up, and spreads by flow Degrees: Three Centuries he grows, and three he stays, and owned W. Supreme in State; and in three more decays: Two b viol mill So wears the paving Pebble in the Street, Away Mund and I And Towns and Tow'rs their fatal Periods meet. On aveal back So Rivers, rapid once, now naked lie, no slam sw bluod oc Forfaken of their Springs; and leave their Channels dry. So Man, at first a Drop, dilates with Heat, and side gnivoina Then form'd, the little Heart begins to beat; ni anivb bulk Secret he feeds, unknowing in the Cell; and mobile mad I At length, for Hatching ripe, he breaks the Shell, an voi but And struggles into Breath, and cries for Aid; older on shall Then, helpless, in his Mothers Lap is laid no agong broad He creeps, he walks, and issuing into Man, Grudges their Life, from whence his own began. Retchless

Retchless of Laws, affects to rule alone, Anxious to reign, and restless on the Throne: First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last; Rich of Three Souls, and lives all three to waste. Some thus; but thousands more in Flow'r of Age: For few arrive to run the latter Stage. Sunk in the first, in Battel some are slain, And others whelm'd beneath the stormy Main. What makes all this, but Jupiter the King, At whose Command we perish, and we spring? Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die, To make a Vertue of Necessity. Take what he gives, fince to rebel is vain; The Bad grows better, which we well fustain: And cou'd we chuse the Time, and chuse aright, Tis best to die, our Honour at the height. When we have done our Ancestors no Shame, But ferv'd our Friends, and well fecur'd our Fame; Then should we wish our happy Life to close, And leave no more for Fortune to dispose: So should we make our Death a glad Relief, From future Shame, from Sickness, and from Grief: Enjoying while we live the present Hour, And dying in our Excellence, and Flow'r. Then round our Death-bed ev'ry Friend shou'd run, And joy us of our Conquest, early won: While the malicious World with envious Tears Shou'd grudge our happy End, and wish it Theirs.

Book III.

OT

Since then our Arcite is with Honour dead, and anow bear Why shou'd we mourn, that he so soon is freed, Or call untimely, what the Gods decreed? a survey H 21 vil With Grief as just, a Friend may be deplor'd, a proof A From a foul Prison to free Air restor'd. Ought he to thank his Kinsman, or his Wife, Cou'd Tears recall him into wretched Life! over on bimos? Their Sorrow hurts themselves; on him is lost; And worse than both, offends his happy Ghost. What then remains, but after past Annoy, or rogen T moY To take the good Viciffitude of Joy? A sund guideout ball To thank the gracious Gods for what they give, by him? Possess our Souls, and while we live, to live? Ordain we then two Sorrows to combine, day head bank And in one Point th' Extremes of Grief to join; bas and That thence refulting Joy may be renew'd, As jarring Notes in Harmony conclude and and but Then I propose, that Palamon shall be bed on no broad In Marriage join'd with beauteous Emily; months to IIA For which already I have gain'd th' Affent to look and over Of my free People in full Parliament. In and shuoted over Long Love to her has born the faithful Knight, And well deferv'd, had Fortune done him Right : The Right Tis time to mend her Fault; since Emily old on mind mind By Arcite's Death from former Vows is free: If you, Fair Sister, ratifie th' Accord, noon on your of And take him for your Husband, and your Lord. In but A 'Tis no Dishonour to confer your Grace On one descended from a Royal Race:

And were he lefs, yet Years of Service past

From grateful Souls exact Reward at last:

Pity is Heav'ns and yours: Nor can she find

A Throne so soft as in a Womans Mind.

He faid; she blush'd; and as o'eraw'd by Might, Seem'd to give Theseus, what she gave the Knight. Then turning to the Theban, thus he faid; Small Arguments are needful to perfuade Your Temper to comply with my Command; And speaking thus, he gave Emilia's Hand. Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true Knight Obtain the Conquest, though he lost the Fight, And bless'd with Nuptial Bliss the sweet laborious Night. Eros, and Anteros, on either Side, Man and one m but One fir'd the Bridegroom, and one warm'd the Bride; And long-attending Hymen from above a sold grown and Showr'd on the Bed the whole Idalian Grove. All of a Tenour was their After-Life, who begins Mal No Day discolour'd with Domestick Strife; No Jealousie, but mutual Truth believ'd, Secure Repose, and Kindness undeceiv'd. Thus Heavn, beyond the Compass of his Thought, and had Sent him the Bleffing he fo dearly bought. By Airite's Death from former Vows is free

So may the Queen of Love long Duty blefs, And all true Lovers find the same Success.

The End of the Third Book. nooled one

TOMY

Honour'd Kinsman, JOHN DRIDEN,

OF

CHESTERTON

IN THE

COUNTY

OF

HUNTINGDON, ESQUIRE. TOMY

Honourd Kinfman,

JOHN DRIDEN,

OF

CHESTERTON

THIENT

COUNTY

HUNTINGDON

And fave th Expence of long Lingious Laws Where Suits are travers d; and fo little won.

Without their Coft, you terminate the Caufe

My Honour'd Kinsman,

JOHN DRIDEN,

Promoting Concord, and compoling Strife, Lord of your felf, uncumber Q with a Wife.

Minds are to hardly matched, that even the first, Though pair d by Heavin in Paradife, were curs'd. For Man and Woman Hull in None they grow,

COUNTY of HUNTINGDON,

od, farther from the Fount, the Stream at random firay'd.

E. S. Q. U. I. R. E.

How con'd He fland, when put to double Pain OW Bless'd is He, who leads a Country Life, Unvex'd with anxious Cares, and void of Strife! Who studying Peace, and shunning Civil Rage, Enjoy'd his Youth, and now enjoys his Age: All who deserve his Love, he makes his own; And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known. And better shun the East than struggle in the Snare.

Just, Good, and Wise, contending Neighbours come From your Award, to wait their final Doom; And, Foes before, return in Friendship home.

Without

Wichous

Without their Cost, you terminate the Cause;
And save th' Expence of long Litigious Laws:
Where Suits are travers'd; and so little won,
That he who conquers, is but last undone:
Such are not your Decrees; but so design'd,
The Sanction leaves a lasting Peace behind;
Like your own Soul, Serene; a Pattern of your Mind.

Promoting Concord, and composing Strife,
Lord of your self, uncumber'd with a Wise;
Where, for a Year, a Month, perhaps a Night,
Long Penitence succeeds a short Delight:
Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the first,
Though pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise, were curs'd.
For Man and Woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, first or last, return again to Two.
He to God's Image, She to His was made;
So, farther from the Fount, the Stream at random stray'd.

How cou'd He stand, when put to double Pain, He must a Weaker than himself sustain! Each might have stood perhaps; but each alone; Two Wrestlers help to pull each other down.

Not that my Verse wou'd blemish all the Fair; body II.

But yet, if some be Bad, 'tis Wisdom to beware; do but And better shun the Bait, than struggle in the Snare.

Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the married State, Trusting as little as you can to Fate.

And Foes before, return in Friendship home

No

No Porter guards the Passage of your Door;

T' admit the Wealthy, and exclude the Poor:

For God, who gave the Riches, gave the Heart

To sanctifie the Whole, by giving Part:

Heav'n, who foresaw the Will, the Means has wrought,

And to the Second Son, a Blessing brought:

The First-begotten had his Father's Share;

But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's Heir.

So may your Stores, and fruitful Fields increase;

And ever be you bless'd, who live to bless.

As Ceres sow'd, where e'er her Chariot slew;

As Heav'n in Desarts rain'd the Bread of Dew,

So free to Many, to Relations most,

You feed with Manna your own Israel-Host.

With Crowds attended of your ancient Race,
You feek the Champian-Sports, or Sylvan-Chace:
With well-breath'd Beagles, you furround the Wood;
Ev'n then, industrious of the Common Good:
And often have you brought the wily Fox
To suffer for the Firstlings of the Flocks;
Chas'd ev'n amid the Folds; and made to bleed,
Like Felons, where they did the murd'rous Deed.
This fiery Game, your active Youth maintain'd;
Not yet, by Years extinguish'd, though restrain'd:
You season still with Sports your serious Hours;
For Age but tastes of Pleasures, Youth devours.

By

The Hare, in Pastures or in Plains is found,

Emblem of Humane Life, who runs the Round;

And, after all his wand'ring Ways are done,

His Circle fills, and ends where he begun,

Just as the Setting meets the Rising Sun.

Thus Princes ease their Cares: But happier he,
Who seeks not Pleasure thro' Necessity,
Than such as once on slipp'ry Thrones were plac'd;
And chasing, sigh to think themselves are chas'd.

So liv'd our Sires, e'er Doctors learn'd to kill, And multiply'd with theirs, the Weekly Bill: Wol and A The first Physicians by Debauch were made: Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade. The Desire of the Trade. Pity the gen'rous Kind their Cares bestow Many book no Y To fearch forbidden Truths; (a Sin to know:). To which, if Humane Science cou'd attain, word do W The Doom of Death, pronounc'd by God, were vain. In vain the Leech wou'd interpose Delay; Fate fastens first, and vindicates the Prey. What Help from Arts Endeavours can we have! Guibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save: But Maurus sweeps whole Parishes, and Peoples ev'ry Grave.) And no more Mercy to Mankind will use, and and and Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muse. Wou'dst thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish whole? Trust Maurus with thy Life, and M-lb-rn with thy Soul. For Age but taftes of Pleafures, Youth devous

By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food;
Toil strung the Nerves, and purified the Blood:
But we, their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
Are dwindl'd down to threescore Years and ten.
Better to hunt in Fields, for Health unbought,
Than see the Doctor for a nauseous Draught.
The Wise, for Cure, on Exercise depend;
God never made his Work, for Man to mend.

The Tree of Knowledge, once in Eden plac'd, Was easie found, but was forbid the Taste: O, had our Grandsire walk'd without his Wife, He first had sought the better Plant of Life! Now, both are loft: Yet, wandring in the dark, Physicians for the Tree, have found the Bark: They, lab'ring for Relief of Humane Kind, With sharpen'd Sight some Remedies may find; burg to 1/1 Th' Apothecary-Train is wholly blind. a stall ad flow and From Files, a Random-Recipe they take, And Many Deaths of One Prescription make. Garth, gen'rous as his Muse, prescribes and gives; The Shop-man fells; and by Destruction lives: Ungrateful Tribe! who, like the Viper's Brood, From Med'cine issuing, suck their Mother's Blood Let These obey; and let the Learn'd prescribe; That Men may die, without a double Bribe: Let Them, but under their Superiours kill; When Doctors first have sign'd the bloody Bill!

He scapes the best, who Nature to repair,
Draws Phisick from the Fields, in Draughts of Vital Air.

You hoard not Health, for your own private Use;
But on the Publick spend the rich Produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be Great,
Your Country calls you from your lov'd Retreat,
And sends to Senates, charg'd with Common Care,
Which none more shuns; and none can better bear.
Where cou'd they find another form'd so sit,
To poise, with solid Sense, a sprittely Wit!
Were these both wanting, (as they both abound)
Where cou'd so firm Integrity be sound?

Well-born, and Wealthy; wanting no Support,
You steer betwixt the Country and the Court:
Nor gratiste whate'er the Great desire,
Nor grudging give, what Publick Needs require.

Nor must be lest, a Fund when Foes invade;
And Part employ'd to roll the Watry Trade:

Ev'n Canaans happy Land, when worn with Toil,
Requir'd a Sabbath-Year, to mend the meagre Soil.

Good Senators, (and fuch are you,) so give, Industral That Kings may be supply'd, the People thrive. The Month of Mant requires, is truly Wise, which was bought, and and Who slights not Foreign Aids, nor over-buys; and manth of need, relies. The Munster was bought, we boast not the Success; we would work the Success; with the Success; which we would not the Success; with the Success; with the Success.

Our

Our Foes, compell'd by Need, have Peace embrac'd:

The Peace both Parties want, is like to last:

Which, if secure, securely we may trade;

Or, not secure, shou'd never have been made.

Safe in our selves, while on our selves we stand,

The Sea is ours, and that defends the Land.

Be, then, the Naval Stores the Nations Care,

New Ships to build, and batter'd to repair.

Observe the War, in ev'ry Annual Course;
What has been done, was done with British Force:
Namur Subdu'd, is England's Palm alone;
The Rest Besieg'd; but we Constrain'd the Town:
We saw th' Event that follow'd our Success;
France, though pretending Arms, pursu'd the Peace;
Oblig'd, by one sole Treaty, to restore
What Twenty Years of War had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion sought:
Uet us enjoy the Peace our Blood has bought.
When once the Persian King was put to Flight,
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight:
Themselves their own Mortality consess'd;
And lest the Son of Jove, to quarrel for the rest.

Ev'n Victors are by Victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with Foreign Laurels won,
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own.
While fore of Battel, while our Wounds are green,
Why shou'd we tempt the doubtful Dye agen?

0 2

In Wars renew'd, uncertain of Success,

Sure of a Share, as Umpires of the Peace.

A Patriot, both the King and Country ferves;

Prerogative, and Privilege preferves:

Of Each, our Laws the certain Limit show;

One must not ebb, nor t' other overslow:

Betwixt the Prince and Parliament we stand;

The Barriers of the State on either Hand:

May neither overslow, for then they drown the Land.

When both are full, they feed our bless'd Abode;

Like those, that water'd once, the Paradise of God.

Some Overpoise of Sway, by Turns they share;
In Peace the People, and the Prince in War:
Consuls of mod'rate Pow'r in Calms were made;
When the Gauls came, one sole Dictator sway'd.

Patriots, in Peace, affert the Peoples Right;
With noble Stubbornness resisting Might:
No Lawless Mandates from the Court receive,
Nor lend by Force; but in a Body give.
Such was your gen'rous Grandsire; free to grant
In Parliaments, that weigh'd their Prince's Want:
But so tenacious of the Common Cause,
As not to lend the King against his Laws.
And, in a lothsom Dungeon doom'd to lie,
In Bonds retain'd his Birthright Liberty,
And sham'd Oppression, till it set him free.

O true Descendent of a Patriot Line,
Who, while thou shar'st their Lustre, lend'st 'em thine,
Vouchsafe this Picture of thy Soul to see;
'Tis so far Good, as it resembles thee:
The Beauties to th' Original I owe;
Which, when I miss, my own Desects I show:
Nor think the Kindred-Muses thy Disgrace;
A Poet is not born in ev'ry Race.
Two of a House, sew Ages can afford;
One to perform, another to record.
Praise-worthy Actions are by thee embrac'd;
And 'tis my Praise, to make thy Praises last.
For ev'n when Death dissolves our Humane Frame,
The Soul returns to Heav'n, from whence it came;
Earth keeps the Body, Verse preserves the Fame.

MELEAGER

John Driden Efg

O true Defeendens of a Parnot Level Who, while thou that's their Lustre, lead's can large.

Vouchisie this Parture of the Soul to see a Tis so far Good, as a refambles thee

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MELEAGER

MELEAGER

AND

ATALANTA,

Out of the

Eighth Book

OF

OVID'S

Metamorphosis.

MELEAGER

ANI

ATHLANTA

Out of the

Eighth Book

OF

s. d I A o

Metamorphofis.

Washing from the Rural Gods, his Hand Wash Fard Power School Sch

Meleager and Atalanta

ATALANTA

Out of the Eighth Book

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

Not unrevene'd that implous A& hall be.

Swift as the Word, the feed the Boar away

CONNEXION to the Former STORY.

Ovid, having told how Theseus had freed Athens from the Tribute of Children, (which was imposed on them by Minos King of Creta) by killing the Minotaur, here makes a Digression to the Story of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the most inartificial Connexions in all the Metamorphoses: For he only says, that Theseus obtained such Honour from that Combate, that all Greece had recourse to him in their Necessities; and, amongst others, Calydon, though the Heroe of that Country, Prince Meleager, was then living.

Rom him, the Caledonians fought Relief; do and H.

Tho' valiant Meleagrus was their Chief. Debras of T.

The Caufe, a Boar, who ravag'd far and near shall to

Of Cynthia's Wrath, th' avenging Minister, web selections of the State of Olives, to Lyaus, Wine; shall of the Minister of Cull'd Sheafs, to Ceres; to Lyaus, Wine; shall of the Minister of Cull'd Sheafs, offer'd Sheep and Kine; shall of the Minister of Olives, to Minerva's Shrine.

Beginning from the Rural Gods, his Hand
Was lib'ral to the Pow'rs of high Command:
Each Deity in ev'ry Kind was bless'd,
Till at Diana's Fane th' invidious Honour ceas'd.

Wrath touches ev'n the Gods; the Queen of Night Fir'd with Disdain, and jealous of her Right, Unhonour'd though I am, at least, said she, Not unreveng'd that impious Act shall be. Swift as the Word, she sped the Boar away, With Charge on those devoted Fields to prey. No larger Bulls th' Ægyptian Pastures feed, land grind bivo And none so large Sicilian Meadows breed: His Eye-balls glare with Fire suffus'd with Blood; His Neck shoots up a thick-set thorny Wood; His briftled Back a Trench impal'd appears, And stands erected, like a Field of Spears. Froth fills his Chaps, he fends a grunting Sound, And part he churns, and part befoams the Ground. For Tusks with Indian Elephants he strove, And Fove's own Thunder from his Mouth he drove. He burns the Leaves; the scorching Blast invades The tender Corn, and shrivels up the Blades: Or suff'ring not their yellow Beards to rear, He tramples down the Spikes, and intercepts the Ear. In vain the Barns expect their promis'd Load, Nor Barns at home, nor Reeks are heap'd abroad: In vain the Hinds the Threshing-Floor prepare, And exercise their Flails in empty Air.

With Olives ever-green the Ground is strow'd,
And Grapes ungather'd shed their gen'rous Blood.
Amid the Fold he rages, nor the Sheep
Their Shepherds, nor the Grooms their Bulls can keep.

From Fields to Walls the frighted Rabble run, Nor think themselves secure within the Town: Till Meleagros, and his chosen Crew, Contemn the Danger, and the Praise pursue. Fair Leda's Twins (in time to Stars decreed) One fought on Foot, one curb'd the fiery Steed; Then issu'd forth fam'd Fason after These, Who mann'd the foremost Ship that fail'd the Seas; Then Theseus join'd with bold Perithous came; A fingle Concord in a double Name: The Thestian Sons, Idas who swiftly ran, And Ceneus, once a Woman, now a Man. Lynceus, with Eagles Eyes, and Lions Heart; Leucippus, with his never-erring Dart; Acastus, Phileus, Phanix, Telamon, Echion, Lelex, and Eurytion, Achilles Father, and Great Phocus Son; Dryas the Fierce, and Hippasus the Strong; With twice old Iolas, and Nestor then but young. Laertes active, and Ancaus bold; Mopfus the Sage, who future Things foretold; And t' other Seer, yet by his Wife * unfold. A thousand others of immortal Fame; Among the rest, fair Atalanta came,

* Amphia-

DET

Grace of the Woods: A Diamond Buckle bound Her Vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the Ground, And shew'd her buskin'd Legs; her Head was bare, But for her Native Ornament of Hair; Which in a fimple Knot was ty'd above, Sweet Negligence! unheeded Bait of Love! Her founding Quiver, on her Shoulder ty'd, One Hand a Dart, and one a Bow fupply'd. Such was her Face, as in a Nymph display'd A fair fierce Boy, or in a Boy betray'd The blushing Beauties of a modest Maid. The Caledonian Chief at once the Dame Beheld, at once his Heart receiv'd the Flame, With Heav'ns averse. O happy Youth, he cry'd, For whom thy Fates referve fo fair a Bride! He figh'd, and had no leifure more to fay; His Honour call'd his Eyes another way, And forc'd him to pursue the now neglected Prey.

There stood a Forest on a Mountains Brow,
Which over-look'd the shaded Plains below.
No sounding Ax presum'd those Trees to bite;
Coeval with the World, a venerable Sight.
The Heroes there arriv'd, some spread around
The Toils; some search the Footsteps on the Ground:
Some from the Chains the faithful Dogs unbound.
Of Action eager, and intent in Thought,
The Chiefs their honourable Danger sought:
A Valley stood below; the common Drain
Of Waters from above, and falling Rain:

The

The Bottom was a moist and marshy Ground,
Whose Edges were with bending Oziers crown'd:
The knotty Bulrush next in Order stood,
And all within of Reeds a trembling Wood.

From hence the Boar was rows'd, and sprung amain Like Lightning sudden, on the Warriour-Train; Beats down the Trees before him, shakes the Ground, The Forest echoes to the crackling Sound; Shout the fierce Youth, and Clamours ring around. All stood with their protended Spears prepar'd, With broad Steel Heads, the brandish'd Weapons glar'd. The Beast impetuous with his Tusks aside Deals glancing Wounds; the fearful Dogs divide: All spend their Mouth aloof, but none abide. Echion threw the first, but miss'd his Mark, And stuck his Boar-spear on a Maples Bark. Then Fason: and his Javelin seem'd to take, But fail'd with over-force, and whiz'd above his Back. Mopsus was next; but e'er he threw, address'd To Phabus, thus: O Patron, help thy Priest: If I adore, and ever have ador'd Thy Pow'r Divine, thy present Aid afford; That I may reach the Beaft. The God allow'd His Pray'r, and smiling, gave him what he cou'd: He reach'd the Savage, but no Blood he drew, Dian, unarm'd the Javelin as it flew.

This chaf'd the Boar, his Nostrils Flames expire, And his red Eye-balls roll with living Fire.

Whirl'd

Whirl'd from a Sling, or from an Engine thrown,
Amid the Foes, fo flies a mighty Stone,
As flew the Beast: The Left Wing put to flight,
The Chiefs o'er-born, he rushes on the Right.

Empalamos and Pelagon he laid
In Dust, and next to Death, but for their Fellows Aid.

One simus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly,
The fatal Fang drove deep within his Thigh,
And cut the Nerves: The Nerves no more sustain
The Bulk; the Bulk unprop'd, falls headlong on the Plain.

Nestor had fail'd the Fall of Troy to see, But leaning on his Lance, he vaulted on a Tree; Then gath'ring up his Feet, look'd down with Fear, And thought his monstrous Foe was still too near. Against a Stump his Tusk the Monster grinds, And in the sharpen'd Edge new Vigour finds; Then, trusting to his Arms, young Othrys found, And ranch'd his Hips with one continu'd Wound. Now Leda's Twins, the future Stars, appear; White were their Habits, white their Horses were: Conspicuous both, and both in act to throw, Their trembling Lances brandish'd at the Foe: Nor had they miss'd; but he to Thickets fled, Conceal'd from aiming Spears, not pervious to the Steed. But Telamon rush'd in, and happ'd to meet A rifing Root, that held his fastned Feet; So down he fell; whom, sprawling on the Ground, His Brother from the Wooden Gyves unbound.

Mean

Mean time the Virgin-Huntress was not flow T' expel the Shaft from her contracted Bow : 10 bong Thus I beleus cry Beneath his Ear the fastned Arrow stood, And from the Wound appear'd the trickling Blood. She blush'd for Joy: But Meleagros rais'd His voice with loud Applause, and the fair Archer prais He was the first to see, and first to show has bind off His Friends the Marks of the successful Blow. And and H Nor shall thy Valour want the Praises due, or Ans no sud He said; a vertuous Envy seiz'd the Crew. The said of T They shout; the Shouting animates their Hearts, And all at once employ their thronging Darts: But out of Order thrown, in Air they joyn; And Multitude makes frustrate the Design. In Agnorda bal With both his Hands the proud Anceus takes, And flourishes his double-biting Ax: Then forward to his Fate, he took a Stride Before the rest, and to his Fellows cry'd, Give place, and mark the diff'rence, if you can, Between a Woman Warriour, and a Man; The Boar is doom'd; nor though Diana lend The Wounds g Her Aid, Diana can her Beast defend. Thus boasted he; then stretch'd, on Tiptoe stood, Secure to make his empty Promise good. But the more wary Beast prevents the Blow, And upward rips the Groin of his audacious Foe. Ancaus falls; his Bowels from the Wound Rush out, and clotter'd Blood distains the Ground.

Press'd on, and shook his Lance: To whom from far
Thus Theseus cry'd; O stay, my better Part,
My more than Mistress; of my Heart, the Heart.
The Strong may fight aloof; Anceus try'd
His Force too near, and by presuming dy'd:
He said, and while he spake his Javelin threw,
Hissing in Air th' unerring Weapon slew;
But on an Arm of Oak, that stood betwixt
The Marks-man and the Mark, his Lance he fixt.

Once more bold Jason threw, but fail'd to wound
The Boar, and slew an undeserving Hound;
And through the Dog the Dart was nail'd to Gro und.

Two Spears from Meleager's Hand were fent,
With equal Force, but various in th' Event:
The first was fix'd in Earth, the second stood
On the Boars bristled Back, and deeply drank his Blood.
Now while the tortur'd Salvage turns around,
And slings about his Foam, impatient of the Wound,
The Wounds great Author close at Hand; provokes
His Rage, and plyes him with redoubled Strokes;
Wheels as he wheels; and with his pointed Dart
Explores the nearest Passage to his Heart.
Quick, and more quick he spins in giddy Gires,
Then falls, and in much Foam his Soul expires.
This Act with Shouts Heav'n high the friendly Band
Applaud, and strain in theirs the Victour Hand.

Then

Then all approach the Slain with vast Surprize,
Admire on what a Breadth of Earth he lies,
And scarce secure, reach out their Spears afar,
And blood their Points, to prove their Partnership of War.

But he, the conqu'ring Chief, his Foot impress'd On the strong Neck of that destructive Beast; And gazing on the Nymph with ardent Eyes, Accept, faid he, fair Nonacrine, my Prize, And, though inferiour, suffer me to join My Labours, and my Part of Praise with thine: At this presents her with the Tusky Head And Chine, with rifing Briftles roughly spread. Glad, she receiv'd the Gift; and seem'd to take With double Pleasure, for the Giver's sake. The rest were seiz'd with sullen Discontent, And a deaf Murmur through the Squadron went: All envy'd; but the Thestyan Brethren show'd The least Respect, and thus they vent their Spleen aloud: Lay down those honour'd Spoils, nor think to share, Weak Woman as thou art, the Prize of War: Ours is the Title, thine a foreign Claim, Since Meleagros from our Lineage came. Trust not thy Beauty; but restore the Prize, Which he, beforted on that Face and Eyes, Would rend from us: At this, inflam'd with Spite, From her they snatch the Gift, from him the Givers Right.

But soon th' impatient Prince his Fauchion drew, And cry'd, Ye Robbers of another's Due,

Q

Now learn the Diff'rence, at your proper Cost,

Betwixt true Valour, and an empty Boast.

At this advanc'd, and sudden as the Word,

In proud Ploxippus Bosom plung'd the Sword:

Toxeus amaz'd, and with Amazement slow,

Or to revenge, or ward the coming Blow,

Stood doubting; and, while doubting thus he stood,

Receiv'd the Steel bath'd in his Brother's Blood.

Pleas'd with the first, unknown the second News,

Althea, to the Temples, pays their Dues,

For her Son's Conquest; when at length appear

Her griesly Brethren stretch'd upon the Bier:

Pale at the sudden Sight, she chang'd her Cheer,

And with her Cheer her Robes; but hearing tell

The Cause, the Manner, and by whom they fell,

'Twas Grief no more, or Grief and Rage were one

Within her Soul; at last 'twas Rage alone;

Which burning upwards in succession dries

The Tears that stood considiring in her Eyes.

There lay a Log unlighted on the Hearth:

When she was lab'ring in the Throws of Birth

For th' unborn Chief, the Fatal Sisters came,

And rais'd it up, and toss'd it on the Flame:

Then on the Rock a scanty Measure place

Of Vital Flax, and turn'd the Wheel apace;

And turning sung, To this red Brand and thee,

O new-born Babe, we give an equal Destiny:

Weak Woman as thou art.

So vanish'd out of View. The frighted Dame Sprung hasty from her Bed, and quench'd the Flame: The Log in fecret lock'd, she kept with Care, And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd her Heir. This Brand she now produc'd; and first she strows The Hearth with Heaps of Chips, and after blows, Thrice heav'd her Hand, and heav'd, she thrice repress'd: The Sifter and the Mother long contest Two doubtful Titles in one tender Breast: And now her Eyes and Cheeks with Fury glow, Now pale her Cheeks, her Eyes with Pity flow: Now lowring Looks prefage approaching Storms, And now prevailing Love her Face reforms: Refolv'd, she doubts again; the Tears she dry'd With burning Rage, are by new Tears supply'd; And as a Ship, which Winds and Waves affail, Now with the Current drives, now with the Gale, Both opposite, and neither long prevail: She feels a double Force, by Turns obeys Th' imperious Tempest, and th' impetuous Seas: So fares Althaa's Mind; the first relents With Pity, of that Pity then repents: Sister and Mother long the Scales divide, But the Beam nodded on the Sisters side. Sometimes she foftly figh'd, then roar'd aloud; But Sighs were stiff'd in the Cries of Blood.

The pious, impious Wretch at length decreed, To please her Brother's Ghost, her Son shou'd bleed: And when the Fun'ral Flames began to rife, Receive, the faid, a Sifters Sacrifice; A Mothers Bowels burn: High in her Hand Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal Brand; Then thrice before the kindled Pyle she bow'd, And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud: Come, come, revenging Sisters, come and view A Sister paying her dead Brothers Due: A Crime I punish, and a Crime commit; But Blood for Blood, and Death for Death is fit: Great Crimes must be with greater Crimes repaid, And second Funerals on the former laid. Let the whole Houshold in one Ruine fall, And may Diana's Curse o'ertake us all. Shall Fate to happy Oeneus still allow One Son, while Thestius stands depriv'd of two? Better three lost, than one unpunish'd go. Take then, dear Ghosts, (while yet admitted new In Hell you wait my Duty) take your Due: A coftly Off'ring on your Tomb is laid, When with my Blood the Price of yours is paid.

Ah! Whither am I hurried? Ah! forgive,
Ye Shades, and let your Sisters Issue live:
A Mother cannot give him Death, though he
Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.

Then shall th' unpunish'd Wretch insult the Slain,
Triumphant live, nor only live, but reign?

While you, thin Shades, the Sport of Winds, are toss'd O'er dreery Plains, or tread the burning Coast.

I cannot, cannot bear; tis past, 'tis done;

Perish this impious, this detested Son:

Perish his Sire, and perish I withal;

And let the Houses Heir, and the hop'd Kingdom fall.

Where is the Mother fled, her pious Love,
And where the Pains with which ten Months I strove!

Ah! hadst thou dy'd, my Son, in Infant-years,
Thy little Herse had been bedew'd with Tears.

Thou liv'st by me; to me thy Breath resign;
Mine is the Merit, the Demerit thine.
Thy Life by double Title I require;
Once giv'n at Birth, and once preserv'd from Fire:
One Murder pay, or add one Murder more,
And me to them who fell by thee restore.

I wou'd, but cannot: My Son's Image stands Before my Sight; and now their angry Hands My Brothers hold, and Vengeance these exact, This pleads Compassion, and repents the Fact.

He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his Doom:
My Brothers, though unjustly, shall o'ercome.
But having paid their injur'd Ghosts their Due,
My Son requires my Death, and mine shall his pursue.

At this, for the last time she lists her Hand,

Averts her Eyes, and, half unwilling, drops the Brand.

The Brand, amid the slaming Fewel thrown,

Or drew, or seem'd to draw a dying Groan:

The Fires themselves but faintly lick'd their Prey,

Then loath'd their impious Food, and wou'd have shrunk away.

Just then the Heroe cast a doleful Cry, And in those absent Flames began to fry: The blind Contagion rag'd within his Veins ; But he with manly Patience bore his Pains: He fear'd not Fate, but only griev'd to die Without an honest Wound, and by a Death so dry. Happy Ancaus, thrice aloud he cry'd, With what becoming Fate in Arms he dy'd! Then call'd his Brothers, Sifters, Sire, around, And her to whom his Nuptial Vows were bound; Perhaps his Mother; a long Sigh he drew, And his Voice failing, took his last Adieu: For as the Flames augment, and as they flay At their full Height, then languish to decay, They rife, and fink by Fits; at last they foar In one bright Blaze, and then descend no more: Just so his inward Heats at height, impair, Till the last burning Breath shoots out the Soul in Air.

Now lofty Calidon in Ruines lies;
All Ages, all Degrees unfluice their Eyes;
And Heav'n & Earth refound with Murmurs, Groans, & Cries.

Matrons

Matrons and Maidens beat their Breasts, and tear
Their Habits, and root up their scatter'd Hair:
The wretched Father, Father now no more,
With Sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the Floor,
Deforms his hoary Locks with Dust obscene,
And curses Age, and loaths a Life prolong'd with Pain.
By Steel her stubborn Soul his Mother freed,
And punish'd on her self her impious Deed.

And punish'd on her self her impious Deed.

Had I a hundred Tongues, a Wit fo large As cou'd their hundred Offices discharge; Had Phabus all his Helicon bestow'd In all the Streams inspiring all the God; Those Tongues, that Wit, those Streams, that God, in vain Wou'd offer to describe his Sisters pain: They beat their Breasts with many a bruizing Blow, Till they turn'd livid, and corrupt the Snow. The Corps they cherish, while the Corps remains, And exercise and rub with fruitless Pains: And when to Fun'ral Flames 'tis born away. They kiss the Bed on which the Body lay: And when those Fun'ral Flames no longer burn, (The Dust compos'd within a pious Urn) Ev'n in that Urn their Brother they confess, And hug it in their Arms, and to their Bosoms press. SIGIS

His Tomb is rais'd; then, stretch'd along the Ground, Those living Monuments his Tomb surround: Ev'n to his Name, inscrib'd, their Tears they pay, Till Tears and Kisses wear his Name away.

But Cynthia now had all her Fury spent,

Not with less Ruine than a Race, content:

Excepting Gorge, perish'd all the Seed,

Dejanira. And * Her whom Heav'n for Hercules decreed.

Satiate at last, no longer she pursu'd

The weeping Sisters; but with Wings endu'd,

And Horny Beaks, and sent to flit in Air;

Who yearly round the Tomb in Feather'd Flocks repair.

In all the Streams inspiring all the God, we have been Those Tengues, that Wit, those Streams, that God, in vain Would offer to describe his Sillers pain; we want They beat their Breaks with instruy a bruizing Blow, with Till they turned livid, and consupt thorsonow, it is is not The Corps they cherish, while the Gorps remains, and And exercise and rub with fruitless Pains such as seasons.

And when to Funral Flames 'tis born away, a way and They kifs the Bed on which the Body lay:

And when those Funral Flames no longer burn, and the Dust composed within a pious Unn).

Even in that Urn their Brother they confess, therefore they confess, therefore and to their Brother Bostons profet and

As cou'd their hundred Offices difeinered

Phabus all his Helicon bestowd and when the

The left burning breach because the soul m SIGIS-

His Tomb is rais'd; then, firetell'd along the Ground, Those living Monuments his Tomb surround and wolf Ev'n to his Name, inscrib'd, their Tears they have the Last and Kisses wear his Name aways.

SIGISMONDA

AND

GUISCARDO,

FROM

BOCCACE.

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AND

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AND

GUISCARDO,

FROM

BOCCACE.

The Title of a Gracious Prince he gain'd;
Till turn'd a Tyrant in his latter Days,
He lost the Lustre of his former Praise;
And from the bright Meridian where he stood,
Descending, dipp'd his Hands in Lovers Blood.

This Prince, of Fortunes Favour long posses'd; Yet was with one fair Daughter only bless'd;

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And

And bless'd he might have been with her alone: But oh! how much more happy, had he none! She was his Care, his Hope, and his Delight, Most in his Thought, and ever in his Sight: Next, nay beyond his Life, he held her dear; She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her. For this, when ripe for Marriage, he delay'd Her Nuptial Bands, and kept her long a Maid, As envying any else should share a Part Of what was his, and claiming all her Heart. At length, as Publick Decency requird, And all his Vaffals eagerly defir'd, With Mind averse, he rather underwent His Peoples Will, than gave his own Consent: So was the torn, as from a Lover's Side, And made almost in his despite a Bride.

Short were her Marriage-Joys; for in the Prime

Of Youth, her Lord expir'd before his time:

And to her Father's Court, in little space

Restor'd anew, she held a higher Place;

More lov'd, and more exalted into Grace.

This Princess fresh and young, and fair, and wise,

The worshipp'd Idol of her Father's Eyes,

Did all her Sex in ev'ry Grace exceed,

And had more Wit beside than Women need.

Youth, Health, and Ease, and most an amorous Mind, To second Nuptials had her Thoughts inclin'd:

And former Joys had left a secret Sting behind.

But

But prodigal in ev'ry other Grant,
Her Sire left unsupply'd her only Want;
And she, betwixt her Modesty and Pride,
Her Wishes, which she could not help, would hide.

Refolv'd at last to lose no longer Time,

And yet to please her self without a Crime,

She cast her Eyes around the Court, to find

A worthy Subject suiting to her Mind,

To him in holy Nuptials to be ty'd,

A seeming Widow, and a secret Bride.

Among the Train of Courtiers, one she found

With all the Gifts of bounteous Nature crown'd,

Of gentle Blood; but one whose niggard Fate

Had set him far below her high Estate;

Guiscard his Name was call'd, of blooming Age,

Now Squire to Tancred, and before his Page:

To him, the Choice of all the shining Crowd,

Her Heart the noble Sigismonda vow'd.

And with close Glances ev'ry Day beheld
The graceful Youth; and ev'ry Day increas'd
The raging Fire that burn'd within her Breast:
Some secret Charm did all his Acts attend,
And what his Fortune wanted, hers could mend:
Till, as the Fire will force its outward way,
Or, in the Prison pent, consume the Prey;
So long her earnest Eyes on his were set,
At length their twisted Rays together met;

And he, surpriz'd with humble Joy, survey'd

One sweet Regard, shot by the Royal Maid:

Not well assur'd, while doubtful Hopes he nurs'd,

A second Glance came gliding like the first;

And he who saw the Sharpness of the Dart,

Without Defence receiv'd it in his Heart.

In Publick though their Passion wanted Speech,

Yet mutual Looks interpreted for each:

Time, Ways, and Means of Meeting were deny'd;

But all those Wants ingenious Love supply'd.

Th' inventive God, who never fails his Part,

Inspires the Wit, when once he warms the Heart.

When Guiscard next was in the Circle seen, Where Sigismonda held the Place of Queen, A hollow Cane within her Hand she brought, But in the Concave had enclos'd a Note: With this she seem'd to play, and, as in sport, Toss'd to her Love, in presence of the Court; Take it, she said; and when your Needs require, This little Brand will serve to light your Fire. He took it with a Bow, and foon divin'd The feeming Toy was not for nought design'd: But when retir'd, fo long with curious Eyes He view'd the Present, that he found the Prize. Much was in little writ; and all convey'd With cautious Care, for fear to be betray'd By some false Confident, or Fav'rite Maid. The Time, the Place, the Manner how to meet, Were all in punctual Order plainly writ:

But

Neglected long the let the Secret reft,

Their Wit, or Love their Inclination fires!

But since a Trust must be, she thought it best
To put it out of Laymens Pow'r at least,
And for their solemn Vows prepar'd a Priest.

With Joy prepar'd to meet the coming Good;
Nor Pains nor Danger was refolv'd to spare,
But use the Means appointed by the Fair.

Near the proud Palace of Salerno flood shuotes dans A Mount of rough Ascent, and thick with Wood; Through this a Cave was dug with vast Expence, The Work it feem'd of some suspicious Prince, It games Who, when abusing Pow'r with lawless Might, From Publick Justice would secure his Flight. The Passage made by many a winding Way, Reach'd ev'n the Room in which the Tyrant lay. Fit for his Purpose, on a lower Floor good and his bridge. He lodg'd, whose Issue was an Iron Door, and and the From whence, by Stairs descending to the Ground, In the blind Grot a safe Retreat he found, more and all Its Outlet ended in a Brake o'ergrown and don't she shall With Brambles, choak'd by Time, and now unknown. A Rift there was, which from the Mountains Height Convey'd a glimm'ring and malignant Light, A Breathing-place to draw the Damps away, A Twilight of an intercepted Day. The Tyrants Den, whose Use though lost to Fame, Was now th' Apartment of the Royal Dame,

And for their folemn Vows prepar'd a Prieft.

Who, when abusing Pow'r with lawle 6 Might

The Cavern only to her Father known,

By him was to his Darling-Daughter shown.

Neglected long she let the Secret rest,

Till Love recall'd it to her lab'ring Breast,

And hinted as the Way by Heav'n design'd

The Teacher, by the Means he taught, to blind.

What will not Women do, when Need inspires and all the Their Wit, or Love their Inclination fires!

Though Jealousie of State th' Invention found, and the Manager of the Love resin'd upon the former Ground.

That Way, the Tyrant had reserv'd, to sty particularly and the Pursuing Hate, now serv'd to bring two Lovers nigh.

The Dame, who long in vain had kept the Key,

Bold by Defire, explor'd the fecret Way;

Now try'd the Stairs, and wading through the Night,

Search'd all the deep Recefs, and iffu'd into Light.

All this her Letter had fo well explain'd,

Th' inftructed Youth might compass what remain'd:

The Cavern-mouth alone was hard to find,

Because the Path disus'd, was out of mind:

But in what Quarter of the Cops it lay,

His Eye by certain Level could survey:

Yet (for the Wood perplex'd with Thorns he knew)

A Frock of Leather o'er his Limbs he drew:

And thus provided, search'd the Brake around,

Till the choak'd Entry of the Cave he found.

Thus,

to greedy Love cach Moment would employ

Thus, all prepar'd, the promis'd Hour arriv'd, So long expected, and so well contriv'd: With Love to Friend, th' impatient Lover went, Fenc'd from the Thorns, and trod the deep Descent. The conscious Priest, who was suborn'd before, Stood ready posted at the Postern-door; a salt of blood bank The Maids in distant Rooms were sent to rest, And nothing wanted but th' invited Gueft. He came, and knocking thrice, without delay, and World The longing Lady heard, and turn'd the Key; At once invaded him with all her Charms, And the first Step he made, was in her Arms: The Leathern Out-side, boistrous as it was, Gave way, and bent beneath her strict Embrace: On either Side the Kiffes flew so thick, That neither he nor she had Breath to speak. The holy Man amaz'd at what he faw, Made haste to sanctifie the Bliss by Law; And mutter'd fast the Matrimony o're, For fear committed Sin should get before. His Work perform'd, he left the Pair alone, Because he knew he could not go too soon; His Presence odious, when his Task was done. What Thoughts he had, befeems not me to fay; Though some surmise he went to fast and pray, And needed both, to drive the tempting Thoughts away. The balmy Slumber ded his wat ful Eyes.

The Foe once gone, they took their full Delight; Twas restless Rage, and Tempest all the Night:

10

For greedy Love each Moment would employ,
And grudg'd the shortest Pauses of their Joy.

And thus with fecret Care were carried on.

The Stealth it felf did Appetite restore,

And look'd so like a Sin, it pleas'd the more.

The Cave was now become a common Way,

The Wicket often open'd, knew the Key:

Love rioted fecure, and long enjoy'd,

Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd.

But as Extremes are short, of Ill and Good,
And Tides at highest Mark regorge the Flood;
So Fate, that could no more improve their Joy,
Took a malicious Pleasure to destroy.

Was plac'd in his fair Daughters daily Sight,

Of Custom, when his State-Affairs were done,

Would pass his pleasing Hours with her alone:

And, as a Father's Privilege allow'd,

Without Attendance of th' officious Crowd.

He try'd to sleep, as was his usual Way,
The balmy Slumber fled his wakeful Eyes,
And forc'd him, in his own despite, to rise:

Of Sleep forsaken, to relieve his Care, below a diversord He fought the Conversation of the Fair: But with her Train of Damsels she was gone, In shady Walks the scorching Heat to shun: He would not violate that fweet Recess, with the would not violate that fweet Recess, And found besides a welcome Heaviness That feiz'd his Eyes; and Slumber, which forgot When call'd before to come, now came unfought. From Light retir'd, behind his Daughters Bed, He for approaching Sleep compos'd his Head; A Chair was ready, for that Use design'd, So quilted, that he lay at ease reclin'd; The Curtains closely drawn, the Light to skreen, As if he had contriv'd to lie unseen: Thus cover'd with an artificial Night, to book of web all. Sleep did his Office soon, and seal'd his Sight.

With Heav'n averse, in this ill-omen'd Hour
Was Guiscard summon'd to the secret Bow'r,
And the fair Nymph, with Expectation sir'd,
From her attending Damsels was retir'd:
For, true to Love, she measur'd Time so right,
As not to miss one Moment of Delight.
The Garden, seated on the level Floor,
She lest behind, and locking ev'ry Door,
Thought all secure; but little did she know,
Blind to her Fate, she had inclos'd her Foe.
Attending Guiscard, in his Leathern Frock,
Stood ready, with his thrice-repeated Knock:

Theire

Thrice with a doleful Sound the jarring Grate

Rung deaf, and hollow, and prefag'd their Fate.

The Door unlock'd, to known Delight they hafte,

And panting in each others Arms, embrac'd;

Rush to the conscious Bed, a mutual Freight,

And heedless press it with their wonted Weight.

The fudden Bound awak'd the fleeping Sire,

And shew'd a Sight no Parent can desire:

His opening Eyes at once with odious View

The Love discover'd, and the Lover knew:

He would have cry'd; but hoping that he dreamt,

Amazement ty'd his Tongue, and stopp'd th' Attempt.

Th' ensuing Moment all the Truth declar'd,

But now he stood collected, and prepar'd;

For Malice and Revenge had put him on his Guard.

So, like a Lion that unheeded lay,

Diffembling Sleep, and watchful to betray,

With inward Rage he meditates his Prey.

The thoughtless Pair, indulging their Desires,

Alternate, kindl'd, and then quench'd their Fires;

Nor thinking in the Shades of Death they play'd,

Full of themselves, themselves alone survey'd,

And, too secure, were by themselves betray'd.

Long time dissolv'd in Pleasure thus they lay,

Till Nature could no more suffice their Play;

Then rose the Youth, and through the Cave again

Return'd; the Princess mingl'd with her Train.

Refolv'd

No vain Defence prepard; but thus reply d

Refolv'd his unripe Vengeance to defer to admit and The Royal Spy, when now the Coast was clear, and do No Sought not the Garden, but retir'd unseen, and do No And To brood in secret on his gather'd Spleen, but he And methodize Revenge: To Death he griev'd; and And, but he saw the Crime, had scarce believ'd.

Th' Appointment for th' ensuing Night he heard; and The Cavern had prepar'd to the Caver

Scarce had unwary Guiscard set his Foot
Within the farmost Entrance of the Grot,
When these in secret Ambush ready lay,
And rushing on the sudden seiz'd the Prey:
Encumber'd with his Frock, without Desence,
An easie Prize, they led the Pris'ner thence,
And, as commanded, brought before the Prince.
The gloomy Sire, too sensible of Wrong
To vent his Rage in Words, restrain'd his Tongue;
And only said, Thus Servants are preferr'd,
And trusted, thus their Sov'reigns they reward.
Had I not seen, had not these Eyes receiv'd
Too clear a Proof, I could not have believ'd.

He paus'd, and choak'd the rest. The Youth, who saw His forfeit Life abandon'd to the Law, The Judge th' Accuser, and th' Offence to him Who had both Pow'r and Will t' avenge the Crime;

No vain Defence prepar'd; but thus reply'd,

The Faults of Love by Love are justifi'd:

With unresisted Might the Monarch reigns,

He levels Mountains, and he raises Plains;

And not regarding Diff'rence of Degree,

Abas'd your Daughter, and exalted me.

This bold Return with feeming Patience heard,
The Pris'ner was remitted to the Guard.
The fullen Tyrant slept not all the Night,
But lonely walking by a winking Light,
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his wither'd Breast,
But would not violate his Daughters Rest;
Who long expecting lay, for Bliss prepar'd,
Listning for Noise, and griev'd that none she heard;
Oft rose, and oft in vain employ'd the Key,
And oft accus'd her Lover of Delay;
And pass'd the tedious Hours in anxious Thoughts away.

The Morrow came; and at his usual Hour
Old Tancred visited his Daughters Bow'r;
Her Cheek (for such his Custom was) he kiss'd,
Then bless'd her kneeling, and her Maids dismiss'd.
The Royal Dignity thus far maintain'd,
Now lest in private, he no longer seign'd;
But all at once his Grief and Rage appear'd,
And Floods of Tears ran trickling down his Beard.

O Sigismonda, he began to say: Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to stay, Till Words with often trying found their Way: I thought, O Sigismonda, (But how blind Are Parents Eyes, their Childrens Faults to find!) Thy Vertue, Birth, and Breeding were above A mean Desire, and vulgar Sense of Love: Nor less than Sight and Hearing could convince So fond a Father, and so just a Prince, Of fuch an unforeseen, and unbeliev'd Offence. Then what indignant Sorrow must I have, To see thee lie subjected to my Slave! And the son and I A Man fo smelling of the Peoples Lee, and a motor and The Court receiv'd him first for Charity; And fince with no Degree of Honour grac'd, But only fuffer'd, where he first was plac'd: A grov'ling Infect still; and so design'd By Natures Hand, nor born of Noble Kind: A Thing, by neither Man nor Woman priz'd, And scarcely known enough, to be despis'd. To what has Heav'n referv'd my Age? Ah! why Should Man, when Nature calls, not chuse to die, Rather than stretch the Span of Life, to find Such Ills as Fate has wifely cast behind, For those to feel, whom fond Desire to live Makes coverous of more than Life can give! Each has his Share of Good; and when 'tis gone, The Guest, though hungry, cannot rise too soon.

But I, expecting more, in my own wrong
Protracting Life, have liv'd a Day too long.

If Yesterday cou'd be recall'd again,
Ev'n now would I conclude my happy Reign:
But 'tis too late, my glorious Race is run,
And a dark Cloud o'ertakes my setting Sun.
Hadst thou not lov'd, or loving sav'd the Shame,
If not the Sin, by some Illustrious Name,
This little Comfort had reliev'd my Mind,
'Twas frailty, not unusual to thy Kind:
But thy low Fall beneath thy Royal Blood,
Shews downward Appetite to mix with Mud:
Thus not the least Excuse is left for thee,
Nor the least Resuge for unhappy me,

For him I have refolv'd: whom by Surprize

I took, and scarce can call it, in Disguise:

For such was his Attire, as with Intent

Of Nature, suited to his mean Descent:

The harder Question yet remains behind,

What Pains a Parent and a Prince can find

To punish an Offence of this degenerate Kind.

The Court received him first for Charity

As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee more
Than ever Father lov'd a Child before;
So, that Indulgence draws me to forgive:
Nature, that gave thee Life, would have thee live.
But, as a Publick Parent of the State,
My Justice, and thy Crime, requires thy Fate.

Fain would I chuse a middle Course to steer; in drive and I Nature's too kind, and Justice too severe and and some and Speak for us both, and to the Balance bring

On either side, the Father, and the King-drive I have the Heav'n knows, my Heart is bent to savour thee; should be Make it but scanty weight, and leave the rest to me. Hould be with the same of the same

Here stopping with a Sigh, he pour'd a Flood bow yM Of Tears, to make his last Expression good.

That I have lov'd, I own, that fill I love, She, who had heard him speak, nor saw alone The fecret Conduct of her Love was known; I soom of But he was taken who her Soul possess'd, money llood of T Felt all the Pangs of Sorrow in her Breaft: broyed is bak And little wanted, but a Womans Heart of the start of With Cries, and Tears, had testiss'd her Smart: But in-born Worth, that Fortune can controul, New strung, and stiffer bent her softer Soul; and sold sold The Heroine affum'd the Womans Place, wo V you be very !! Confirm'd her Mind, and fortifi'd her Face : monoH and W Why should she beg, or what cou'd she pretend, and stoled When her stern Father had condemn'd her Friend! Her Life she might have had; but her Despair and and Of faving his, had put it past her Care : Mad anom my Resolv'd on Fate, she would not lose her Breath, and don't But rather than not die, follicit Death. Would buod sad T Fix'd on this Thought, she not as Women use, I many 10 Her Fault by common Frailty would excuse; But boldly justisi'd her Innocence, And while the Fact was own'd, deny'd th' Offence:

Speak for us both, and to the Balance bring

Then with dry Eyes, and with an open Look, blow med She met his Glance mid-way, and thus undaunted spoke.

Request for Life, nor offer'd Life to take:

Much less deny the Deed; but least of all

Beneath pretended Justice weakly fall.

My Words to facred Truth shall be confin'd,

My Deeds shall shew the Greatness of my Mind.

That I have lov'd, I own; that still I love,

I call to Witness all the Pow'rs above:

Yet more I own: To Guiscard's Love I give

The small remaining Time I have to live;

And if beyond this Life Desire can be,

Not Fate it self shall set my Passion free.

This first avow'd; nor Folly warp'd my Mind,
Nor the frail Texture of the Female Kind
Betray'd my Vertue: For, too well I knew
What Honour was, and Honour had his Due:
Before the Holy Priest my Vows were ty'd,
So came I not a Strumpet, but a Bride;
This for my Fame: and for the Publick Voice:
Yet more, his Merits justifi'd my Choice;
Which had they not, the first Election thine,
That Bond dissolv'd, the next is freely mine:
Or grant I err'd, (which yet I must deny,)
Had Parents pow'r ev'n second Vows to tie,

VdTnd while the Fact was own'd, deay'd th' Offence

Thy little Care to mend my Widow'd Nights

Has forc'd me to recourse of Marriage-Rites,

To fill an empty Side, and follow known Delights.

What have I done in this, deserving Blame?

State-Laws may alter: Nature's are the same;

Those are usurp'd on helpless Woman-kind,

Made without our Consent, and wanting Pow'r to bind.

Thou, Tancred, better should'st have understood,
That as thy Father gave thee Flesh and Blood,
So gav'st thou me: Not from the Quarry hew'd,
But of a softer Mould, with Sense endu'd;
Ev'n softer than thy own, of suppler Kind,
More exquisite of Taste, and more than Man refin'd.
Nor need'st thou by thy Daughter to be told,
Though now thy sprittly Blood with Age be cold,
Thou hast been young; and canst remember still,
That when thou hadst the Pow'r, thou hadst the Will;
And from the past Experience of thy Fires,
Canst tell with what a Tide our strong Desires
Come rushing on in Youth, and what their Rage requires.

And grant thy Youth was exercis'd in Arms,
When Love, no leifure found for fofter Charms;
My tender Age in Luxury was train'd,
With idle Ease and Pageants entertain'd;
My Hours my own, my Pleasures unrestrain'd.
So bred, no wonder if I took the Bent
That seem'd ev'n warranted by thy Consent;

T 2

For.

For, when the Father is too fondly kind,
Such Seed he fows, fuch Harvest shall he find.
Blame then thy self, as Reason's Law requires,
(Since Nature gave, and thou soment'st my Fires;)
If still those Appetites continue strong,
Thou maist consider, I am yet but young:
Consider too, that having been a Wise,
I must have tasted of a better Life,
And am not to be blam'd, if I renew,
By lawful Means, the Joys which then I knew.
Where was the Crime, if Pleasure I procur'd,
Young, and a Woman, and to Bliss inur'd?
That was my Case, and this is my Desence;
I pleas'd my self, I shunn'd Incontinence,
And, urg'd by strong Desires, indulg'd my Sense.

Left to my felf, I must avow, I strove

From publick Shame to screen my secret Love,

And, well acquainted with thy Native Pride,

Endeavour'd, what I could not help, to hide;

For which, a Womans Wit an easie Way supply'd.

How this, so well contriv'd, so closely laid,

Was known to thee, or by what Chance betray'd,

Is not my Care: To please thy Pride alone,

I could have wish'd it had been still unknown.

Though now thy fristely Blood with Age be cold

Nor took I Guiscard by blind Fancy led,
Or hasty Choice, as many Women wed;
But with delib'rate Care, and ripen'd Thought,
At leisure first design'd, before I wrought:

On him I rested, after long Debate,

"And not without consid'ring, fix'd my Fate:
His Flame was equal, though by mine inspir'd;

(For so the Diff'rence of our Birth requir'd:)
Had he been born like me, like me his Love
Had first begun, what mine was forc'd to move:
But thus beginning, thus we persevere;

Our Passions yet continue what they were,
Nor length of Trial makes our Joys the less sincere.

At this my Choice, though not by thine allow'd, (Thy Judgment herding with the common Crowd) Thou tak'st unjust Offence; and, led by them, Dost less the Merit, than the Man esteem. Too sharply, Tancred, by thy Pride betray'd, Hast thou against the Laws of Kind inveigh'd; Ind on't For all th' Offence is in Opinion plac'd, In I on bimish sH Which deems high Birth by lowly Choice debas'd ! Judy 1112 This Thought alone with Fury fires thy Breaft, by bound (For Holy Marriage justifies the rest) way and beginning H That I have funk the Glories of the State, being the state And mix'd my Blood with a Plebeian Mate: In which I wonder thou shouldst overfee was 2 dl Superiour Causes, or impute to me a sundad and all The Fault of Fortune, or the Fates Decree. Or call it Heav'ns Imperial Pow'r alone, ale a suoume V 21 Which moves on Springs of Justice, though unknown; Yet this we see, though order'd for the best, mano ed bak The Bad exalted, and the Good oppress'd;

Permitted Laurels grace the Lawless Brow,
Th' Unworthy rais'd, the Worthy cast below.

But leaving that: Search we the fecret Springs, And backward trace the Principles of Things; There shall we find, that when the World began, One common Mass compos'd the Mould of Man; One Paste of Flesh on all Degrees bestow'd, And kneaded up alike with moistning Blood. The same Almighty Pow'r inspir'd the Frame With kindl'd Life, and form'd the Souls the fame: The Faculties of Intellect, and Will, Dispens'd with equal Hand, dispos'd with equal Skill, Like Liberty indulg'd with Choice of Good or Ill. Thus born alike, from Vertue first began The Diff'rence that diftinguish'd Man from Man: He claim'd no Title from Descent of Blood, But that which made him Noble, made him Good: Warm'd with more Particles of Heav'nly Flame, He wing'd his upward Flight, and foar'd to Fame; The rest remain'd below, a Tribe without a Name.

As Natures Institute, is yet in force;
Uncancell'd, the disus'd: And he whose Mind of Mind of

Now

Are these the Kings intrusted by the Crowd

Now lay the Line; and measure all thy Court, as W daw By inward Vertue, not external Port, ton town slood and I And find whom justly to prefer above to quil's donne I The Man on whom my Judgment plac'd my Love: So shalt thou see his Parts, and Person shine; winned all And thus compar'd, the rest a base degen'rate Line. Nor took I, when I first survey'd thy Court, when I first survey'd thy Court, His Valour, or his Vertues on Report; dans ve 2901X, but But trusted what I ought to trust alone, and a soid MA. Relying on thy Eyes, and not my own; Too ne omitted roll Thy Praise (and Thine was then the Publick Voice) First recommended Guiscard to my Choice: Directed thus by thee, I look'd, and found A Man, I thought, deferving to be crown'd; First by my Father pointed to my Sight, Nor less conspicuous by his Native Light: His Mind, his Meen, the Features of his Face, Excelling all the rest of Humane Race: These were thy Thoughts, and thou could'st judge aright, Till Int'rest made a Jaundice in thy Sight. god thy barb rous Appetite in the

Or shou'd I grant, thou didst not rightly see;
Then thou wert first deceiv'd, and I deceiv'd by thee.
But if thou shalt alledge, through Pride of Mind,
Thy Blood with one of base Condition join'd,
'Tis false; for 'tis not Baseness to be Poor;
His Poverty augments thy Crime the more;
Upbraids thy Justice with the scant Regard
Of Worth: Whom Princes praise, they shou'd reward.

BIR

Are these the Kings intrusted by the Crowd
With Wealth, to be dispens'd for Common Good?
The People sweat not for their King's Delight,
T' enrich a Pimp, or raise a Parasite;
Theirs is the Toil; and he who well has serv'd
His Country, has his Countrys Wealth deserv'd.

Ev'n mighty Monarchs oft are meanly born,
And Kings by Birth, to lowest Rank return;
All subject to the Pow'r of giddy Chance,
For Fortune can depress, or can advance:
But true Nobility, is of the Mind,
Not giv'n by Chance, and not to Chance resign'd.

Directed thus by thee, I looked, and found

What to refolve, and how dispose of me,

Be warn'd to cast that useless Care aside,

My self alone, will for my self provide:

If in thy doting, and decrepit Age,

Thy Soul, a Stranger in thy Youth to Rage,

Begins in cruel Deeds to take Delight,

Gorge with my Blood thy barb'rous Appetite;

For I so little am dispos'd to pray

For Life, I would not cast a Wish away.

Such as it is, th' Offence is all my own;

And what to Guiscard is already done,

Or to be done, is doom'd by thy Decree,

That, if not executed first by thee,

Shall on my Person be persorm'd by me.

Of Worth: Whom Princes praise, they should reward. Away,

So was the Charge performed with better Will,

Away, with Women weep, and leave me here,
Fix'd, like a Man to die, without a Tear;
Or fave, or flay us both this prefent Hour,
'Tis all that Fate has left within thy Pow'r.

She faid: Nor did her Father fail to find, don 1910 A
In all the spoke, the Greatness of her Mind; bas done to
Yet thought she was not obstinate to die,
Nor deem'd the Death she promis'd was so night: books
Secure in this Belief, he left the Dame, both and to nod?
Resolv'd to spare her Life, and save her Shame; d bad bad
But that detested Object to remove, both about and To wreak his Vengeance, and to cure her Love balls bad

Intent on this, a fecret Order fign'd, by a dead and well. The Death of Guiscard to his Guards enjoin'd;
Strangling was chosen, and the Night the Time, him a mute Revenge, and blind as was the Crime: policy and His faithful Heart, a bloody Sacrifice,
Torn from his Breast, to glut the Tyrant's Eyes,
Clos'd the severe Command: For, (Slaves to Pay)
What Kings decree, the Soldier must obey:
Wag'd against Foes; and, when the Wars are o'er,
Fit only to maintain Despotick Pow'r:
Dang'rous to Freedom, and desir'd alone
By Kings, who seek an Arbitrary Throne: High and The Prince himself, allur'd with greater gain: and beautiful
The Prince himself, allur'd with greater gain:

So was the Charge perform'd with better Will,

By Men inur'd to Blood, and exercis'd in Ill.

Now, though the fullen Sire had eas'd his Mind,

The Pomp of his Revenge was yet behind,

A Pomp prepar'd to grace the Present he design'd.

A Goblet rich with Gems, and rough with Gold,

Of Depth, and Breadth, the precious Pledge to hold,

With cruel Care he chose: The hollow Part distribution of the Lid conceal'd the Lover's Heart:

Then of his trusted Mischies, one he sent,

And bad him with these Words the Gift present;

Thy Father sends thee this, to cheer thy Breast,

And glad thy Sight with what thou lov'st the best;

As thou hast pleas'd his Eyes, and joy'd his Mind,

With what he lov'd the most of Humane Kind.

E'er this the Royal Dame, who well had weigh'd
The Consequence of what her Sire had said,
Fix'd on her Fate, against th' expected Hour,
Procur'd the Means to have it in her Pow'r:
For this, she had distill'd, with early Care,
The Juice of Simples, friendly to Despair,
A Magazine of Death; and thus prepar'd,
Secure to die, the satal Message heard:
Then smil'd severe; nor with a troubl'd Look,
Or trembling Hand, the Fun'ral Present took;
Ev'n kept her Count'nance, when the Lid remov'd,
Disclos'd the Heart, unfortunately lov'd:

She needed not be told within whose Breast
It lodg'd; the Message had explain'd the rest.

Or not amaz'd, or hiding her Surprize,
She sternly on the Bearer six'd her Eyes:
Then thus; Tell Tancred, on his Daughters part,
The Gold, though precious, equals not the Heart:
But he did well to give his best; and I,
Who wish'd a worthier Urn, forgive his Poverty.

At this, she curb'd a Groan, that else had come, And pausing, view'd the Present in the Tomb: Or analysis of Then, to the Heart ador'd, devoutly glew'd and have I don'd Her Lips, and raising it, her Speech renew'd; I want back Ev'n from my Day of Birth, to this, the Bound Of my unhappy Being, I have found My Father's Care, and Tenderness express'd: What I want this last Act of Love excels the rest: I be lied and Tym For this so dear a Present, bear him back Word Las and The best Return that I can live to make.

The Messenger dispatch'd, again she view'd the lov'd Remains, and sighing, thus pursu'd;

Source of my Life, and Lord of my Desires,
In whom I liv'd, with whom my Soul expires;

Poor Heart, no more the Spring of Vital Heat,

Curs'd be the Hands that tore thee from thy Seat!

The Course is sinish'd, which thy Fates decreed,

And thou, from thy Corporeal Prison freed:

Soon hast thou reach'd the Goal with mended Pace,

A World of Woes dispatch'd in little space:

Forc'd

Forc'd by thy Worth, thy Foe in Death become Thy Friend, has lodg'd thee in a costly Tomb; There yet remain'd thy Fun'ral Exequies, to become ton 10 The weeping Tribute of thy Widows Eyes, And those, indulgent Heav'n has found the way That I, before my Death, have leave to pay. My Father ev'n in Cruelty is kind, Or Heav'n has turn'd the Malice of his Mind To better Uses than his Hate design'd; And made th' Infult which in his Gift appears, The Means to mourn thee with my pious Tears; Which I will pay thee down, before I go, And fave my felf the Pains to weep below, If Souls can weep; though once I meant to meet My Fate with Face unmov'd, and Eyes unwet, Yet fince I have thee here in narrow Room, My Tears shall set thee first affoat within thy Tomb: Then (as I know thy Spirit hovers nigh) Under thy friendly Conduct will I fly To Regions unexplor'd, secure to share Thy State; nor Hell shall Punishment appear; And Heav'n is double Heav'n, if thou art there.

She faid: Her brim-full Eyes, that ready stood,
And only wanted Will to weep a Flood,
Releas'd their watry Store, and pour'd amain,
Like Clouds low hung, a sober Show'r of Rain;
Mute solemn Sorrow, free from Female Noise,
Such as the Majesty of Grief destroys:

A World of Woes dispatch'd in little space:

For;

For, bending o'er the Cup, the Tears she shed Seem'd by the Posture to discharge her Head, O'er-fill'd before; and oft (her Mouth apply'd To the cold Heart) she kiss'd at once, and cry'd. Her Maids, who stood amaz'd, nor knew the Cause Of her Complaining, nor whose Heart it was; 11911 25 301 Yet all due Measures of her Mourning kept, Moislage od W Did Office at the Dirge, and by Infection wept; bankla And oft enquir'd th' Occasion of her Grief, (Unanswer'd but by Sighs) and offer'd vain Relief. At length, her Stock of Tears already shed, of Tears already shed, She wip'd her Eyes, she rais'd her drooping Head, And thus pursu'd: O ever faithful Heart, I have perform'd the Ceremonial Part, The Decencies of Grief: It rests behind, That as our Bodies were, our Souls be join'd: To thy whate'er abode, my Shade convey, And as an elder Ghost, direct the way. To Boll it sol of She faid; and bad the Vial to be brought, and note it by Where she before had brew'd the deadly Draught, First pouring out the med'cinable Bane, The Heart, her Tears had rins'd, she bath'd again; Then down her Throat the Death fecurely throws, And quaffs a long Oblivion of her Woes. And ftill conceal'd, to gratifie thy Prid

This done, she mounts the Genial Bed, and there,
(Her Body first compos'd with honest Care,)
Attends the welcom Rest: Her Hands yet hold
Close to her Heart, the Monumental Gold;

Exposi

Nor farther Word she spoke, but clos'd her Sight,
And quiet, sought the Covert of the Night.

The Damfels, who the while in Silence mourn'd,
Not knowing, nor suspecting Death suborn'd,
Yet, as their Duty was, to Tancred sent,
Who, conscious of th' Occasion, fear'd th' Event.
Alarm'd, and with presaging Heart he came,
And drew the Curtains, and expos'd the Dame
To loathsom Light: then with a late Relief
Made vain Efforts, to mitigate her Grief.
She, what she could, excluding Day, her Eyes
Kept sirmly seal'd, and sternly thus replies:

And Sorrow, unavailing now to thee:
Did ever Man before, afflict his Mind,
To fee th' Effect of what himfelf defign'd?
Yet if thou hast remaining in thy Heart
Some Sense of Love, some unextinguish'd Part
Of former Kindness, largely once profess'd,
Let me by that adjure thy harden'd Breast,
Not to deny thy Daughters last Request:
The secret Love, which I so long enjoy'd,
And still conceal'd, to gratisfie thy Pride,
Thou hast disjoin'd; but, with my dying Breath,
Seek not, I beg thee, to disjoin our Death:
Where-e'er his Corps by thy Command is laid,
Thither let mine in publick be convey'd;

Expos'd in open View, and Side by Side, Acknowledg'd as a Bridegroom and a Bride.

The Prince's Anguish hinder'd his Reply:
And she, who selt her Fate approaching nigh,
Seiz'd the cold Heart, and heaving to her Breast,
Here, precious Pledge, she said, securely rest:
These Accents were her last; the creeping Death
Benum'd her Senses first, then stopp'd her Breath.

Thus she for Disobedience justly dy'd;
The Sire was justly punish'd for his Pride:
The Youth, least guilty, suffer'd for th' Offence
Of Duty violated to his Prince;
Who late repenting of his cruel Deed,
One common Sepulcher for both decreed;
Intomb'd the wretched Pair in Royal State,
And on their Monument inscrib'd their Fate.

Acknowledged as a Bridegroom and a Bridesuck warm had The Prince's Anguilly hindered his Reply: sistemed and And the, who felt her Fate approaching high, growen your Seiz'd the cold Heart, and heaving to her Breaft, and see and Here, precious Pledge, the faid, fecurely reft : avoising od V These Accents were her last; the creeping Death and A Benum'd her Senfes first, then stopp'd her Breath. with bat To los hom Light a they well Thus the for Difohedience juftly dy'd sawaff me sheld The Sire was juftly punified for his Pride mose of note and The Youth, leaft gurley, fuffer'd for the Offence Of Duty violated to his Prince; Who late repenting of his cruel Deed, a mentar he am't One common Sepulcher for both decreed and worms brid And on their Monument inferibid their Enternation of the a displication of the part and BAUCIS

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BAUCIS

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PHILEMON,

Out of the Eighth Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The Author pursuing the Deeds of Theseus; relates how He; with his Friend Perithous, were invited by Achelous, the River-God, to stay with him, till his Waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with a Relation of his own Love to Perimele, who was chang'd into an Island by Neptune, at his Request. Perithous, being an Atheist, derides the Legend, and denies the Power of the Gods, to work that Miracle. Lelex, another Companion of Theseus, to construct the Story of Achelous, relates another Metamorphosis of Baucis and Philemon, into Trees; of which he was partly an Eye-witness.

With admiration, and admiring, fear
The Pow'rs of Heav'n; except Ixion's Son,
Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in none:
He shook his impious Head, and thus replies,
These Legends are no more than pious Lies:
You attribute too much to Heavenly Sway,
To think they give us Forms, and take away.

The

The rest of better Minds, their Sense declar'd Against this Doctrine, and with Horrour heard. Then Lelex rose, an old experienc'd Man, And thus with fober Gravity began; Heav'ns Pow'r is Infinite: Earth, Air, and Sea, The Manufacture Mass, the making Pow'r obey: By Proof to clear your Doubt; In Phrygian Ground Two neighb'ring Trees, with Walls encompass'd round, Stand on a mod'rate Rife, with wonder shown, One a hard Oak, a fofter Linden one: I faw the Place and them, by Pittheus fent To Phrygian Realms, my Grandfire's Government. Not far from thence is seen a Lake, the Haunt Of Coots, and of the fishing Cormorant: Here Fove with Hermes came; but in Disguise Of mortal Men conceal'd their Deities; One laid afide his Thunder, one his Rod; And many toilsom Steps together trod: For Harbour at a thousand Doors they knock'd. Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd. At last an hospitable House they found, A homely Shed, the Roof, not far from Ground, Was thatch'd with Reeds, and Straw together bound. There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there Had liv'd long marry'd, and a happy Pair: Now old in Love, though little was their Store, Inur'd to Want, their Poverty they bore, Nor aim'd at Wealth, professing to be poor.

For

For Master or for Servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only Two were All.
Command was none, where equal Love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.

From lofty Roofs the Gods repuls'd before, Now stooping, enter'd through the little Door: The Man (their hearty Welcome first express'd) A common Settle drew for either Guest, Inviting each his weary Limbs to rest. But e'er they fat, officious Baucis lays Two Cushions stuff'd with Straw, the Seat to raise; Course, but the best she had; then rakes the Load Of Ashes from the Hearth, and spreads abroad The living Coals; and, lest they shou'd expire, With Leaves and Barks she feeds her Infant-fire: It smoaks; and then with trembling Breath she blows, Till in a chearful Blaze the Flames arose. With Brush-wood and with Chips she strengthens these, And adds at last the Boughs of rotten Trees. The Fire thus form'd, she sets the Kettle on, (Like burnish'd Gold the little Seether shone) Next took the Coleworts which her Husband got From his own Ground, (a fmall well-water'd Spot 5) She stripp'd the Stalks of all their Leaves; the best She cull'd, and then with handy-care she dress'd. High o'er the Hearth a Chine of Bacon hung; Good old Philemon seiz'd it with a Prong, And from the footy Rafter drew it down, Then cut a Slice, but scarce enough for one;

Yet a large Portion of a little Store,
Which for their Sakes alone he wish'd were more.
This in the Pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the Flesh, and drain the Salt away.
The Time between, before the Fire they sat,
And shorten'd the Delay by pleasing Chat.

A Beam there was, on which a Beechen Pail Hung by the Handle, on a driven Nail: This fill'd with Water, gently warm'd, they fet Before their Guests; in this they bath'd their Feet, And after with clean Towels dry'd their Sweat: This done, the Host produc'd the genial Bed, Sallow the Feet, the Borders, and the Sted, Which with no costly Coverlet they spread; But course old Garments, yet such Robes as these They laid alone, at Feasts, on Holydays. The good old Huswife tucking up her Gown, The Table sets; th' invited Gods lie down. The Trivet-Table of a Foot was lame, A Blot which prudent Baucis overcame, Who thrusts beneath the limping Leg, a Sherd. So was the mended Board exactly rear'd: Then rubb'd it o'er with newly-gather'd Mint, A wholesom Herb, that breath'd a grateful Scent. Pallas began the Feast, where first was seen The party-colour'd Olive, Black, and Green: Autumnal Cornels next in order serv'd, In Lees of Wine well pickl'd, and preferv'd.

A

A Garden-Sallad was the third Supply, Of Endive, Radishes, and Succory: Then Curds and Cream, the Flow'r of Country-Fare, And new-laid Eggs, which Baucis busie Care Turn'd by a gentle Fire, and roasted rear. All these in Earthen Ware were serv'd to Board; And next in place, an Earthen Pitcher stor'd, With Liquor of the best the Cottage cou'd afford. This was the Tables Ornament, and Pride, With Figures wrought: Like Pages at his Side Stood Beechen Bowls; and these were shining clean, Vernish'd with Wax without, and lin'd within. By this the boiling Kettle had prepar'd, And to the Table fent the smoaking Lard; On which with eager Appetite they dine, A fav'ry Bit, that ferv'd to rellish Wine: The Wine it felf was fuiting to the rest, Still working in the Must, and lately press'd. The Second Course succeeds like that before, Plums, Apples, Nuts, and of their Wintry Store, Dry Figs, and Grapes, and wrinkl'd Dates were fet In Canisters, t' enlarge the little Treat: All these a Milk-white Honey-comb surround, Which in the midst the Country-Banquet crown'd: But the kind Hofts their Entertainment grace With hearty Welcom, and an open Face: In all they did, you might difcern with eafe, A willing Mind, and a Defire to pleafe. They halle, and what their cordy Feet d

Mean time the Beechen Bowls went round, and still Though often empty'd, were observ'd to fill; Fill'd without Hands, and of their own accord Ran without Feet, and danc'd about the Board.

Devotion seiz'd the Pair, to see the Feast With Wine, and of no common Grape, increas'd; And up they held their Hands, and fell to Pray'r, Excusing as they cou'd, their Country Fare.

One Goose they had, ('twas all they cou'd allow) A wakeful Cent'ry, and on Duty now, Whom to the Gods for Sacrifice they vow: Her, with malicious Zeal, the Couple view'd; She ran for Life, and limping they pursu'd: Full well the Fowl perceiv'd their bad intent, And wou'd not make her Masters Compliment; But perfecuted, to the Pow'rs she flies, And close between the Legs of Fove she lies: He with a gracious Ear the Suppliant heard, And fav'd her Life; then what he was declar'd, And own'd the God. The Neighbourhood, faid he, Shall justly perish for Impiety: You stand alone exempted; but obey With speed, and follow where we lead the way: Leave these accurs'd; and to the Mountains Height Ascend; nor once look backward in your Flight.

They haste, and what their tardy Feet deny'd, The trusty Staff (their better Leg) supply'd. An Arrows Flight they wanted to the Top,
And there fecure, but spent with Travel, stop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden Eyes;
Lost in a Lake the floated Level lies:
A Watry Defart covers all the Plains,
Their Cot alone, as in an Isle, remains:
Wondring with weeping Eyes, while they deplore
Their Neighbours Fate, and Country now no more,
Their little Shed, scarce large enough for Two,
Seems, from the Ground increas'd, in Height and Bulk to grow.
A stately Temple shoots within the Skies,
The Crotches of their Cot in Columns rise:
The Pavement polish'd Marble they behold,
The Gates with Sculpture grac'd, the Spires and Tiles of Gold.

Then thus the Sire of Gods, with Look ferene,

Speak thy Defire, thou only Just of Men;

And thou, O Woman, only worthy found

To be with such a Man in Marriage bound.

A while they whisper; then to Jove address'd,

Philemon thus prefers their joint Request.

We crave to serve before your sacred Shrine,

And offer at your Altars Rites Divine:

And since not any Action of our Life

Has been polluted with Domestick Strife,

We beg one Hour of Death; that neither she

With Widows Tears may live to bury me,

Nor weeping I, with wither'd Arms may bear

My breathless Baucis to the Sepulcher.

The Godheads fign their Suit. They run their Race In the same Tenor all th' appointed Space: Then, when their Hour was come, while they relate These past Adventures at the Temple-gate, Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen Sprouting with sudden Leaves of sprittely Green: Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood, And faw his lengthen'd Arms a sprouting Wood: New Roots their fasten'd Feet begin to bind, Their Bodies stiffen in a rising Rind: Then e'er the Bark above their Shoulders grew, They give and take at once their last Adieu: At once, Farewell, O faithful Spouse, they faid; At once th' incroaching Rinds their closing Lips invade. Ev'n yet, an ancient Tyanaan shows A spreading Oak, that near a Linden grows; The Neighbourhood confirm the Prodigie, Grave Men, not vain of Tongue, or like to lie. I saw my self the Garlands on their Boughs, And Tablets hung for Gifts of granted Vows; And off'ring fresher up, with pious Pray'r, The Good, said I, are God's peculiar Care, And fuch as honour Heav'n, shall heav'nly Honour share.

AMDIQUE L with without d Arms may bear

My breathlets Benefit touche Seguicher, and

PYGMALION

ANDTHE

STATUE,

Out of the

Tenth Book

OF

OVID'S

Metamorphoses.

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PYGMALION

ANDTHE

STATUE,

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OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

And full the more he knows it loves the

The Propatides, for their impudent Behaviour, being turn'd into Stone by Venus, Pygmalion, Prince of Cyprus, detected all Women for their Sake, and resolv'd never to marry: He falls in love with a Statue of his own making, which is chang'd into a Maid, whom he marries. One of his Descendants is Cinyras, the Father of Myrrha; the Daughter incestuously loves her own Father; for which she is chang'd into the Tree which bears her Name. These two Stories immediately follow each other, and are admirably well connected.

Abhorr'd all Womankind, but most a Wife:

So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed,

Well pleas'd to want a Consort of his Bed.

Yet fearing Idleness, the Nurse of Ill,

In Sculpture exercis'd his happy Skill;

And carv'd in Iv'ry such a Maid, so fair,

As Nature could not with his Art compare,

BLA

Were

Were

Were she to work; but in her own Defence Must take her Pattern here, and copy hence. Pleas'd with his Idol, he commends, admires, Adores; and last, the Thing ador'd, desires. A very Virgin in her Face was feen, And had she mov'd, a living Maid had been: One wou'd have thought she cou'd have stirr'd; but strove With Modesty, and was asham'd to move. Art hid with Art, fo well perform'd the Cheat, It caught the Carver with his own Deceit: He knows 'tis Madness, yet he must adore, And still the more he knows it, loves the more: The Flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft, birgory add Which feels to fmooth, that he believes it foft. and come Fir'd with this Thought, at once he strain'd the Breast, And on the Lips a burning Kifs impress'dative and at allist 'Tis true, the harden'd Breast resists the Gripe, in M a othis And the cold Lips return a Kifs unripe: 157 add terrynio But when, retiring back, he look'd agen, and red sevol To think it Iv'ry, was a Thought too mean: a smed dailed So wou'd believe the kiss'd, and courting more, to do as Again embrac'd her naked Body o'er; And straining hard the Statue, was afraid His Hands had made a Dint, and hurt his Maid: Explor'd her, Limb by Limb, and fear'd to find So rude a Gripe had left a livid Mark behind: bassle lle W With Flatt'ry now, he feeks her Mind to move, And now with Gifts, (the pow'rful Bribes of Love:) He furnishes her Closet first; and fills vivi ni b viso bal The crowded Shelves with Rarities of Shells good on It al

Adds

Adds Orient Pearls, which from the Conchs he drew, And all the sparkling Stones of various Hue: And Parrots, imitating Humane Tongue, And Singing-birds in Silver Cages hung; And ev'ry fragrant Flow'r, and od'rous Green, Were forted well, with Lumps of Amber laid between: Rich, fashionable Robes her Person deck, Pendants her Ears, and Pearls adorn her Neck: Her taper'd Fingers too with Rings are grac'd, And an embroider'd Zone surrounds her slender Waste. Thus like a Queen array'd, so richly dress'd, Beauteous she shew'd, but naked shew'd the best. Then, from the Floor, he rais'd a Royal Bed, With Cov'rings of Sydonian Purple spread: The Solemn Rites perform'd, he calls her Bride, With Blandishments invites her to his Side, And as the were with Vital Sense possess'd, and a subside of the Her Head did on a plumy Pillow rest. s not som bas me?

The Feast of Venus came, a Solemn Day,
To which the Cypriots due Devotion pay;
With gilded Horns, the Milk-white Heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the facred Altars, bled:
Pygmalion off'ring, first, approach'd the Shrine,
And then with Pray'rs implor'd the Pow'rs Divine,
Almighty Gods, if all we Mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant;
Make this fair Statue mine, he wou'd have said,
But chang'd his Words, for shame; and only pray'd,
Give me the Likeness of my Iv'ry Maid.

The Golden Goddess, present at the Pray'r, Well knew he meant th' inanimated Fair, And gave the Sign of granting his Defire; For thrice in chearful Flames ascends the Fire. The Youth, returning to his Mistress, hies, And impudent in Hope, with ardent Eyes, And beating Breast, by the dear Statue lies. He kisses her white Lips, renews the Bliss, And looks, and thinks they redden at the Kiss; He thought them warm before: Nor longer stays, But next his Hand on her hard Bosom lays: Hard as it was, beginning to relent, It seem'd, the Breast beneath his Fingers bent; He felt again, his Fingers made a Print, 'Twas Flesh, but Flesh so firm, it rose against the Dint: The pleasing Task he fails not to renew; Soft, and more foft at ev'ry Touch it grew; Like pliant Wax, when chafing Hands reduce The former Mass to Form, and frame for Use. He would believe, but yet is still in pain, And tries his Argument of Sense again, Presses the Pulse, and feels the leaping Vein. Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his studied Thanks and Praise, To her who made the Miracle, he pays: Then Lips to Lips he join'd; now freed from Fear, He found the Savour of the Kiss sincere: At this the waken'd Image op'd her Eyes, And view'd at once the Light and Lover, with furprize. Save me the Likemets of my Iv'ty Maid. The Goddess present at the Match she made,
So bless'd the Bed, such Fruitsulness convey'd,
That e'er ten Moons had sharpen'd either Horn,
To crown their Bliss, a lovely Boy was born;
Paphos his Name, who grown to Manhood, wall'd
The City Paphos, from the Founder call'd.

the Goddets prefere at the March the made, To crown their line, a levely Boy was both and looke and though the control of the An Two Men, but Sielle Se shin, or well shained the Din the parameter hand for the parameter of the first

CINYRAS

AND

MYRRHA,

Out of the

Tenth Book

OF

OVID'S

Metamorphoses.

CINYRAS

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Out of the

Tenth Book

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S. QIAO

Metamorphofes.

CINYRAS

Cinvras and Myrrha.

Since Nature cou'd behold to due a Crime

Cupid denies to have inflam d thy Heart,

Let Anaby excel her hanny Carl A

MYRRHA.

Out of the Tenth Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no Connection of this Story with the Former; for the Beginning of This immediately follows the End of the Last: The Reader is only to take notice, that Orphcus, who relates both, was by Birth a Thracian; and his Country far distant from Cyprus where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia whither she sted. You will see the Reason of this Note, soon after the sirst Lines of this Fable.

But Cinyras, who like his Sire had been
A happy Prince, had he not been a Sire.

Daughters and Fathers from my Song retire;
I fing of Horrour; and could I prevail,
You shou'd not hear, or not believe my Tale.
Yet if the Pleasure of my Song be such,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive listen to the last Event,
And with the Sin believe the Punishment:

Since

Since Nature cou'd behold so dire a Crime, I gratulate at least my Native Clime, That fuch a Land, which fuch a Monster bore, So far is distant from our Thracian Shore. Let Araby extol her happy Coast, Her Cinamon, and sweet Amonum boast, Her fragrant Flow'rs, her Trees with precious Tears, Her fecond Harvests, and her double Years; How can the Land be call'd so bless'd that Myrrha bears? Nor all her od'rous Tears can cleanse her Crime, Her Plant alone deforms the happy Clime : Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy Heart, Disowns thy Love, and vindicates his Dart: There needs no Some Fury gave thee those infernal Pains, And shot her venom'd Vipers in thy Veins. To hate thy Sire, had meritted a Curse; But such an impious Love deserv'd a worse. The Neighb'ring Monarchs, by thy Beauty led, Contend in Crowds, ambitious of thy Bed: The World is at thy Choice; except but one, Except but him thou canst not chuse alone. She knew it too, the miserable Maid, E'er impious Love her better Thoughts betray'd, And thus within her fecret Soul she said: Ah Myrrha! whither wou'd thy Wishes tend? Ye Gods, ye facred Laws, my Soul defend From such a Crime, as all Mankind detest, And never lodg'd before in Humane Breaft! But is it Sin? Or makes my Mind alone Th' imagin'd Sin ? For Nature makes it none.

What

What Tyrant then these envious Laws began, Made not for any other Beaft, but Man! The Father-Bull his Daughter may bestride, The Horse may make his Mother-Mare a Bride; What Piety forbids the lufty Ram Or more salacious Goat, to rut their Dam? The Hen is free to wed the Chick she bore, And make a Husband, whom she hatch'd before. All Creatures else are of a happier Kind, Whom nor ill-natur'd Laws from Pleasure bind, Nor Thoughts of Sin disturb their Peace of Mind. But Man, a Slave of his own making lives; The Fool denies himself what Nature gives: Too busie Senates, with an over-care To make us better than our Kind can bear, Have dash'd a Spice of Envy in the Laws, And straining up too high, have spoil'd the Cause. Yet some wise Nations break their cruel Chains, And own no Laws, but those which Love ordains: Where happy Daughters with their Sires are join'd, And Piety is doubly paid in Kind. O that I had been born in fuch a Clime, Not here, where 'tis the Country makes the Crime! But whither wou'd my impious Fancy stray? Hence Hopes, and ye forbidden Thoughts away! His Worth deserves to kindle my Desires, But with the Love, that Daughters bear to Sires. Then had not Cinyras my Father been, What hinder'd Myrrha's Hopes to be his Queen?

3118

But the Perverseness of my Fate is such, That he's not mine, because he's mine too much: Our Kindred-Blood debars a better Tie; He might be nearer, were he not so nigh. Eyes and their Ojects never must unite, Some Distance is requir'd to help the Sight: Fain wou'd I travel to some Foreign Shore, Never to see my Native Country more, So might I to my self my self restore; So might my Mind these impious Thoughts remove, And ceasing to behold, might cease to love. But stay I must, to feed my famish'd Sight, To talk, to kiss; and more, if more I might: More, impious Maid! What more canst thou defign, To make a monstrous Mixture in thy Line, And break all Statutes Humane and Divine? Canst thou be call'd (to save thy wretched Life) Thy Mother's Rival, and thy Father's Wife? Confound so many facred Names in one, Thy Brother's Mother, Sifter to thy Son! And fear'st thou not to see th' Infernal Bands, Their Heads with Snakes, with Torches arm'd their Hands; Full at thy Face, th' avenging Brands to bear, And, shake the Serpents from their hissing Hair? But thou in time th' increasing Ill controul, Nor first debauch the Body by the Soul; Secure the facred Quiet of thy Mind, as a woll all diversity And keep the Sanctions Nature has design'd. Suppose I shou'd attempt, th' Attempt were vain, No Thoughts like mine his finless Soul profane: Observant

Observant of the Right; and O, that he and the ball Cou'd cure my Madness, or be mad like me! I be mad like me! Thus she: But Cinyras who daily sees a supply of work A Crowd of Noble Suitors at his Knees, ow but the buoth Among fo many, knew not whom to chuse, who are a sport Irresolute to grant, or to refuse. how med mow med But having told their Names, enquir'd of her, and a modified and Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would prefer? he but The blushing Maid stood silent with Surprize, And on her Father fix'd her ardent Eyes, And looking figh'd, and as she figh'd, began Round Tears to shed, that scalded as they ran-The tender Sire, who saw her blush, and cry, who still be a still Ascrib'd it all to Maiden-modesty, And dry'd the falling Drops, and yet more kind, He stroak'd her Cheeks, and holy Kisses join'd. She felt a secret Venom fire her Blood, de and a shelw not? And found more Pleasure than a Daughter shou'd; And, ask'd again, what Lover of the Crew She lik'd the best, she answer'd, One like you. Mistaking what she meant, her pious Will He prais'd, and bad her so continue still: The Word of Pious heard, she blush'd with shame Of fecret Guilt, and cou'd not bear the Name.

'Twas now the mid of Night, when Slumbers close Our Eyes, and sooth our Cares with soft Repose;
But no Repose cou'd wretched Myrrha find,
Her Body rouling, as she rould her Mind:

Mad with Defire, the ruminates her Sin, in the state of t And wishes all her Wishes o'er again : lander with 5 mo Now she despairs, and now resolves to try; Wou'd not, and wou'd again, she knows not why; Stops, and returns, makes and retracts the Vow; not promise Fain wou'd begin, but understands not how. The opening of the land As when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains, blot graved and And the last mortal Stroke alone remains, and bands of W Lab'ring in Pangs of Death, and threatning all, and the This way, and that she nods, considiring where to fall: ball So Myrrha's Mind, impell'd on either Side, and and on but Takes ev'ry Bent, but cannot long abide : A or and I band Irresolute on which she shou'd relie, was odw one rebear adT At last unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die; Months is believed On that fad Thought she rests, resolv'd on Death, bank She rifes, and prepares to choak her Breath? Then while about the Beam her Zone she ties, Dear Cinyras, farewell, the foftly cries; For thee I die, and only wish to be Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee: Pardon the Crime, in pity to the Cause: This faid, about her Neck the Noose she draws. The Nurse, who lay without, her faithful Guard, Though not the Words, the Murmurs overheard, And Sighs, and hollow Sounds: Surpriz'd with Fright, She starts, and leaves her Bed, and springs a Light; Unlocks the Door, and entring out of Breath, The Dying saw, and Instruments of Death; She shrieks, she cuts the Zone, with trembling haste, And in her Arms, her fainting Charge embrac'd:

Next, (for the now had leifure for her Tears) She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming Years, blind but What unforeseen Missortune caus'd her Care, with whol mad I To loath her Life, and languish in Despair! you ovol no? The Maid, with down-cast Eyes, and mute with Griefol For Death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd Relief, but and no oil A. Stood fullen to her Suit: The Beldame press'd The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd Breast, Ilan 10/1 Adjur'd her by the kindly Food shew drew with some should From those dry Founts, her secret Ill to shew. Sad Myrrha figh'd, and turn'd her Eyes afide; Words had The Nurse still urg'd, and wou'd not be deny'd: Nor only promis'd Secrefie; but pray'd She might have leave to give her offer'd Aid. Good-will, she said, my want of Strength supplies, And Diligence shall give, what Age denies: If strong Desires thy Mind to Fury move, With Charms, and Med'cines, I can cure thy Love: If envious Eyes their hurtful Rays have cast, More pow'rful Verse shall free thee from the Blast: If Heav'n offended fends thee this Difeafe, Offended Heav'n with Pray'rs we can appeale. What then remains, that can these Cares procure? Thy House is flourishing, thy Fortune sure: Thy careful Mother yet in Health survives, And, to thy Comfort, thy kind Father lives. The Virgin started at her Father's Name, And figh'd profoundly, conscious of the Shame: Nor yet the Nurse her impious Love divin'd; in Libraria But yet surmis'd, that Love disturb'd her Mind:

Thus thinking, she pursu'd her Point, and laid And lull'd within her Lap the mourning Maid; Then foftly footh'd her thus, I guess your Grief: You love, my Child; your Love shall find Relief. I do T My long-experienc'd Age shall be your Guide; Relie on that, and lay Distrust aside: No Breath of Air shall on the Secret blow, Nor shall (what most you fear) your Father know. Struck once again, as with a Thunder-clap, The guilty Virgin bounded from her Lap, And threw her Body prostrate on the Bed, And, to conceal her Blushes, hid her Head: There silent lay, and warn'd her with her Hand To go: But she receiv'd not the Command; Remaining still importunate to know : A land of the book Then Myrrha thus; Or ask no more, or go: I prethee go, or staying spare my Shame; What thou wou'dst hear, is impious ev'n to name. At this, on high the Beldame holds her Hands, when the And trembling, both with Age, and Terrour, stands; Adjures, and falling at her Feet intreats, Sooths her with Blandishments, and frights with Threats, To tell the Crime intended, or disclose What Part of it she knew, if she no farther knows. And last; if conscious to her Counsel made, Confirms anew the Promise of her Aid. Now Myrrha rais'd her Head; but soon oppress'd With Shame, reclin'd it on her Nurses Breast; Bath'd it with Tears, and strove to have confess'd:

Twice

Twice she began, and stopp'd; again she try'd; The falt'ring Tongue its Office still deny'd. At last her Veil before her Face she spread, And drew a long preluding Sigh, and faid, O happy Mother, in thy Marriage-bed! Then groan'd, and ceas'd; the good Old Woman shook, Stiff were her Eyes, and ghastly was her Look: Her hoary Hair upright with Horrour stood, Made (to her Grief) more knowing than she wou'd: Much she reproach'd, and many Things she said, To cure the Madness of th' unhappy Maid: In vain: For Myrrha stood convict of Ill; Her Reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her Will: Perverse of Mind, unable to reply; She stood resolv'd or to possess, or die. At length the Fondness of a Nurse prevail'd Against her better Sense, and Vertue fail'd: Enjoy, my Child, since such is thy Desire, Thy Love, she said; she durst not say, thy Sire, Live, though unhappy, live on any Terms: Then with a second Oath her Faith confirms.

The Solemn Feast of Ceres now was near,
When long white Linen Stoles the Matrons wear;
Rank'd in Procession walk the pious Train,
Off'ring First-fruits, and Spikes of yellow Grain!
For nine long Nights the Nuptial-Bed they shun,
And sanctifying Harvest, lie alone.

Twice the began, and flored again

Mix'd with the Crowd, the Queen forfook her Lord, And Ceres Pow'r with secret Rites ador'd: d lov and and iA The Royal Couch now vacant for a time, and a work had The crafty Crone, officious in her Crime, word O The curst Occasion took: The King she found asons and I Easie with Wine, and deep in Pleasures drown'd, Prepar'd for Love: The Beldame blew the Flame, visual all Confess'd the Passion, but conceal'd the Name and of obtain Her Form she prais'd; the Monarch ask'd her Years, hald And the reply'd, The fame thy Myrrha bears. And the reply'd, Wine and commended Beauty fir'd his Thought and the Impatient, he commands her to be brought. Pleas'd with her Charge perform'd, she hies her home, And gratulates the Nymph, the Task was overcome. Myrrha was joy'd the welcom News to hear; But clogg'd with Guilt, the Joy was unfincere: So various, fo discordant is the Mind, That in our Will, a diff'rent Will we find. I so svol will Ill she presag'd, and yet pursu'd her Lust; and amond avid For guilty Pleasures give a double Gust. 'Twas Depth of Night: Arctophylax had driv'n His lazy Wain half round the Northern Heav'n; When Myrrha hasten'd to the Crime desir'd, The Moon beheld her first, and first retir'd: The Stars amaz'd, ran backward from the Sight, And (shrunk within their Sockets) lost their Light. Icarius first withdraws his holy Flame: The Virgin Sign, in Heav'n the second Name,

Slides down the Belt, and from her Station flies, and I bank And Night with Sable Clouds involves the Skies and I Bold Myrrha still pursues her black Intent; and and to light She stumbl'd thrice, (an Omen of th' Event;) Thrice shriek'd the Fun'ral Owl, yet on she went, as 1940) Secure of Shame, because secure of Sight; dans moupon to I Ev'n bashful Sins are impudent by Night. bash a mid list Link'd Hand in Hand, th' Accomplice, and the Dame, John Their Way exploring, to the Chamber came: and guord bath The Door was ope, they blindly grope their Way, of brought Where dark in Bed th' expecting Monarch lay: A seed doing Thus far her Courage held, but here forfakes; and mon ma Her faint Knees knock at ev'ry Step she makes. The nearer to her Crime, the more within that bruovel and T She feels Remorfe, and Horrour of her Sin; ambany good Repents too late her criminal Defire, And the or agreed with And wishes, that unknown she cou'd retire. A said being non't Her, lingring thus, the Nurse (who fear'd Delay and bal The fatal Secret might at length betray) ooM od somit only Pull'd forward, to compleat the Work begun, And faid to Cinyras, Receive thy own: nobred on his but Thus faying, she deliver'd Kind to Kind, Accurs'd, and their devoted Bodies join'd. I game of and I The Sire, unknowing of the Crime, admits do dhugus al His Bowels, and profanes the hallow'd Sheets; He found she trembl'd, but believ'd she strove With Maiden Modesty, against her Love, And fought with flatting Words vain Fancies to remove. Perhaps he said, My Daughter, cease thy Fears, and sould solve (Because the Title suited with her Years;)

And Father, she might whisper him agen, That Names might not be wanting to the Sin. Full of her Sire, she left th' incestuous Bed, And carry'd in her Womb the Crime she bred: Another, and another Night she came; For frequent Sin had left no Sense of Shame: Till Cinyras desir'd to see her Face, Whose Body he had held in close Embrace, And brought a Taper; the Revealer, Light, Expos'd both Crime, and Criminal to Sight: Grief, Rage, Amazement, cou'd no Speech afford, But from the Sheath he drew th' avenging Sword; The Guilty fled: The Benefit of Night, and I want That favour'd first the Sin, secur'd the Flight. Long wandring through the spacious Fields, she bent Her Voyage to th' Arabian Continent; Then pass'd the Region which Panchaa join'd, And flying left the Palmy Plains behind. Nine times the Moon had mew'd her Horns; at length With Travel weary, unsupply'd with Strength, And with the Burden of her Womb oppress'd, Sabaan Fields afford her needful Rest: There, loathing Life, and yet of Death afraid, In anguish of her Spirit, thus she pray'd. Ye Pow'rs, if any fo propitious are T' accept my Penitence, and hear my Pray'r; Your Judgments, I confess, are justly sent; Great Sins deserve as great a Punishment: Yet since my Life the Living will profane, And fince my Death the happy Dead will stain,

A middle State your Mercy may bestow, Betwixt the Realms above, and those below: Some other Form to wretched Myrrha give, Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live. The Pray'rs of Penitents are never vain; At least, she did her last Request obtain : Wo For while she spoke, the Ground began to rife, And gather'd round her Feet, her Leggs, and Thighs; Her Toes in Roots descend, and spreading wide, A firm Foundation for the Trunk provide: Her folid Bones convert to folid Wood, To Pith her Marrow, and to Sap her Blood: Her Arms are Boughs, her Fingers change their Kind, Her tender Skin is harden'd into Rind. And now the rifing Tree her Womb invests, Now, shooting upwards still, invades her Breasts, And shades the Neck; when, weary with Delay, She funk her Head within, and met it half the Way! I over the And though with outward Shape she lost her Sense, With bitter Tears she wept her last Offence; And still she weeps, nor sheds her Tears in vain; For still the precious Drops her Name retain. Mean time the mif-begotten Infant grows, And, ripe for Birth, distends with deadly Throws The swelling Rind, with unavailing Strife, To leave the wooden Womb, and pushes into Life. Wol bank The Mother-Tree, as if oppress'd with Pain, Writhes here and there, to break the Bark, in vain; And, like a Lab'ring Woman, wou'd have pray'd, But wants a Voice to call Lucina's Aid:

The bending Bole fends out a hollow Sound, And trickling Tears fall thicker on the Ground. The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood Beside the struggling Boughs, and heard the groaning Wood! Then reach'd her Midwife-Hand, to speed the Throws, And spoke the pow'rful Spells that Babes to Birth disclose. The Bark divides, the living Load to free, And fafe delivers the Convulfive Tree. The ready Nymphs receive the crying Child, And wash him in the Tears the Parent-Plant distill'd. They fwath'd him with their Scarfs; beneath him spread The Ground with Herbs; with Roses rais'd his Head. The lovely Babe was born with ev'ry Grace, Ev'n Envy must have prais'd so fair a Face: Such was his Form, as Painters when they show Their utmost Art, on naked Loves bestow: And that their Arms no Diff'rence might betray, Give him a Bow, or his from Cupid take away. Time glides along, with undifcover'd hafte, The Future but a Length behind the past; So swift are Years: The Babe whom just before His Grandsire got, and whom his Sister bore; The Drop, the Thing which late the Tree inclos'd, And late the yawning Bark to Life expos'd; A Babe, a Boy, a beauteous Youth appears, And lovelier than himself at riper Years. Now to the Queen of Love he gave Defires, And, with her Pains, reveng'd his Mother's Fires.

And like a kabing World word to

wrote a Voice to call Luciud's A

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

HOMER'S ILIAS.

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SAMMOH

I L'I A S.

The First Book of Homer's Ilias.

The ARGUMENT.

Chryses, Priest of Apollo, brings Presents to the Grecian Princes, to ransom his Daughter Chryseis, who was Prisoner in the Fleet. Agamemnon, the General, whose Captive and Mistress the young Lady was, refuses to deliver her, threatens the Venerable Old Man, and dismisses him with Contumely. The Priest craves Vengeance of his God; who sends a Plague among the Greeks: Which occasions Achilles, their Great Champion, to Summon a Council of the Chief Officers: He encourages Calchas, the High Priest and Prophet, to tell the Reason, why the Gods were so much incens'd against them. Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him: Then, embolden'd by the Heroe, he accuses the General as the Cause of all, by detaining the Fair Captive, and refusing the Presents offer'd for her Ransom. By this Proceeding, Agamemnon is oblig'd, against his Will, to restore Chryseis, with Gifts, that he might appeale the Wrath of Phoebus; but, at the same time, to revenge himself on Achilles, sends to seize his Slave Briseis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his Mother Thetis; and begs her to revenge his Injury, not only on the General, but on all the Army, by giving Victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful King became sensible of his Injustice. At the same time, he retires from the Camp into his Ships, and withdraws his Aid from his Country-men. Thetis prefers her Son's Petition to Jupiter, who grants her Sute. Juno suspects her Errand, and quarrels with her Husband, for his Grant; till Vulcan reconciles his Parents with a Bowl of Nectar, and sends them peaceably to Bed.

Whose dire Effects the Grecian Army sound:
And many a Heroe, King, and hardy Knight,
Were sent, in early Youth, to Shades of Night:
Their Limbs a Prey to Dogs and Vulturs made;
So was the Sov'reign Will of Jove obey'd:
From that ill-omen'd Hour when Strife begun,
Betwixt Atrides Great, and Thetis God-like Son.

What Pow'r provok'd, and for what Cause, relate, Sow'd, in their Breasts, the Seeds of stern Debate:

Jove's and Latona's Son his Wrath express'd,

In Vengeance of his violated Priest,

Against the King of Men; who swoln with Pride,

Refus'd his Presents, and his Pray'rs deny'd.

For this the God a swift Contagion spread

Amid the Camp; where Heaps on Heaps lay dead.

For Venerable Chryses came to buy,
With Gold and Gifts of Price, his Daughters Liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian Chiefs he stood;
Awful, and arm'd with Ensigns of his God:
Bare was his hoary Head; one holy Hand
Held forth his Laurel Crown, and one his Sceptre of Command.
His Suit was common; but above the rest,
To both the Brother-Princes thus address'd:

Ye Sons of Atrews, and ye Grecian Pow'rs,
So may the Gods who dwell in Heav'nly Bow'rs
Succeed your Siege, accord the Vows you make,
And give you Troys Imperial Town to take;
So, by their happy Conduct, may you come
With Conquest back to your sweet Native Home;
As you receive the Ransom which I bring,
(Respecting Jove, and the far-shooting King,)
And break my Daughters Bonds, at my desire;
And glad with her Return her grieving Sire.

With Shouts of loud Acclaim the Greeks decree To take the Gifts, to fet the Damsel free.

The King of Men alone with Fury burn'd; And haughty, these opprobrious Words return'd: Hence, Holy Dotard, and avoid my Sight, E'er Evil intercept thy tardy Flight: Nor dare to tread this interdicted Strand, Lest not that idle Sceptre in thy Hand, Nor thy God's Crown, my vow'd Revenge withstand. Hence on thy Life: The Captive-Maid is mine; Whom not for Price or Pray'rs I will refign: Mine she shall be, till creeping Age and Time Her Bloom have wither'd, and consum'd her Prime: Till then my Royal Bed she shall attend; And having first adorn'd it, late ascend: This, for the Night; by Day, the Web and Loom And homely Houshold-task, shall be her Doom, Far from thy lov'd Embrace, and her fweet Native Home. He said: The helpless Priest reply'd no more, But sped his Steps along the hoarse-resounding Shore: Silent he fled; secure at length he stood, Devoutly curs'd his Foes, and thus invok'd his God.

O Source of Sacred Light, attend my Pray'r,
God with the Silver Bow, and Golden Hair;
Whom Chrysa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
And whose broad Eye their happy Soil surveys:
If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy Shrine
The Blood of Oxen, Goats, and ruddy Wine,
And Larded Thighs on loaded Altars laid,
Hear, and my just Revenge proptious aid.

Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy Shafts attest How much thy Pow'r is injur'd in thy Priest.

He pray'd, and Phabus hearing, urg'd his Flight, With Fury kindled, from Olympus Height; His Quiver o'er his ample Shoulders threw; His Bow twang'd, and his Arrows rattl'd as they flew. Black as a stormy Night, he rang'd around The Tents, and compass'd the devoted Ground. Then with full Force his deadly Bowe he bent, And Feather'd Fates among the Mules and Sumpters fent: Th' Essay of Rage, on faithful Dogs the next; And last, in Humane Hearts his Arrows fix'd. The God nine Days the Greeks at Rovers kill'd, Nine Days the Camp with Fun'ral Fires was fill'd; The Tenth, Achilles, by the Queens Command, Who bears Heav'ns awful Sceptre in her Hand, A Council fummon'd: for the Goddess griev'd Her favour'd Hoast shou'd perish unreliev'd.

The Kings, affembl'd, foon their Chief inclose; Then from his Seat the Goddess-born arose, And thus undaunted spoke: What now remains, But that once more we tempt the watry Plains, And wandring homeward, seek our Safety hence, In Flight at least if we can find Desence?

Such Woes at once encompass us about, The Plague within the Camp, the Sword without.

Confult, O King, the Prophets of th' event:

And whence these Ills, and what the Gods intent,

Let them by Dreams explore; for Dreams from Jove are sent.

What want of offer'd Victims, what Offence
In Fact committed cou'd the Sun incense,

To deal his deadly Shafts? What may remove

His settled Hate, and reconcile his Love?

That he may look propitious on our Toils;

And hungry Craves no more be glutted with our Spoils.

Thus to the King of Men the Hero spoke,

Then Calchas the desir'd Occasion took:

Calchas the facred Seer, who had in view

Things present and the past; and Things to come foreknew.

Supream of Angurs, who by Phæbus taught

The Grecian Pow'rs to Troy's Destruction brought.

Skill'd in the secret Causes of their Woes,

The Reverend Priest in graceful Act arose:

And thus bespoke Pelides: Care of Jove,

Favour'd of all th' Immortal Pow'rs above;

Wou'dst thou the Seeds deep sown of Mischief know,

And why, provok'd Apollo bends his Bow?

Plight first thy Faith, inviolably true,

To save me from those Ills, that may ensue.

For I shall tell ungrateful Truths, to those
Whose boundless Pow'r of Life and Death dispose.

And Sov'reigns ever jealous of their State,

Forgive not those whom once they mark for Hate;

Ev'n tho' th' Offence they feemingly digeft,
Revenge, like Embers, rak'd within their Breaft,
Bursts forth in Flames; whose unresisted Pow'r
Will seize th' unwary Wretch and soon devour.
Such, and no less is he, on whom depends
The sum of Things; and whom my Tongue of sorce offends.
Secure me then from his foreseen Intent,
That what his Wrath may doom, thy Valour may prevent.

To this the stern Achilles made Reply:

Be bold; and on my plighted Faith rely,

To speak what Phabus has inspir'd thy Soul

For common Good; and speak without controul.

His Godhead I invoke, by him I swear,

That while my Nostrils draw this vital Air,

None shall presume to violate those Bands;

Or touch thy Person with unhallow'd Hands:

Ev'n not the King of Men that all commands.

At this, resuming Heart, the Prophet said:

Nor Hecatombs unstain, nor Vows unpaid,

On Greeks, accurs'd, this dire Contagion bring;

Or call for Vengeance from the Bowyer King;

But he the Tyrant, whom none dares resist,

Affronts the Godhead in his injur'd Priest:

He keeps the Damsel Captive in his Chain,

And Presents are resus'd, and Pray'rs preserr'd in vain.

For this th' avenging Pow'r employs his Darts;

And empties all his Quiver in our Hearts.

Thus will perfift, relentless in his Ire,

Till the fair Slave be render'd to her Syre:

And Ransom-free restor'd to his Abode,

With Sacrifice to reconcile the God:

Then he, perhaps, atton'd by Pray'r, may cease

His Vengeance justly vow'd; and give the Peace.

Thus having faid he fate: Thus answer'd then Upstarting from his Throne, the King of Men, His Breast with Fury fill'd his Eyes with Fire; Which rowling round, he shot in Sparkles on the Sire: Augur of Ill, whose Tongue was never found Without a Priestly Curse or boding Sound; For not one bless'd Event foretold to me Pass'd through that Mouth, or pass'd unwillingly. And now thou dost with Lies the Throne invade, By Practice harden'd in thy fland'ring Trade. Obtending Heav'n, for what e'er Ills befal; And sputtring under specious Names thy Gall. Now Phæbus is provok'd; his Rites and Laws Are in his Priest profan'd, and I the Cause: Since I detain a Slave, my Sov'reign Prize; And facred Gold, your Idol-God, despise. love her well: And well her Merits claim, To stand preferr'd before my Grecian Dame: Not Clytemnestra's self in Beauties Bloom More charm'd, or better ply'd the various Loom: Mine is the Maid; and brought in happy Hour With every Houshold-grace adorn'd, to bless my Nuptial Bow'r.

Yet shall she be restor'd; since publick Good
For private Int'rest ought not be withstood,
To save th' Essusion of my People's Blood.
But Right requires, if I resign my own,
I shou'd not suffer for your sakes alone;
Alone excluded from the Prize I gain'd,
And by your common Suffrage have obtain'd.
The Slave without a Ransom shall be sent:
It rests for you to make th' Equivalent.

To this the fierce Thessalian Prince reply'd:

O first in Pow'r, but passing all in Pride,
Griping, and still tenacious of thy Hold,
Would'st thou the Grecian Chiefs, though largely Sould,
Shou'd give the Prizes they had gain'd before;
And with their Loss thy Sacrilege restore?
Whate'er by force of Arms the Soldier got,
Is each his own, by dividend of Lot:
Which to resume, were both unjust, and base:
Not to be born but by a servile Race.
But this we can: If Saturn's Son, bestows
The Sack of Troy, which he by Promise owes;
Then shall the conquering Greeks thy Loss restore,
And with large Int'rest, make th' advantage more.

To this Atrides answer'd, Though thy Boast Assumes the foremost Name of all our Host, Pretend not, mighty Man, that what is mine Controll'd by thee, I tamely shou'd resign.

Shall I release the Prize I gain'd by Right, In taken Towns, and many a bloody Fight, While thou detain'st Briseis in thy Bands, By priestly glossing on the God's Commands? Resolve on this, (a short Alternative) Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give; Else I, assure thy Soul, by Sov'reign Right Will seize thy Captive in thy own Despight. Or from frout Ajax, or Ulysses, bear What other Prize my Fancy shall prefer: Then foftly murmur, or aloud complain, Rage as you please, you shall refist in vain. But more of this, in proper Time and Place, To Things of greater moment let us pass. A Ship to fail the facred Seas prepare; Proud in her Trim; and put on board the Fair, With Sacrifice and Gifts, and all the pomp of Pray'r. The Crew well chosen, the Command shall be In Ajax; or if other I decree, In Creta's King, or Ithacus, or if I please in Thee: Most fit thy self to see perform'd th' intent For which my Pris'ner from my Sight is fent; (Thanks to thy pious Care) that Phabus may relent.

At this, Achilles roul'd his furious Eyes,
Fix'd on the King askant; and thus replies.
O, Impudent, regardful of thy own,
Whose Thoughts are center'd on thy self alone,
Advanc'd to Sovereign Sway, for better Ends
Than thus like abject Slaves to treat thy Friends.

What Greek is he, that urg'd by thy Command, Against the Trojan Troops will lift his Hand? Not I: Nor fuch inforc'd Respect I owe; Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my Foe. What Wrong from Troy remote, cou'd I sustain, To leave my fruitful Soil, and happy Reign, And plough the Surges of the stormy Main? Thee, frontless Man, we follow'd from afar; Thy Instruments of Death, and Tools of War. Thine is the Triumph; ours the Toil alone: We bear thee on our Backs, and mount thee on the Throne. For thee we fall in Fight; for thee redress Thy baffled Brother; not the Wrongs of Greece. And now thou threaten'ft with unjust Decree, To punish thy affronting Heav'n, on me. To feize the Prize which I fo dearly bought; By common Suffrage giv'n, confirm'd by Lot. Mean Match to thine: For still above the rest, Thy hook'd rapacious Hands usurp the best. Though mine are first in Fight, to force the Prey; And last sustain the Labours of the Day. Nor grudge I thee, the much the Grecians give; Nor murm'ring take the little I receive. Yet ev'n this little, thou, who woud'st ingross The whole, Insatiate, envy'st as thy Loss. Know, then, for Phthya, fix'd is my return: Better at home my ill-paid Pains to mourn, Than from an Equal here fustain the publick Scorn.

The

The King, whose Brows with shining Gold were bound; Who faw his Throne with scepter'd Slaves incompass'd round, Thus answer'd stern! Go, at thy Pleasure, go: We need not fuch a Friend, nor fear we fuch a Foe. There will not want to follow me in Fight: Fove will affist, and Fove affert my Right. But thou of all the Kings (his Care below) Art least at my Command, and most my Foe. Debates, Diffentions, Uproars are thy Joy; Provok'd without Offence, and practis'd to destroy. Strength is of Brutes; and not thy Boast alone; At least 'tis lent from Heav'n; and not thy own. Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy Native Land, And there, thy Ant-born Myrmidons command. But mark this Menace; fince I must refign My black-ey'd Maid, to please the Pow'rs divine: (A well-rigg'd Vessel in the Port attends, old book and I and Man'd at my Charge! commanded by my Friends;) The Ship shall waft her to her wish'd Abode, Full fraught with holy Bribes to the far-shooting God. This thus dispatch'd, I owe my felf the Care, My Fame and injur'd Honour to repair: From thy own Tent, proud Man, in thy despight, This Hand shall ravish thy pretended Right. Briseis shall be mine, and thou shalt see, What odds of awful Pow'r I have on thee: That others at thy cost may learn the diff'rence of degree.

At this th' Impatient Hero fowrly smil'd:
His Heart, impetuous in his Bosom boil'd,
And justled by two Tides of equal sway,
Stood, for a while, suspended in his way.
Betwixt his Reason, and his Rage untam'd;
One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd:
That only counsell'd to the safer side;
This to the Sword, his ready Hand apply'd.
Unpunish'd to support th' Affront was hard:
Nor easy was th' Attempt to sorce the Guard.
But soon the thirst of Vengeance sir'd his Blood:
Half shone his Faulchion, and half sheath'd it stood.

My then, ill-manner'd, to thy Native Long

In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,
Commission'd by th' Imperial Wise of Jove,
Descended swift: (the white arm'd Queen was loath
The Fight shou'd follow; for she favour'd both:)
Just as in Act he stood, in Clouds inshrin'd,
Her Hand she fasten'd on his Hair behind;
Then backward by his yellow Curls she drew:
To him, and him alone confess'd in view.
Tam'd by superiour Force he turn'd his Eyes
Aghast at first, and stupid with Surprize:
But by her sparkling Eyes, and ardent Look,
The Virgin-Warrior known, he thus bespoke.

Com'ft thou, Celeftial, to behold my Wrongs?

Then view the Vengeance which to Crimes belongs.

Thus He. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus rejoin'd:
I come to calm thy turbulence of Mind.

If Reason will resume her soveraign Sway,

And sent by Juno, her Commands obey.

Equal she loves you both, and I protect:

Then give thy Guardian Gods their due respect;

And cease Contention; be thy Words severe,

Sharp as he merits: But the Sword forbear.

An Hour unhop'd already wings her way,

When he his dire Affront shall dearly pay:

When the proud King shall sue, with trebble Gain,

To quit thy Loss, and conquer thy Dissain.

But thou secure of my unfailing Word,

Compose thy swelling Soul; and sheath the Sword.

The Youth thus answer'd mild; Auspicious Maid,
Heav'ns will be mine; and your Commands obey'd.
The Gods are just, and when subduing Sense,
We serve their Pow'rs, provide the Recompence.
He said; with surly Faith believ'd her Word,
And, in the Sheath, reluctant, plung'd the Sword.
Her Message done, she mounts the bless'd Abodes,
And mix'd among the Senate of the Gods.

At her departure his Disdain return'd:
The Fire she fan'd, with greater Fury burn'd;
Rumbling within till thus it found a vent:
Dastard, and Drunkard, Mean and Insolent:

Tongue-valiant Hero, Vaunter of thy Might, In Threats the foremost, but the lag in Fight; When did'ft thou thrust amid the mingled Preace, Content to bid the War aloof in Peace? Arms are the Trade of each Plebeyan Soul; 'Tis Death to fight; but Kingly to controul. Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary Pow'r, To peel the Chiefs, the People to devour. These, Traitor, are thy Tallents; safer far Than to contend in Fields, and Toils of War. Nor coud'st thou thus have dar'd the common Hate, Were not their Souls as abject as their State. But, by this Scepter, folemnly I fwear, (Which never more green Leaf or growing Branch shall bear: Torn from the Tree, and giv'n by Jove to those vil slogered Who Laws dispence and mighty Wrongs oppose) That when the Grecians want my wonted Aid, in how of T No Gift shall bribe it, and no Pray'r persuade. ad Hiw an wall When Hector comes, the Homicide, to wield an eno on I His conquering Arms, with Corps to ffrow the Field : W Then shalt thou mourn thy Pride; and late confess, My Wrong repented when 'tis past redress: dead on ni John He faid : And with Difdain in open view, Against the Ground his golden Scepter threw. Then fate, with boiling Rage Altrides burn'd: And Foam betwixt his gnashing Grinders churn'd.

But from his Seat the Pylian Prince arose,
With Reas'ning mild, their Madness to compose:

-sugnoT

The Fire the fin'd, with greater Bury burn'd

Words,

Words, fweet as Hony, from his Mouth diffill'd;
Two Centuries already he fulfill'd;
And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once fam'd for Courage; still in Council great.

What worse, he said, can Argos undergo, What can more gratify the Phrygian Foe, Than these distemper'd Heats? If both the Lights Of Greece their private Int'rest disunites! Believe a Friend, with thrice your Years increas'd, And let these youthful Passions be repress'd: I flourish'd long before your Birth; and then Liv'd equal with a Race of braver Men, Than these dim Eyes shall e'er behold agen. Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them, Great Theseus, and the force of greater Polypheme. With these I went, a Brother of the War, Their Dangers to divide; their Fame to share. Nor idle flood with unaffifting Hands, When falvage Beafts, and Men's more falvage Bands, Their virtuous Toil subdu'd: Yet those I sway'd, With pow'rful Speech: I spoke and they obey'd. If fuch as those, my Councils cou'd reclaim, Think not, young Warriors, your diminish'd Name, Shall lose of Lustre, by subjecting Rage To the cool Dictates of experienc'd Age. Thou, King of Men, stretch not thy sovereign Sway Beyond, the Bounds free Subjects can obey: But let Pelides in his Prize rejoice, Atchiev'd in Arms, allow'd by publick Voice.

Dd 2

Nor,

Nor Thou, brave Champion, with his Pow'r contend,
Before whose Throne, ev'n Kings their lower'd Scepters bend.
The Head of Action He, and Thou the Hand,
Matchless thy Force; but mightier his Command:
Thou sirst, O King, release the rights of Sway,
Pow'r, self-restrain'd, the People best obey.
Sanctions of Law from Thee derive their Source;
Command thy Self, whom no Commands can force.
The Son of Thetis Rampire of our Host,
Is worth our Care to keep; nor shall my Pray'rs be lost.

Thus Nestor said, and ceas'd: Atrides broke
His Silence next; but ponder'd e'er he spoke.
Wise are thy Words, and glad I would obey,
But this proud Man affects Imperial Sway.
Controlling Kings, and trampling on our State
His Will is Law; and what he wills is Fate.
The Gods have giv'n him Strength: But whence the Style,
Of lawless Pow'r assum'd, or Licence to revile?

Achilles, cut him short; and thus reply'd:

My Worth allow'd in Words, is in effect deny'd.

For who but a Poltron, posses'd with Fear,

Such haughty Insolence, can tamely bear?

Command thy Slaves: My freeborn Soul disdains

A Tyrant's Curb; and restiff breaks the Reins.

Take this along; that no Dispute shall rise

(Though mine the Woman) for my ravish'd Prize:

But she excepted, as unworthy Strife,

Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy Life,

Touch ought of mine befide, by Lot my due, But stand aloof, and think profane to view: This Fauchion, else, not hitherto withstood, These hostile Fields shall fatten with thy Blood.

He faid; and rose the first; the Council broke; And all their grave Consults dissolv'd in Smoke.

The Royal Youth retir'd, on Vengeance bent, Patroclus follow'd filent to his Tent.

Mean time, the King with Gifts a Vessel stores;
Supplies the Banks with twenty chosen Oars:
And next, to reconcile the shooter God,
Within her hollow Sides the Sacrifice he stow'd:
Chryseis last was set on board; whose Hand
Ulysses took, intrusted with Command;
They plow the liquid Seas; and leave the less ning Land.

Atrides then his outward Zeal to boast,
Bade purify the Sin-polluted Host.
With perfect Hecatombs the God they grac'd;
Whose offer'd Entrails in the Main were cast.
Black Bulls, and bearded Goats on Altars lie;
And clouds of sav'ry stench, involve the Sky.
These Pomps the Royal Hypocrite design'd,
For Shew: But harbour'd Vengeance in his Mind:
Till holy Malice, longing for a vent,
At length, discover'd his conceal'd Intent.

Talthybius, and Eurybates the just
Heralds of Arms, and Ministers of Trust,
He call'd; and thus bespoke: Haste hence your way;
And from the Goddess-born demand his Prey.
If yielded, bring the Captive: If deny'd,
The King (so tell him) shall chastise his Pride:
And with arm'd Multitudes in Person come
To vindicate his Pow'r, and justify his Doom.

This hard Command unwilling they obey,
And o'er the barren Shore pursue their way,
Where quarter'd in their Camp, the sierce Thessalians lay.
Their Sov'reign seated on his Chair, they sind;
His pensive Cheek upon his Hand reclin'd,
And anxious Thoughts revolving in his Mind.
With gloomy Looks he saw them entring in
Without Salute: Nor durst they first begin,
Fearful of rash Offence and Death foreseen.
He soon the Cause divining, clear'd his Brow;
And thus did liberty of Speech allow.

Interpreters of Gods and Men, be bold:
Awful your Character, and uncontroll'd,
Howe'er unpleasing, be the News you bring,
I blame not you, but your Imperious King.
You come, I know, my Captive to demand;
Patroclus, give her, to the Herald's Hand.
But you, authentick Witnesses I bring,
Before the Gods, and your ungrateful King,

This Hand shall combate on the crooked Shore: And door of No, let the Grecian Pow'rs oppress'd in Fight, Unpity'd perish in their Tyrants sight.

Blind of the future and by Rage misled,
He pulls his Crimes upon his People's Head.
Forc'd from the Field in Trenches to contend,
And his Insulted Camp from Foes defend.

He said, and soon obeying his intent,
Patroclus brought Briseis from her Tent;
Then to th' intrusted Messengers resign'd:
She wept, and often cast her Eyes behind:
Forc'd from the Man she lov'd: They led her thence,
Along the Shore a Pris'ner to their Prince.

Sole on the barren Sands the fuff'ring Chief Man Sand Sands the fuff'ring Chief Man Sands the fu

Unhappy Parent, of a short-liv'd Son, was I aid short bloth Since Jove in pity by thy Pray'rs was won common as white aid To grace my small Remains of Breath with Fame, and shod of Why loads he this imbitter'd Life with Shame? To should show Suff'ring his King of Men to force my Slave, the add of Whom well deserved in War, the Grecians gave. To the of the Mannaham and the Grecians gave.

Set by old Ocean's fide the Goddess heard; M blo boog on Then from the sacred Deep her Head she rear'd:

Roll

Rose like a Morning-mist; and thus begun

To sooth the Sorrows of her plaintive Son.

Why cry's my Care, and why conceals his Smart,

Let thy afflicted Parent, share her part?

Then, fighing from the bottom of his Breaft, To the Sea-Goddess thus the Goddess-born address'd. Thou know'ft my Pain, which telling but recals: By force of Arms we raz'd the Theban Walls; The ranfack'd City, taken by our Toils, We left, and hither brought the golden Spoils: Equal we shar'd them; but before the rest, The proud Prerogative had feiz'd the best. Chryseis was the greedy Tyrant's Prize, and sould and small Chryseis rosy Cheek'd with charming Eyes. Her Syre, Apollo's Priest, arriv'd to buy With proffer'd Gifts of Price, his Daughter's liberty. Suppliant before the Grecians Chiefs he stood, Awful, and arm'd with Enfigns of his God: Whinday and bad Bare was his hoary Head, one holy Hand, Held forth his Lawrel-Crown, and one, his Scepter of Com-His Suit was common, but above the rest (mand. To both the Brother-Princes was address'd. With Shouts of loud Acclaim the Greeks agree To take the Gifts, to set the Pris'ner free. Not so the Tyrant, who with scorn the Priest Receiv'd, and with opprobrious Words dismiss'd. The good old Man, forlorn, of human Aid, For Vengeance to his heav'nly Patron pray'd:

The Godhead gave a favourable Ear, And granted all to him he held so dear; In an ill hour his piercing Shafts he sped; And heaps on heaps of flaughter'd Greeks lay dead. While round the Camp he rang'd: At length arose A Seer who well divin'd; and durst disclose The Source of all our Ills: I took the Word; And urg'd the facred Slave to be reftor'd, The God appeas'd: The fwelling Monarch storm'd; And then, the Vengeance, vow'd; he fince perform'd: The Greeks 'tis true, their Ruin to prevent Have to the Royal Priest, his Daughter sent; But from their haughty King his Heralds came And feiz'd by his Command, my Captive Dame, By common Suffrage given; but, thou, be won If, in thy Pow'r, t'avenge thy injur'd Son: Afcend the Skies; and fupplicating move, Thy just Complaint, to Cloud-compelling Jove. If thou by either Word or Deed haft wrought A kind remembrance in his grateful Thought, Urge him by that: For often hast thou said Thy Pow'r was once not useless in his Aid. When He who high above the Highest reigns, Surpriz'd by Traytor-Gods, was bound in Chains, When Juno, Pallas, with Ambition fir'd, And his blue Brother of the Seas conspir'd. Thou freed'st the Soveraign from unworthy Bands, Thou brought'st Briareus with his hundred Hands, (So call'd in Heav'n, but mortal Men below By his terrestrial Name, Ægeon know;

Twice stronger than his Syre, who sate above
Assessor to the Throne of thundring Jove.)
The Gods, dismay'd at his approach, withdrew
Nor durst their unaccomplish'd Crime, pursue.
That Action to his grateful Mind recal;
Embrace his Knees, and at his Footstool fall:
That now if ever, he will aid our Foes;
Let Troy's triumphant Troops the Camp inclose:
Ours beaten to the Shore, the Siege sasake;
And what their King deserves with him partake.
That the proud Tyrant at his proper cost,
May learn the value of the Man he lost.

To whom the Mother-Goddels thus reply'd, based and Sigh'd e'er she spoke, and while she spoke she cry'd, Ah wretched me! by Fates averfe, decreed, and was a land To bring thee forth with Pain, with care to breed! Did envious Heav'n not otherwise ordain, again and the will. Safe in thy hollow Ships thou shou'd'st remain; is veliced in Nor ever tempt the fatal Field again. But now thy Planet sheds his pois'nous Rays: And short, and full of Sorrow are thy Days. For what remains, to Heav'n I will afcend, down and med And at the Thund'rer's Throne thy Suit commend. 'Till then, secure in Ships, abstain from Fight; Indulge thy Grief in Tears, and vent thy Spight. For yesterday the Court of Heav'n with Jove, Remov'd: 'Tis dead Vacation now above. Twelve Days the Gods their folemn Revels keep, And quaff with blameless Ethiops in the Deep.

Return'd

Return'd from thence, to Heav'n my Flight I take,
Knock at the brazen Gates, and Providence awake.

Embrace his Knees, and fuppliant to the Sire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy defire.

She faid: And parting left him on the place, she had swol Swoln with Difdain, refenting his Difgrace: Mind bernal and Revengeful Thoughts revolving in his Mind, had all all all the wept for Anger and for Love he pin'd.

Mean time with prosperous Gales, Ulysses brought and sold The Slave, and Ship with Sacrifices fraught, from florid will To Chrysa's Port: Where entring with the Tide of mondade He drop'd his Anchors, and his Oars he ply'd. Will stave Furl'd every Sail, and drawing down the Mast, brand ollook. His Vessel moor'd; and made with Haulsers fast. In modals Descending on the Plain, ashore they bring The Hecatomb to please the shooter King. The Dame before an Altars holy Fire, we will be the sold modal with Ulysses led; and thus bespoke her Sire.

Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy God ador'd:

The King of Men thy Daughter has reftor'd;

And fent by me with Prefents and with Pray'r;

He recommends him to thy pious Care.

That Phæbus at thy Sute his Wrath may cease,

And give the penitent Offenders Peace.

He faid, and gave her to her Father's Hands, Who glad receiv'd her, free from fervile Bands.

Ee 2

This

This done, in Order they with fober Grace,
Their Gifts around the well-built Altar place.
Then wash'd, and took the Cakes; while Chryses stood
With Hands upheld, and thus invok'd his God.

God, of the Silver Bow, whose Eyes survey

The facred Cilla, thou whose awful Sway

Chrysa the bless'd, and Tenedos obey:

Now hear, as thou before my Pray'r hast heard,

Against the Grecians, and their Prince, preferr'd:

Once thou hast honour'd, honour once again

Thy Priest; nor let his second Vows be vain.

But from th' afflicted Host and humbled Prince,

Avert thy Wrath, and cease thy Pestilence.

Apollo heard, and conquering his Disdain,

Unbent his Bow and Greece respir'd again.

Now when the folemn Rites of Pray'r were past, and Their salted Cakes on crackling Flames they cast. It is a sacrifice they sped:

Then, turning back, the Sacrifice they sped:

The fatted Oxen slew, and slea'd the Dead.

Chop'd off their nervous Thighs, and next prepar'd.

T' involve the lean in Cauls, and mend with Lard.

Sweet-breads and Collops, were with Skewers prick'd.

About the Sides; inbibing what they deck'd.

The Priest with holy Hands was seen to tine.

The cloven Wood, and pour the ruddy Wine.

The Youth approach'd the Fire and as it burn'd.

On five sharp Broachers rank'd, the Roast they turn'd:

These Morsels stay'd their Stomachs; then the rest of the They cut in Legs and Fillets for the Feast; Which drawn and serv'd, their Hunger they appease With sav'ry Meat, and set their Minds at ease.

Now when the rage of Eating was repell'd,

The Boys with generous Wine the Goblets fill'd,

The first Libations to the Gods they pour:

And then with Songs indulge the Genial Hour.

Holy Debauch! Till Day to Night they bring,

With Hymns and Paans to the Bowyer King.

At Sun-set to their Ship they make return,

And snore secure on Decks, till rosy Morn.

In the sold of the so

The Skies with dawning Day were purpled o'er; half and Awak'd, with lab'ring Oars they leave the Shore: and nad The Pow'r appeas'd, with Winds fuffic'd the Sail, by all available of the Bellying Canvass strutted with the Gale; half and bear of the Waves indignant roar with furly Pride, and press against the Sides, and beaten off divide. And press against the Sides, and beaten off divide. They cut the foamy way, with Force impell'd superiour, till the Trojan Port they held:

Then hauling on the Strand their Gally Moor, And pitch their Tents along the crooked Shore.

Mean time the Goddess-born, in secret pin'd;
Nor visited the Camp, nor in the Council join'd,
But keeping close, his gnawing Heart he sed
With hopes of Vengeance on the Tyrant's Head:

And wish'd for bloody Wars and mortal Wounds, And of the Greeks oppress'd in Fight, to hear the dying Sounds.

Now, when twelve Days compleat had run their Race, The Gods bethought them of the Cares belonging to their place. Jove at their Head ascending from the Sea, A shoal of puny Pow'rs attend his way. Then Thetis not unmindful of her Son de and its did it is an additional and its did it Emerging from the Deep, to beg her Boon, Pursu'd their Track; and waken'd from his rest, Before the Soveraign stood a Morning Guest. Him in the Circle but apart, the found : 12 mod of the tall The rest at awful distance stood around. She bow'd, and e'er she durst her Sute begin, One Hand embrac'd his Knees, one prop'd his Chin. Then thus. If I, Celestial Sire, in aught Have ferv'd thy Will, or gratify'd thy Thought, One glimple of Glory to my Issue give; Grac'd for the little time he has to live. Dishonour'd by the King of Men he stands: His rightful Prize is ravish'd from his Hands. But thou, O Father, in my Son's Defence, Assume thy Pow'r, affert thy Providence. Let Troy prevail, till Greece th' Affront has paid, With doubled Honours; and redeem'd his Aid.

She ceas'd, but the confid'ring God was mute: 'Till she resolv'd to win, renew'd her Sute : solo gaigest and Nor loos'd her Hold, but forc'd him to reply, Or grant me my Petition, or deny: bnA

Fore

Jove cannot fear: Then tell me to my Face.

That I, of all the Gods am least in grace.

This I can bear: The Cloud-Compeller mourn'd,

And fighing, first, this Answer he return'd.

Know'ft thou what Clamors will diffurb my Reign, What my stun'd Ears from Juno must sustain? In Council she gives Licence to her Tongue, Loquacious, Brawling, ever in the wrong. And now she will my partial Pow'r upbraid, If alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans Aid. But thou depart, and shun her jealous Sight, The Care be mine, to do Pelides right. Go then, and on the Faith of Fove rely; When nodding to thy Sute, he bows the Sky. This ratifies th' irrevocable Doom: The Sign ordain'd, that what I will shall come: The Stamp of Heav'n, and Seal of Fate: He faid, And shook the facred Honours of his Head. With Terror trembled Heav'ns fubfiding Hill: And from his shaken Curls Ambrosial Dews distil. The Goddess goes exulting from his Sight, And feeks the Seas profound; and leaves the Realms of Light.

He moves into his Hall: The Pow'rs refort,

Each from his House to fill the Soveraign's Court.

Nor waiting Summons, nor expecting stood;

But met with Reverence, and receiv'd the God.

He mounts the Throne; and Juno took her place:

But sullen Discontent sate lowring on her Face.

With jealous Eyes, at distance she had seen, Whisp'ring with Jove the Silver-sooted Queen; Then, impotent of Tongue (her Silence broke) Thus turbulent in rattling Tone she spoke.

Author of Ills, and close Contriver Jove,
Which of thy Dames, what Prostitute of Love,
Has held thy Ear so long and begg'd so hard
For some old Service done, some new Reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that's your special care
The Consort never must the Council share.
One gracious Word is for a Wife too much:
Such is a Marriage-Vow, and Jove's own Faith is such.

Then thus the Sire of Gods, and Men below, What I have hidden, hope not thou to know. Ev'n Goddesses are Women: And no Wife Has Pow'r to regulate her Husband's Life: Counsel she may; and I will give thy Ear The Knowledge sirst, of what is sit to hear. What I transact with others, or alone, Beware to learn; nor press too near the Throne.

To whom the Goddess with the charming Eyes,
What hast thou said, O Tyrant of the Skies,
When did I search the Secrets of thy Reign,
Though priviledg'd to know, but priviledg'd in vain?
But well thou dost, to hide from common Sight
Thy close Intrigues, too bad to bear the Light.

Nor doubt I, but the Silver-footed Dame, Tripping from Sea, on fuch an Errand came, To grace her Issue, at the Grecians Cost, And for one peevish Man destroy an Host.

To whom the Thund'rer made this stern Reply;
My Houshold Curse, my lawful Plague, the Spy
Of Jove's Designs, his other squinting Eye;
Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
Jove will be Master still and Juno sail.
Shou'd thy suspicious Thoughts divine aright,
Thou but becom'st more odious to my Sight,
For this Attempt: uneasy Life to me
Still watch'd, and importun'd, but worse for thee.
Curb that impetuous Tongue, before too late
The Gods behold, and tremble at thy Fate.
Pitying, but daring not in thy Desence,
To lift a Hand against Omnipotence.

This heard, the Imperious Queen fate mute with Fear;
Nor further durst incense the gloomy Thunderer.
Silence was in the Court at this Rebuke:
Nor cou'd the Gods abash'd, sustain their Sov'reigns Look.

The Limping Smith, observ'd the sadden'd Feast;
And hopping here and there (himself a Jest)
Put in his Word, that neither might offend;
To Jove obsequious, yet his Mother's Friend.
What end in Heav'n will be of civil War,
If Gods of Pleasure will for Mortals jar?

Ff

Such Discord but disturbs our Jovial Feast;
One Grain of Bad, embitters all the best.
Mother, tho' wise your self, my Counsel weigh;
'Tis much unsafe my Sire to disobey.
Not only you provoke him to your Cost,
But Mirth is marr'd, and the good Chear is lost.
Tempt not his heavy Hand; for he has Pow'r
To throw you Headlong, from his Heav'nly Tow'r.
But one submissive Word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good Humour with us All.

He said no more but crown'd a Bowl, unbid : The laughing Nectar overlook'd the Lid: Then put it to her Hand; and thus purfu'd, This curfed Quarrel be no more renew'd. Be, as becomes a Wife, obedient still Though griev'd, yet subject to her Husband's Will. I wou'd not see you beaten; yet affraid Of Jove's superiour Force, I dare not aid. Too well I know him, fince that hapless Hour When I, and all the Gods employ'd our Pow'r To break your Bonds: Me by the Heel he drew; And o'er Heav'n's Battlements with Fury threw. All Day I fell; My Flight at Morn begun, And ended not but with the fetting Sun. Pitch'd on my Head, at length the Lemnian-ground, Receiv'd my batter'd Skull, the Sinthians heal'd my Wound.

At Vulcan's homely Mirth his Mother smil'd, And smiling took the Cup the Clown had fill'd.

The Reconciler Bowl, went round the Board,
Which empty'd, the rude Skinker still restor'd.
Loud Fits of Laughter seiz'd the Guests, to see
The limping God so dest at his new Ministry.
The Feast continu'd till declining Light:
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then 'twas Night.
Nor wanted tuneful Harp, nor vocal Quire;
The Muses sung; Apollo touch'd the Lyre.
Drunken at last, and drowsy they depart,
Each to his House; Adorn'd with labour'd Art
Of the lame Architect: The thund'ring God
Ev'n he withdrew to rest, and had his Load.
His swimming Head to needful Sleep apply'd;
And Juno lay unheeded by his Side.

HAUGER.

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COCK and the FOX;

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TALE

OFTHE

NUN'S PRIEST.

Here liv'd, as Authors tell, in Days of Yore,
A Widow fomewhat old, and very poor:
Deep in a Cell her Cottage lonely stood,
Well thatch'd, and under covert of a Wood.

This Dowager, on whom my Tale I found, Since last she laid her Husband in the Ground, A simple sober Life, in patience led, And had but just enough to buy her Bread: But Huswising the little Heav'n had lent, She duly paid a Groat for Quarter-Rent;

And pinch'd her Belly with her Daughter two, To bring the Year about with much ado.

The Cattel in her Homestead were three Sows, An Ewe call'd Mally; and three brinded Cows. Her Parlor-Window fruck with Herbs around, Of fav'ry Smell; and Rushes strew'd the Ground. A Maple-Dreffer, in her Hall she had, On which full many a flender Meal she made: For no delicious Morfel pass'd her Throat; According to her Cloth she cut her Coat: No paynant Sawce she knew, no costly Treat, Her Hunger gave a Relish to her Meat: A sparing Diet did her Health affure; Or fick, a Pepper-Posset was her Cure. Before the Day was done her Work she sped, And never went by Candle-light to Bed: With Exercise she sweat ill Humors out, Her Dancing was not hinder'd by the Gout. Her Poverty was glad; her Heart content, Nor knew she what the Spleen or Vapors meant.

Of Wine she never tasted through the Year,
But White and Black was all her homely Chear;
Brown Bread, and Milk, (but first she skim'd her Bowls)
And Rashers of findg'd Bacon, on the Coals.
On Holy-Days, an Egg or two at most;
But her Ambition never reach'd to roast.

a Groat for Quarter-Rent

bray A winning the little Heav'n had lent

Some Lines have been maintain'd by this alone, A Yard she had with Pales enclos'd about, or right yo doid! Some high, fome low, and a dry Ditch without. Within this Homestead, liv'd without a Peer, and and and For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer : " and telline I amed So hight her Cock, whose singing did surpass and nimbal The merry Notes of Organs at the Mafs. und a red b'redtael eH More certain was the crowing of a Cock don sew tada and bnA To number Hours, than is an Abbey-clock; Ishiw asw 1981 And fooner than the Mattin-Bell was rung, avillag and b'vlota A He clap'd his Wings upon his Rooft, and fung: A : disol of T For when Degrees fifteen afcended right, who be bus breed the By fure Instinct he knew 'twas One at Night. and as anil 1000A High was his Comb, and Coral-red withal, will and as but a Ev'n fince she was a In dents embattel'd like a Castle-Wall; Was chaft, and hu His Bill was Raven-black, and shon like Jet, Blue were his Legs, and Orient were his Feet: 1011 Apid 1011 White were his Nails, like Silver to behold, His Body glitt'ring like the burnish'd Gold. and and wall What cannot Beauty, join

This gentle Cock for folace of his Life,

Six Misses had beside his lawful Wise;

Scandal that spares no King, tho' ne'er so good, and admitted the Says, they were all of his own Flesh and Blood:

His Sisters both by Sire, and Mother's side,

And sure their likeness show'd them near ally'd.

But make the worst, the Monarch did no more,

Than all the Ptolomey's had done before:

When Incest is for Int'rest of a Nation,

Tis made no Sin by Holy Dispensation.

Gg

Some

Some high, fome low, and a dry Ditch without.

Some Lines have been maintain'd by this alone, Which by their common Ugliness are known, and said bray A

But paffing this as from our Tale apart, month ains midtiW Dame Partlet was the Soveraign of his Heart : Dol gniwow 10 1 Ardent in Love, outragious in his Play, word and and of He feather'd her a hundred times a Day: To seto I visem of T And she that was not only passing fair, and the was not only passing fair, But was withal discreet; and debonair, and amount of Resolv'd the passive Doctrin to fulfil and only made sonool ball Tho' loath: And let him work his wicked Will. Man Man 11 At Board and Bed was affable and kind, According as their Marriage-Vow did bind, And as the Churches Precept had enjoin'd. Ev'n fince she was a Sennight old, they say be standing a meb ? Was chaft, and humble to her dying Day, nove I saw Ilid ai Nor Chick nor Hen was known to difobey. White were his Nails, like Silver to behold

By this her Husband's Heart she did obtain, who wood all What cannot Beauty, join'd with Virtue, gain! She was his only Joy, and he her Pride, and shows aid I She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his fide; If spurning up the Ground, he sprung a Corn, The Tribute in his Bill to her was born. But oh! what Joy it was to hear him fing In Summer, when the Day began to spring, Stretching his Neck, and warbling in his Throat, Solus cum Sola, then was all his Note. For in the Days of Yore, the Birds of Parts Were bred to Speak, and Sing, and learn the lib'ral Arts. Some

It

It happ'd that perching on the Parlor-beam Amidst his Wives he had a deadly Dream; Just at the Dawn, and sigh'd, and groan'd so fast, As ev'ry Breath he drew wou'd be his last. Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his Side, Heard all his piteous Moan, and how he cry'd For Help from Gods and Men: And sore aghast She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at last. Dear Heart, said she, for Love of Heav'n declare Your Pain, and make me Partner of your Care. You groan, Sir, ever since the Morning-light, As something had disturb'd your noble Spright.

And Madam, well I might, faid Chanticleer,
Never was Shrovetide-Cock in fuch a fear.

Ev'n still I run all over in a Sweat,
My Princely Senses not recover'd yet.

For such a Dream I had of dire Portent,
That much I fear my Body will be shent:
It bodes I shall have Wars and woful Strife,
Or in a loathsom Dungeon end my Life.
Know Dame, I dreamt within my troubled Breast,
That in our Yard, I saw a murd'rous Beast,
That on my Body would have made Arrest.
With waking Eyes I ne'er beheld his Fellow,
His Colour was betwixt a Red and Yellow:
Tipp'd was his Tail, and both his pricking Ears
With black; and much unlike his other Hairs:

Gg 2

The

The rest, in shape a Beagle's Whelp throughout,
With broader Forehead, and a sharper Snout:
Deep in his Front were sunk his glowing Eyes,
That yet methinks I see him with Surprize.
Reach out your Hand, I drop with clammy Sweat,
And lay it to my Heart, and feel it beat.

Now fy for Shame, quoth she, by Heav'n above,
Thou hast for ever lost thy Ladies Love;
No Woman can endure a Recreant Knight,
He must be bold by Day, and free by Night:
Our Sex desires a Husband or a Friend,
Who can our Honour and his own desend;
Wise, Hardy, Secret, lib'ral of his Purse:
A Fool is nauseous, but a Coward worse:
No bragging Coxcomb, yet no baffled Knight,
How dar'st thou talk of Love, and dar'st not Fight?
How dar'st thou tell thy Dame thou art affer'd,
Hast thou no manly Heart, and hast a Beard?

If ought from fearful Dreams may be divin'd,
They fignify a Cock of Dunghill-kind.
All Dreams, as in old Gallen I have read,
Are from Repletion and Complexion bred:
From rifing Fumes of indigested Food,
And noxious Humors that infect the Blood:
And sure, my Lord, if I can read aright,
These foolish Fancies you have had to Night;
Are certain Symptoms (in the canting Style)
Of boiling Choler, and abounding Bile:

This yellow Gaul that in your Stomach floats,
Ingenders all these visionary Thoughts.
When Choler overflows, then Dreams are bred
Of Flames and all the Family of Red;
Red Dragons, and red Beasts in sleep we view;
For Humors are distinguish'd by their Hue.
From hence we dream of Wars and Warlike Things,
And Wasps and Hornets with their double Wings.

Choler adust congeals our Blood with Fear;
Then black Bulls toss us, and black Devils tear.
In fanguine airy Dreams aloft we bound,
With Rhumes oppress'd we fink in Rivers drown'd.

More I could fay, but thus conclude my Theme,
The dominating Humour makes the Dream.

Cato was in his time accounted Wife;
And he condemns them all for empty Lies.

Take my Advice, and when we fly to Ground

With Laxatives preferve your Body found,
And purge the peccant Humors that abound.

I should be loath to lay you on a Bier;
And though there lives no 'Pothecary near,
I dare for once prescribe for your Disease,
And save long Bills, and a damn'd Doctor's Fees.

Two Soveraign Herbs, which I by practife know, And both at Hand, (for in our Yard they grow;)
On peril of my Soul shall rid you wholly
Of yellow Choler, and of Melancholy:

You must both Purge, and Vomit; but obey, And for the love of Heav'n make no delay. Since hot and dry in your Complexion join, Beware the Sun when in a vernal Sign; For when he mounts exalted in the Ram. If then he finds your Body in a Flame, Replete with Choler, I dare lay a Groat, A Tertian Ague is at least your Lot. Perhaps a Fever (which the Gods forefend) May bring your Youth to some untimely end. And therefore, Sir, as you defire to live, A Day or two before your Laxative, Take just three Worms, nor over nor above, Because the Gods unequal Numbers love. These Digestives prepare you for your Purge, Of Fumetery, Centaury, and Spurge, And of Ground-Ivy add a Leaf, or two, All which within our Yard or Garden grow. Eat these, and be, my Lord, of better Cheer, Your Father's Son was never born to fear.

Madam, quoth he, Grammercy for your Care,
But Cato, whom you quoted, you may spare:
'Tis true, a wise, and worthy Man he seems,
And (as you say) gave no belief to Dreams:
But other Men of more Authority,
And by th' Immortal Pow'rs as wise as He
Maintain, with sounder Sense, that Dreams forbode;
For Homer plainly says they come from God.

Nor

Supine he finor'd; byloof hodern Foolyd; b'nori en enique He dreamt his Frienloods at School and his Frienloods at School and by South a ghaffly Look and doleful Cry,

Believe me, Madain, Morning Dreams foreshow glad bia?
Th' events of Things, and future Weal or Woed bus called Some Truths are not by Reason to be try'd, and an ancient Author, equal with the best, and more boxwood.

Relates this Tale of Dreams among the rest. H driv gnir vide.

At length to cure himself by Reason views:

Two Friends, or Brothers, with devout Intent, and saw Ton fome far Pilgrimage together went. It happen'd so that when the Sun was down, when man down they just arriv'd by twilight at a Town ; not arrived by twiling the same arrived by the same arrive

So were they forc'd to part; one stay'd behind, wake, and have they forc'd to part; one stay'd behind, wake, and have the stay'd behind, and the found a Stall where Oxen stood, and that he rather chose than lie abroad. The Filth, and that he rather Yard without a Door, But for his ease, well litter'd was the Floor.

His Fellow, who the narrow Bed had kept, it by well ned T Was weary, and without a Rocker flept bus a daily auostiq A

For facred hunger of my

Supine he fnor'd; but in the dead of Night,

He dreamt his Friend appear'd before his Sight,

Who with a ghaffly Look and doleful Cry,

Said help me Brother, or this Night I die:

Arife, and help, before all Help be vain,

Or in an Oxes Stall I shall be flain.

Rowz'd from his Rest he waken'd in a start, he Ameions of Ameions

He dreamt the third: But now his Friend appear'd
Pale, naked, pierc'd with Wounds, with Blood befinear'd:
Thrice warn'd awake, faid he; Relief is late;
The Deed is done; but thou revenge my Fate:
Tardy of Aid, unfeal thy heavy Eyes,
Awake, and with the dawning Day arife:
Take to the Western Gate thy ready way,
For by that Passage they my Corps convey:
My Corpse is in a Tumbril laid; among
The Filth, and Ordure, and enclos'd with Dung.
That Cart arrest, and raise a common Cry,
For facred hunger of my Gold I die;
Then shew'd his grisly Wounds; and last he drew
A piteous Sigh; and took a long Adieu.

The

The frighted Friend arose by break of Day,
And sound the Stall where late his Fellow lay.
Then of his impious Host enquiring more,
Was answer'd that his Guest was gone before:
Muttring he went, said he, by Morning-light,
And much complain'd of his ill Rest by Night.
This rais'd Suspicion in the Pilgrim's Mind;
Because all Hosts are of an evil Kind,
And oft, to share the Spoil, with Robbers join'd.

His Dream confirm'd his Thought: with troubled Look.

Straight to the Western-Gate his way he took.

There, as his Dream foretold, a Cart he found,

That carry'd Composs forth to dung the Ground.

This, when the Pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his Throat,

And cry'd out Murther, with a yelling Note.

My murther'd Fellow in this Cart lies dead,

Vengeance and Justice on the Villain's Head.

You, Magistrates, who sacred Laws dispense,

On you I call to punish this Offence.

The Word thus giv'n, within a little space,
The Mob came roaring out, and throng'd the Place.
All in a trice they cast the Cart to Ground,
And in the Dung the murther'd Body bound;
Though, breathless, warm, and reeking from the Wound.
Good Heav'n, whose darling Attribute we find
Is boundless Grace, and Mercy to Mankind,

Ab-

Abhors the Cruel; and the Deeds of Night
By wond'rous Ways reveals in open Light:
Murther may pass unpunished for a time,
But tardy Justice will o'ertake the Crime.
And oft a speedier Pain the Guilty feels;
The Hue and Cry of Heav'n pursues him at the Heels,
Fresh from the Fact; as in the present Case;
The Criminals are seiz'd upon the Place:
Carter and Host confronted Face to Face.
Stiff in denial, as the Law appoints
On Engins they distend their tortur'd Joints:
So was Confession forc'd, th' Offence was known,
And publick Justice on th' Offenders done.

Here may you see that Visions are to dread:
And in the Page that follows this; I read
Of two young Merchants, whom the hope of Gain
Induc'd in Partnership to cross the Main:
Waiting till willing Winds their Sails supply'd,
Within a Trading-Town they long abide,
Full fairly situate on a Haven's side.

One Evening it befel that looking out,
The Wind they long had wish'd was come about:
Well pleas'd they went to Rest; and if the Gale
'Till Morn continu'd, both resolv'd to sail.
But as together in a Bed they lay,
The younger had a Dream at break of Day.

A Man,

A Man, he thought, stood frowning at his side;
Who warn'd him for his Sasety to provide,
Not put to Sea, but sase on Shore abide.
I come, thy Genius, to command thy stay;
Trust not the Winds, for satal is the Day,
And Death unhop'd attends the watry way.

The Vision said: And vanish'd from his sight, The Dreamer waken'd in a mortal Fright: Then pull'd his drowzy Neighbour, and declar'd What in his Slumber he had feen, and heard. His Friend smil'd scornful, and with proud contempt Rejects as idle what his Fellow dreamt. Stay, who will stay: For me no Fears restrain, Who follow Mercury the God of Gain: Let each Man do as to his Fancy feems, I wait, not I, till you have better Dreams. Dreams are but Interludes, which Fancy makes, When Monarch-Reason sleeps, this Mimick wakes: Compounds a Medley of disjointed Things, A Mob of Coblers, and a Court of Kings: Light Fumes are merry, groffer Fumes are fad; Both are the reasonable Soul run mad: And many monstrous Forms in sleep we see, That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be. Sometimes, forgotten Things long cast behind Rush forward in the Brain, and come to mind. The Nurses Legends are for Truths receiv'd, And the Man dreams but what the Boy believ'd.

Hh 2

Some-

Sometimes we but rehearse a former Play,
The Night restores our Actions done by Day;
As Hounds in sleep will open for their Prey.
In short, the Farce of Dreams is of a piece,
Chimera's all; and more absurd, or less:
You, who believe in Tales, abide alone,
What e'er I get this Voyage is my own.

Thus while he spoke he heard the shouting Crew
That call'd aboard, and took his last adieu.
The Vessel went before a merry Gale,
And for quick Passage put on ev'ry Sail:
But when least fear'd, and ev'n in open Day,
The Mischief overtook her in the way:
Whether she sprung a Leak, I cannot find,
Or whether she was overset with Wind;
Or that some Rock below, her bottom rent,
But down at once with all her Crew she went;
Her Fellow Ships from far her Loss descry'd;
But only she was sunk, and all were safe beside.

By this Example you are taught again,
That Dreams and Visions are not always vain:
But if, dear Partlet, you are yet in doubt,
Another Tale shall make the former out.

Kenelm the Son of Kenulph, Mercia's King, Whose holy Life the Legends loudly sing,

Some-

Warn'd

Warn'd, in a Dream, his Murther did foretel
From Point to Point as after it befel:
All Circumstances to his Nurse he told,
(A Wonder, from a Child of sev'n Years old:)
The Dream with Horror heard, the good old Wise
From Treason counsell'd him to guard his Life:
But close to keep the Secret in his Mind,
For a Boy's Vision small Belief would find.
The pious Child, by Promise bound, obey'd,
Nor was the fatal Murther long delay'd:
By Quenda slain he fell before his time,
Made a young Martyr by his Sister's Crime.
The Tale is told by venerable Bede,
Which, at your better leisure, you may read.

Macrobius too relates the Vision sent
To the great Scipio with the fam'd event,
Objections makes, but after makes Replies,
And adds, that Dreams are often Prophecies.

Of Daniel, you may read in Holy Writ,
Who, when the King his Vision did forget,
Cou'd Word for Word the wond'rous Dream repeat.
Nor less of Patriarch Joseph understand
Who by a Dream inslav'd th' Egyptian Land,
The Years of Plenty and of Dearth foretold,
When for their Bread, their Liberty they sold.
Nor must th' exalted Buttler be forgot,
Nor he whose Dream presag'd his hanging Lot.

bus

And did not Crasus the same Death foresee,
Rais'd in his Vision on a losty Tree?
The Wife of Hector in his utmost Pride,
Dreamt of his Death the Night before he dy'd:
Well was he warn'd from Battle to refrain,
But Men to Death decreed are warn'd in vain:
He dar'd the Dream, and by his fatal Foe was slain.

Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
For see the ruddy Day begins to break:
Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
My Dream was bad, and bodes Adversity:
But neither Pills nor Laxatives I like,
They only serve to make a well-man sick:
Of these his Gain the sharp Phisician makes,
And often gives a Purge, but seldom takes:
They not correct, but poyson all the Blood,
And ne'er did any but the Doctors good.
Their Tribe, Trade, Trinkets, I defy them all,
With ev'ry Work of 'Pothecary's Hall.

These melancholy Matters I forbear:
But let me tell Thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
That when I view the Beauties of thy Face,
I fear not Death, nor Dangers, nor Disgrace:
So may my Soul have Bliss, as when I spy
The Scarlet Red about thy Partridge Eye,

While

While thou art constant to thy own true Knight,
While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
All Sorrows at thy Presence take their slight.
For true it is, as in Principio,
Mulier est hominis confusio.
Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
That Woman is to Man his Soveraign Bliss.
For when by Night I feel your tender Side,
Though for the narrow Perch I cannot ride,
Yet I have such a Solace in my Mind,
That all my hoding Cares are cast behind:

Yet I have such a Solace in my Mind,
'That all my boding Cares are cast behind:
And ev'n already I forget my Dream;
He said, and downward slew from off the Beam,
For Day-light now began apace to spring,
The Thrush to whistle, and the Lark to sing.
Then crowing clap'd his Wings, th'appointed call
To chuck his Wives together in the Hall.

By this the Widow had unbarr'd the Door,
And Chanticleer went strutting out before,
With Royal Courage, and with Heart so light,
As shew'd he scorn'd the Visions of the Night.
Now roaming in the Yard he spurn'd the Ground,
And gave to Partlet the first Grain he sound.
Then often feather'd her with wanton Play,
And trod her twenty times e'er prime of Day;
And took by turns and gave so much delight,
Her Sisters pin'd with Envy at the sight,

He chuck'd again, when other Corns he found, And scarcely deign'd to set a Foot to Ground. But swagger'd like a Lord about his Hall, And his sev'n Wives came running at his call.

'Twas now the Month in which the World began,

(If March beheld the first created Man:)

And since the vernal Equinox, the Sun,

In Aries twelve Degrees, or more had run,

When casting up his Eyes against the Light,

Both Month, and Day, and Hour he measur'd right;

And told more truly, than th' Ephemeris,

For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.

Thus numb'ring Times, and Seafons in his Breaft, His fecond crowing the third Hour confess'd. Then turning, faid to Partlet, See, my Dear, How lavish Nature has adorn'd the Year; How the pale Primrose, and blue Vioset spring, And Birds essay their Throats disus'd to sing: All these are ours; and I with pleasure see Man strutting on two Legs, and aping me! An unsledg'd Creature, of a lumpish frame, Indew'd with sewer Particles of Flame:

Our Dame sits couring o'er a Kitchin-sire, I draw fresh Air, and Nature's Works admire: And ev'n this Day, in more delight abound, Than since I was an Egg, I ever found.

The time shall come when Chanticleer shall wish

His Words unsaid, and hate his boasted Bliss:

The crested Bird shall by Experience know,

Jove made not him his Master-piece below;

And learn the latter end of Joy is Woe.

The Vessel of his Bliss to Dregs is run,

And Heav'n will have him tast his other Tun.

Ye Wise draw near, and hearken to my Tale,
Which proves that oft the Proud by Flatt'ry fall:
The Legend is as true I undertake
As Tristram is, and Launcelot of the Lake:
Which all our Ladies in such rev'rence hold,
As if in Book of Martyrs it were told.

A Fox full fraught with feeming Sanctity,

That fear'd an Oath, but like the Devil, would lie, blod amos
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy Leer,

And durft not fin before he fay'd his Pray'r:

This pious Cheat that never fuck'd the Blood,

Nor chaw'd the Flesh of Lambs but when he cou'd,

Had pass'd three Summers in the neighb'ring Wood;

And musing long, whom next to circumvent,

On Chanticleer his wicked Fancy bent:

And in his high Imagination cast,

By Stratagem to gratify his Tast.

The Plot contriv'd, before the break of Day, Saint Reynard through the Hedge had made his way;

The Vellel of his Slife to Preas is unno

The Pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He lept the Fence of the forbidden Ground:
Yet fearing to be feen, within a Bed
Of Colworts he conceal'd his wily Head;
There fculk'd till Afternoon, and watch'd his time,
(As Murd'rers use) to perpetrate his Crime.

O Hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,
O Traytor, worse than Sinon was to Troy;
O vile Subverter of the Gallick Reign,
More false than Gano was to Charlemaign!
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy Hour
Did'st thou forsake the Sasety of thy Bow'r:
Better for Thee thou had'st believ'd thy Dream,
And not that Day descended from the Beam!

But here the Doctors eagerly dispute:

Some hold Predestination absolute:

Some Clerks maintain, that Heav'n at first foresees,

And in the virtue of Foresight decrees.

If this be so, then Prescience binds the Will,

And Mortals are not free to Good or Ill:

For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,

Or its eternal Prescience may be vain:

As bad for us as Prescience had not bin:

For first, or last, he's Author of the Sin.

And who says that, let the blaspheming Man

Say worse ev'n of the Devil, if he can.

For how can that Eternal Pow'r be just

To punish Man, who Sins because he must?

Or, how can He reward a vertuous Deed, Which is not done by us; but first decreed?

I cannot boult this Matter to the Bran, As Bradwardin and holy Austin can: If Prescience can determine Actions so That we must do, because he did foreknow. Or that foreknowing, yet our choice is free, Not forc'd to Sin by strict necessity: This strict necessity they simple call, Another fort there is conditional. The first so binds the Will, that Things foreknown By Spontaneity, not Choice, are done. Thus Galley-Slaves tug willing, at their Oar, Consent to work, in prospect of the Shore; But wou'd not work at all, if not constrain'd before. That other does not Liberty constrain, But Man may either act, or may refrain. Heav'n made us Agents free to Good or Ill, And forc'd it not, tho' he forefaw the Will. Freedom was first bestow'd on human Race, And Prescience only held the second place.

If he could make fuch Agents wholly free,
I not dispute; the Point's too high for me;
For Heav'n's unfathom'd Pow'r what Man can sound,
Or put to his Omnipotence a Bound?
He made us to his Image all agree;
That Image is the Soul, and that must be,
Or not the Maker's Image, or be free.

3

But whether it were better Man had been and been and down whether it were better Man had been and been By Nature bound to Good, not free to Sin, I wave, for fear of splitting on a Rock, I all the land marker I The Tale I tell is only of a Cock; Who had not run the hazard of his Life Had he believ'd his Dream, and not his Wife: For Women, with a mischief to their Kind, would and and Pervert, with bad Advice, our better Mind. A Woman's Counsel brought us first to Woe, And made her Man his Paradice forego, Where at Heart's ease he liv'd; and might have bin As free from Sorrow as he was from Sin. For what the Devil had their Sex to do, That, born to Folly, they prefum'd to know, And could not see the Serpent in the Grass? Who was all But I my felf prefume, and let it pass. I son each really

Silence in times of Suff'ring is the best,
'Tis dang'rous to disturb a Hornet's Nest.

In other Authors you may find enough,
But all they say of Dames is idle Stuff.

Legends of lying Wits together bound,
The Wife of Bath would throw 'em to the Ground:
These are the Words of Chanticleer, not mine,
I honour Dames, and think their Sex divine.

Now to continue what my Tale begun.

Lay Madam Partlet basking in the Sun,

Breast-high in Sand: Her Sisters in a row,
Enjoy'd the Beams above, the Warmth below.
The Cock that of his Flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the Mermaid in the Sea:
And so befel, that as he cast his Eye,
Among the Colworts on a Buttersty,
He saw false Reynard where he lay full low,
I need not swear he had no list to Crow:
But cry'd Cock, Cock, and gave a suddain start,
As fore dismaid and frighted at his Heart.
For Birds and Beasts, inform'd by Nature, know
Kinds opposite to theirs, and sly their Foe.
So, Chanticleer, who never saw a Fox,
Yet shun'd him as a Sailor shuns the Rocks.

But the false Loon who cou'd not work his Will

By open Force, employ'd his flatt'ring Skill;
I hope, my Lord, said he, I not offend,
Are you asked of me, that am your Friend?
I were a Beast indeed to do you wrong,
I, who have lov'd and honour'd you so long:
Stay, gentle Sir, nor take a false Alarm,
For on my Soul I never meant you harm.
I come no Spy, nor as a Traytor press,
To learn the Secrets of your soft Recess:
Far be from Reynard to prophane a Thought,
But by the sweetness of your Voice was brought:
For, as I bid my Beads, by chance I heard,
The Song as of an Angel in the Yard:

A Song that wou'd have charm'd th' infernal Gods,

And banish'd Horror from the dark Abodes:

Had Orphans sung it in the neather Sphere,

So much the Hymn had pleas'd the Tyrant's Ear,

The Wife had been detain'd, to keep the Husband there.

My Lord, your Sire familiarly I knew,
A Peer deferving fuch a Son, as you:
He, with your Lady-Mother (whom Heav'n rest)
Has often grac'd my House, and been my Guest:
To view his living Features does me good,
For I am your poor Neighbour in the Wood;
And in my Cottage shou'd be proud to see
The worthy Heir of my Friend's Family.

As with an upright Heart I fafely may,
That, fave your felf, there breaths not on the Ground,
One like your Father for a Silver found.
So fweetly wou'd he wake the Winter-day,
That Matrons to the Church miftook their way,
And thought they heard the merry Organ play.
And he to raife his Voice with artful Care,
(What will not Beaux attempt to pleafe the Fair?)
On Tiptoe ftood to fing with greater Strength,
And ftretch'd his comely Neck at all the length:
And while he pain'd his Voice to pierce the Skies,
As Saints in Raptures use, would shut his Eyes,
That the found striving through the narrow Throat,
His winking might avail, to mend the Note.

By this, in Song, he never had his Peer,
From fweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
Not Maro's Muse who sung the mighty Man,
Nor Pindar's heav'nly Lyre, nor Horace when a Swan,
Your Ancestors proceed from Race divine,
From Brennus and Belinus is your Line:
Who gave to sov'raign Rome such loud Alarms,
That ev'n the Priests were not excus'd from Arms.

Befides, a famous Monk of modern times,
Has left of Cocks recorded in his Rhimes,
That of a Parish-Priest the Son and Heir,
(When Sons of Priests were from the Proverb clear)
Affronted once a Cock of noble Kind,
And either lam'd his Legs, or struck him blind;
For which the Clerk his Father was disgrac'd,
And in his Benefice another plac'd.
Now sing, my Lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the sake of sweet Saint Charity;
Make Hills, and Dales, and Earth and Heav'n rejoice,
And emulate your Father's Angel-voice.

The Cock was pleas'd to hear him speak so fair,

And proud beside, as solar People are:

Nor cou'd the Treason from the Truth descry,

So was he ravish'd with this Flattery:

So much the more as from a little Elf,

He had a high Opinion of himself:

Though sickly, slender, and not large of Limb,

Concluding all the World was made for him.

And Alexander'd up in lying Odes,
Believe not ev'ry flatt'ring Knave's report,
There's many a Reynard lurking in the Court;
And he shall be receiv'd with more regard
And list'ned to, than modest Truth is heard.

This Chanticleer of whom the Story fings,
Stood high upon his Toes, and clap'd his Wings;
Then stretch'd his Neck, and wink'd with both his Eyes;
Ambitious, as he fought, th' Olympick Prize.
But while he pain'd himself to raise his Note,
False Reynard rush'd, and caught him by the Throat.
Then on his Back he laid the precious Load,
And sought his wonted shelter of the Wood;
Swiftly he made his way, the Mischief done,
Of all unheeded, and pursu'd by none.

Alas, what stay is there in human State,

Or who can shun inevitable Fate?

The Doom was written, the Decree was past,

E'er the Foundations of the World were cast!

In Aries though the Sun exalted stood,

His Patron-Planet to procure his good;

Yet Saturn was his mortal Foe, and he

In Libra rais'd, oppos'd the same Degree:

The Rays both good and bad, of equal Pow'r,

Each thwarting other made a mingled Hour.

Not more aghaft the Matrons of Renown, On Friday-morn he dreamt this direful Dream, many T nedW Cross to the worthy Native, in his Scheme wob and rol b' saird? Ah blisful Venus, Goddess of Delight, alliug riedt deidw roll How cou'd'st thou suffer thy devoted Knight, On thy own Day to fall by Foe oppress'd, I viole ym of woll The wight of all the World who ferv'd thee best? mildmen and Who true to Love, was all for Recreation, guildes below aid I And minded not the Work of Propagation. I be and it should be a sh Gaufride, who could'st so well in Rhime complain, guittest but A The Death of Richard with an Arrow flain, and to brange woH Why had not I thy Muse, or thou my Heart, Josef aid alors but A To fing this heavy Dirge with equal Art to ralled bus equal Art That I like thee on Friday might complain; For on that Day was Ceur de Lion slain. beslow edt , xoI edT Out from his House can every Neighbour nigh:

Not louder Cries when Ilium was in Flames,
Were fent to Heav'n by woful Trojan Dames,
When Pyrrhus tofs'd on high his burnish'd Blade,
And offer'd Priam to his Father's Shade,
Than for the Cock the widow'd Poultry made.
Fair Partlet first, when he was born from fight,
With soveraign Shrieks bewail'd her Captive Knight.
With foveraign Shrieks bewail'd her Captive Knight.
When Asdrubal her Husband lost his Life,
When she beheld the smouldring Flames ascend,
And all the Punick Glories at an end:
Willing into the Fires she plung'd her Head,
With greater Ease than others seek their Bed.

Kk

The

2

Not

Not more aghast the Matrons of Renown,
When Tyrant Nero burn'd th' Imperial Town, on whire no Shriek'd for the downfal in a doleful Cry, A variow ent of Story
For which their guiltless Lords were doom'd to die.

Now to my Story I return again, vol list of your move of the trembling Widow, and her Daughters twain, to the world be with Horror heard, evo I of early of the distracted Damsels in the Yard; who can be be held the heavy Sight, who can be her how Reynard to the Forest took his Flight, and too be held the House was born, who had not be held the House was born, who had not be held the House was born, who had not be held the House was born.

That I like thee on Friday might complain; The Fox, the wicked Fox, was all the Cry, yell tant no roll Out from his House ran ev'ry Neighbour nigh: The Vicar first, and after him the Crew, Iw sein abund to M With Forks and Staves the Fellon to purfue. The Hot and Staves the Fellon to purfue. Ran Coll our Dog, and Talbot with the Band, Band Many and Wall And Malkin, with her Distass in her Hand: Ran Cow and Calf, and Family of Hogs, In Panique Horror of pursuing Dogs, an name find selver rich With many a deadly Grunt and doleful Squeak Poor Swine, as if their pretty Hearts would break. The Shouts of Men, the Women in dismay, I red lador A red With Shrieks augment the Terror of the Day. It bladed ed and The Ducks that heard the Proclamation cry'd, dained and the body And fear'd a Persecution might betide, and sorie and one guille Full twenty Mile from Town their Voyage take, Obscure in Rushes of the liquid Lake.

The

The Geefe fly o'er the Barn; the Bees in Arms,
Drive headlong from their Waxen Cells in Swarms,

Jack Straw at London-stone with all his Rout
Struck not the City with so loud a Shout;
Not when with English Hate they did pursue

A French Man, or an unbelieving Jew:
Not when the Welkin rung with one and all;
And Echoes bounded back from Fox's Hall;
Earth seem'd to fink beneath, and Heav'n above to fall,
With Might and Main they chas'd the murd'rous Fox,
With brazen Trumpets, and inslated Box,
To kindle Mars with military Sounds,
Nor wanted Horns t'inspire sagacious Hounds.

But fee how Fortune can confound the Wife,
And when they leaft expect it, turn the Dice.
The Captive Cock, who fcarce cou'd draw his Breath,
And lay within the very Jaws of Death:
Yet in this Agony his Fancy wrought
And Fear fupply'd him with this happy Thought:
Yours is the Prize, victorious Prince, faid he,
The Vicar my defeat, and all the Village fee.
Enjoy your friendly Fortune while you may,
And bid the Churls that envy you the Prey,
Call back their mungril Curs, and ceafe their Cry,
See Fools, the shelter of the Wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your despight shall die.
He shall be pluck'd, and eaten to the Bone.

Tis well advis'd, in Faith it shall be done;

This

This Reynard faid: but as the Word he fpoke,

The Pris'ner with a Spring from Prison broke:

Then stretch'd his feather'd Fans with all his might,

And to the neighb'ring Maple wing'd his slight.

Whom when the Traytor fafe on Tree beheld,
He curs'd the Gods, with Shame and Sorrow fill'd;
Shame for his Folly; Sorrow out of time,
For Plotting an unprofitable Crime:
Yet mast'ring both, th' Artificer of Lies
Renews th' Assault, and his last Batt'ry tries.

Though I, said he, did ne'er in Thought offend, How justly may my Lord suspect his Friend? Th' appearance is against me, I confess, world world and Who feemingly have put you in Diftress: You, if your Goodness does not plead my Cause, May think I broke all hospitable Laws, To bear you from your Palace-yard by Might, And put your noble Person in a Fright: This, fince you take it ill, I must repent, Though Heav'n can witness with no bad intent, I practis'd it, to make you tafte your Cheer, With double Pleasure first prepar'd by fear. So loyal Subjects often feize their Prince, Forc'd (for his Good) to feeming Violence, Yet mean his facred Person not the least Offence. Descend; so help me Jove as you shall find That Reynard comes of no diffembling Kind,

Nay,

Nay, quoth the Cock; but I beshrew us both, If I believe a Saint upon his Oath:
An honest Man may take a Knave's Advice,
But Idiots only will be couzen'd twice:
Once warn'd is well bewar'd: No flatt'ring Lies
Shall sooth me more to fing with winking Eyes,
And open Mouth, for fear of catching Flies.
Who Blindfold walks upon a Rivers brim
When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim?
Better, Sir Cock, let all Contention cease,
Come down, said Reynard, let us treat of Peace,
A Peace with all my Soul, said Chanticleer;
But with your Favour, I will treat it here:
And least the Truce with Treason should be mixt,
'Tis my concern to have the Tree betwixt,

The MORAL,

In this plain Fable you th' Effect may see
Of Negligence, and fond Credulity:
And learn besides of Flatt'rers to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.
The Cock and Fox, the Fool and Knave imply;
The Truth is moral, though the Tale a Lie.
Who spoke in Parables, I dare not say;
But sure, he knew it was a pleasing way,
Sound Sense, by plain Example, to convey.
And in a Heathen Author we may find,
That Pleasure with Instruction should be join'd;
So take the Corn, and leave the Chass behind.

See See

THEO-

Nay, quoth the Cockey but I believe us both,

If I believe a Saint upon his Oath: group and the saint upon his Oath: group and the saint upon his Oath: group and the saint Idiots only will be couzen'd twice; the house of the Sur Idiots only will be couzen'd twice; the saint one of the saint of the saint

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THEO.

THEODORE

AND

HONORIA,

FROM

BOCCACE.

* * * *

THEODORE

AND

HONORIA,

FROM

BOCCACE.

* * * *

THEODORE

AND

HONORIA.

Fall the Cities in Romanian Lands,
The chief, and most renown'd Ravenna stands:
Adorn'd in ancient Times with Arms and Arts,
And rich Inhabitants, with generous Hearts.
But Theodore the Brave, above the rest,
With Gifts of Fortune, and of Nature bless'd,
The foremost Place, for Wealth and Honour held,
And all in Feats of Chivalry excell'd.

This noble Youth to Madness lov'd a Dame,
Of high Degree, Honoria was her Name:
Fair as the Fairest, but of haughty Mind,
And siercer than became so soft a kind;
Proud of her Birth; (for equal she had none;)
The rest she sconstant Courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd:

LI

He liv'd with all the Pomp he cou'd devise,
At Tilts and Turnaments obtain'd the Prize,
But found no favour in his Ladies Eyes:
Relentless as a Rock, the lofty Maid
Turn'd all to Poyson that he did, or said:
Nor Pray'rs, nor Tears, nor offer'd Vows could move;
The Work went backward; and the more he strove
T'advance his Sute, the farther from her Love.

Weary'd at length, and wanting Remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.
But Pride stood ready to prevent the Blow,
For who would die to gratify a Foe?
His generous Mind disdain'd so mean a Fate;
That pass'd, his next Endeavour was to Hate.
But vainer that Relief than all the rest,
The less he hop'd with more Desire posses'd;
Love stood the Siege, and would not yield his Breast.

Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his Care, He sought a Fairer, but sound none so Fair. He would have worn her out by slow degrees, As Men by Fasting starve th' untam'd Disease:
But present Love requir'd a present Ease.
Looking he seeds alone his famish'd Eyes,
Feeds lingring Death, but looking not he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to Fate,
Wasting at once his Life, and his Estate.

His

His Friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain, or blace of M. For what Advice can ease a Lover's Pain!

Absence, the best Expedient they could find

Might save the Fortune, if not cure the Mind:

This Means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,

Yet after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard, you may think it was, to give confent,
But, struggling with his own Desires, he went:
With large Expence, and with a pompous Train,
Provided, as to visit France or Spain,
Or for some distant Voyage o'er the Main.
But Love had clipp'd his Wings, and cut him short,
Confin'd within the purlieus of his Court:
Three Miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His Travels ended at his Country-Seat:
To Chassis pleasing Plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his Tents, and there resolv'd to stay.

The Spring was in the Prime; the neighb'ring Grove,
Supply'd with Birds, the Chorifters of Love:
Mufick unbought, that minister'd Delight,
To Morning-walks, and lull'd his Cares by Night:
There he discharg'd his Friends; but not th' Expence
Of frequent Treats, and proud Magnificence.
He liv'd as Kings retire, though more at large,
From publick Business, yet with equal Charge;
With House, and Heart still open to receive;
As well content, as Love would give him leave:

He

He would have liv'd more free; but many a Guest, Who could forsake the Friend, pursu'd the Feast.

It happ'd one Morning, as his Fancy led, Before his usual Hour, he left his Bed; To walk within a lonely Lawn, that stood On ev'ry fide, furrounded by the Wood: Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive Mind, And fought the deepest Solitude to find: 'Twas in a Grove of spreading Pines he stray'd; The Winds, within the quiv'ring Branches plaid, And Dancing-Trees a mournful Musick made. The Place it felf was fuiting to his Care, Uncouth, and Salvage, as the cruel Fair. He wander'd on, unknowing where he went, Lost in the Wood, and all on Love intent: The Day already half his Race had run, And fummon'd him to due Repast at Noon, But Love could feel no Hunger but his own.

While lift'ning to the murm'ring Leaves he flood,
More than a Mile immers'd within the Wood,
At once the Wind was laid; the whifp'ring found
Was dumb; a rifing Earthquake rock'd the Ground:
With deeper Brown the Grove was overspred:
A suddain Horror seiz'd his giddy Head,
And his Ears tinckled, and his Colour fled.
Nature was in alarm; some Danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal Eye:

Unus'd

Unus'd to fear, he fummon'd all his Soul
And stood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: For soon a Whirlwind rose around, A land and And from afar he heard a screaming sound, and have brown As of a Dame distress'd, who cry'd for Aid, and sound all And fill'd with loud Laments the secret Shade.

A Thicket close beside the Grove there stood With Breers, and Brambles choak'd, and dwarfish Wood: From thence the Noise: Which now approaching near With more distinguish'd Notes invades his Ear: He rais'd his Head, and faw a beauteous Maid, and a suffer With Hair dishevell'd, issuing through the Shade; Stripp'd of her Cloaths, and e'en those Parts reveal'd, of the Which modest Nature keeps from Sight conceal'd. Her Face, her Hands, her naked Limbs were torn, With paffing through the Brakes, and prickly Thorn: Two Mastiss gaunt and grim, her Flight pursu'd, And oft their fasten'd Fangs in Blood embru'd: Oft they came up and pinch'd her tender Side, Mercy, O Mercy, Heav'n, she ran, and cry'd; won 10 When Heav'n was nam'd they loos'd their Hold again, Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her amain.

Not far behind, a Knight of fwarthy Face,
High on a Coal-black Steed pursu'd the Chace;
With flashing Flames his ardent Eyes were fill'd,
And in his Hands a naked Sword he held:
He chear'd the Dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd Revenge on her devoted Head.

Unqs'd to fear, he immon'd all h

As Theodore was born of noble Kind,

The brutal Action rowz'd his manly Mind:

Mov'd with unworthy Usage of the Maid,

He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her Aid.

A Saplin Pine he wrench'd from out the Ground,

The readiest Weapon that his Fury sound.

Thus furnish'd for Offence, he cross'd the way

Betwixt the graceless Villain, and his Prey.

The Knight came thund'ring on, but from afar
Thus in imperious Tone forbad the War:
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain Relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a Grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd Prey,
And let eternal Justice take the way:
I but revenge my Fate; disdain'd, betray'd,
And suff'ring Death for this ungrateful Maid.

He fay'd; at once difmounting from the Steed;
For now the Hell-hounds with superiour Speed
Had reach'd the Dame, and fast'ning on her Side,
The Ground with issuing Streams of Purple dy'd.
Stood Theodore surpriz'd in deadly Fright,
With chatt'ring Teeth and bristling Hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn Worth, What e'er, said he,
Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful Cause, or be defy'd:
The Spectre, siercely staring, thus reply'd.

Know, Theodore, thy Ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my Name.
One common Sire our Fathers did beget,
My Name and Story some remember yet:
Thee, then a Boy, within my Arms I laid,
When for my Sins I lov'd this haughty Maid;
Not less ador'd in Life, nor serv'd by Me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by Thee.
What did I not her stubborn Heart to gain?
But all my Vows were answer'd with Disdain;
She scorn'd my Sorrows, and despis'd my Pain.
Long time I dragg'd my Days in fruitless Care,
Then loathing Life, and plung'd in deep Despair,
To finish my unhappy Life, I fell
On this sharp Sword, and now am damn'd in Hell.

Short was her Joy; for foon th' infulting Maid
By Heav'n's Decree in the cold Grave was laid,
And as in unrepenting Sin she dy'd,
Doom'd to the same bad Place, is punish'd for her Pride;
Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a Merit of her Cruelty.
There, then, we met; both try'd and both were cast,
And this irrevocable Sentence pass'd;
That she whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my Hands a lingring Pain:
Renew'd to Life, that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to sty;

No more a Lover but a mortal Foe,
I feek her Life (for Love is none below:)
As often as my Dogs with better fpeed
Arrest her Flight, is she to Death decreed.
Then with this fatal Sword on which I dy'd,
I pierce her open'd Back or tender Side,
And tear that harden'd Heart from out her Breast,
Which, with her Entrails, makes my hungry Hounds a Feast.
Nor lies she long, but as her Fates ordain,
Springs up to Life, and fresh to second Pain,
Is sav'd to Day, to Morrow to be slain.

This, vers'd in Death, th' infernal Knight relates, And then for Proof fulfill'd their common Fates; Her Heart and Bowels through her Back he drew, And fed the Hounds that help'd him to pursue. Stern'd look'd the Fiend, as frustrate of his Will Not half fuffic'd, and greedy yet to kill. And now the Soul expiring through the Wound, Had left the Body breathless on the Ground, When thus the grifly Spectre spoke again: Behold the Fruit of ill-rewarded Pain: As many Months as I fustain'd her Hate, So many Years is she condemn'd by Fate To daily Death; and ev'ry feveral Place, Conscious of her Disdain, and my Disgrace, Must witness her just Punishment; and be A Scene of Triumph and Revenge to me. As in this Grove I took my last Farewel, As on this very spot of Earth I fell,

As Friday faw me die, fo she my Prey Amar and and and Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving Day.

Thus while he spoke, the Virgin from the Ground Wall Upstarted fresh, already clos'd the Wound, And unconcern'd for all she felt before

Precipitates her Flight along the Shore:

The Hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with Flesh and Blood

Pursue their Prey, and seek their wonted Food:

The Fiend remounts his Courser; mends his Pace,

And all the Vision vanish'd from the Place:

Long stood the noble Youth oppress'd with Awe,
And stupid at the wond'rous Things he saw
Surpassing common Faith; transgressing Nature's Law.
He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
But Dreams, he knew, no long Impression make,
Though strong at first: If Vision, to what end,
But such as must his future State portend?
His Love the Damsel, and himself the Fiend.
But yet resecting that it could not be
From Heav'n, which cannot impious Acts decree,
Resolv'd within himself to shun the Snare
Which Hell for his Distruction did prepare;
And as his better Genius should direct
From an ill Cause to draw a good effect.

Inspir'd from Heav'n he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new Design with long delay:

But

But of his Train a trusty Servant sent;
To call his Friends together at his Tent.
They came, and usual Salutations paid,
With Words premeditated thus he said:
What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unreguarded Love;
By Thrist my sinking Fortune to repair,
Tho' late, yet is at last become my Care:
My Heart shall be my own; my vast Expence
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely Providence:
This only I require; invite for me
Honoria, with her Father's Family,
Her Friends, and mine; the Cause I shall display,
On Friday next, for that's th' appointed Day.

Well pleas'd were all his Friends, the Task was light;
The Father, Mother, Daughter, they invite;
Hardly the Dame was drawn to this repaft;
But yet refolv'd, because it was the last.
The Day was come; the Guests invited came,
And, with the rest, th' inexorable Dame:
A Feast prepar'd with riotous Expence,
Much Cost, more Care, and most Magnisicence.
The Place ordain'd was in that haunted Grove,
Where the revenging Ghost pursu'd his Love:
The Tables in a proud Pavilion spred,
With Flow'rs below, and Tissue overhead:
The rest in rank; Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her Face
To front the Thicket, and behold the Chace.

3

The

The Feast was serv'd; the time so well forecast,

That just when the Dessert, and Fruits were plac'd,

The Fiend's Alarm began; the hollow sound

Sung in the Leaves, the Forest shook around,

Air blacken'd; rowl'd the Thunder; groan'd the Ground.

Nor long before the loud Laments arile,

Of one diffres'd, and Mastiss mingled Cries;

And first the Dame came rushing through the Wood,

And next the famish'd Hounds that sought their Food

And grip'd her Flanks, and oft essay'd their Jaws in Blood.

Last came the Fellon on the Sable Steed,

Arm'd with his naked Sword, and urg'd his Dogs to speed:

She ran, and cry'd; her Flight directly bent,

(A Guest unbidden) to the fatal Tent,

The Scene of Death, and Place ordain'd for Punishment.

Loud was the Noise, aghast was every Guest,

The Women shriek'd, the Men forsook the Feast;

The Hounds at nearer distance hoarsly bay'd;

The Hunter clos'd pursu'd the visionary Maid,

She rent the Heav'n with loud Laments, imploring Aid.

The Gallants to protect the Ladies right,
Their Fauchions brandish'd at the grisly Spright;
High on his Stirups, he provok'd the Fight.
Then on the Crowd he cast a furious Look,
And wither'd all their Strength before he strook:
Back on your Lives; let be, said he, my Prey,
And let my Vengeance take the destin'd way.

Voit,

Vain

Vain are your Arms, and vainer your Defence,
Against th' eternal Doom of Providence:
Mine is th' ungrateful Maid by Heav'n design'd:
Mercy she would not give, nor Mercy shall she find.
At this the former Tale again he told
With thund'ring Tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their Hearts with Horror of the Crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back; some knew the Face,
And all had heard the much lamented Case,
Of him who sell for Love, and this the satal Place.

And now th' infernal Minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due Victim, and with Fury lanch'd
Her Back, and piercing through her inmost Heart,
Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.
The reeking Entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre Mastiss made a Prey:
The pale Assistants, on each other star'd
With gaping Mouths for issuing Words prepar'd;
The still-born sounds upon the Palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the faltring Tongue.
The Fright was general; but the Female Band
(A helpless Train) in more Confusion stand;
With Horror shuddring, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful Justice done;
For Conscience rung th' Alarm, and made the Case their own.

So spread upon a Lake with upward Eye A plump of Fowl, behold their Foe on high,

They

They close their trembling Troop; and all attend On whom the fowfing Eagle will descend.

But most the proud Honoria fear'd th' event, And thought to her alone the Vision sent. Her Guilt presents to her distracted Mind Heav'ns Justice, Theodore's revengeful Kind, And the same Fate to the same Sin assign'd; Already fees her felf the Monster's Prey, And feels her Heart, and Entrails torn away. 'Twas a mute Scene of Sorrow, mix'd with fear, Still on the Table lay th' unfinish'd Cheer; The Knight, and hungry Mastiffs stood around, The mangled Dame lay breathless on the Ground: When on a fuddain reinspired with Breath, Again she rose, again to suffer Death; Nor stay'd the Hell-hounds, nor the Hunter stay'd, But follow'd, as before, the flying Maid: Th' Avenger took from Earth th' avenging Sword, And mounting light as Air, his Sable Steed he fpurr'd: The Clouds dispell'd, the Sky resum'd her Light, And Nature flood recover'd of her Fright.

But Fear, the last of Ills, remain'd behind,
And Horror heavy sat on ev'ry Mind.
Nor Theodore incourag'd more his Feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his Breast
Some deep Design, which when Honoria view'd,
The fresh Impulse her former Fright renew'd:

She thought her felf the trembling Dame who fled,
And him the grifly Ghost that spurr'd th' infernal Steed:
The more dismay'd, for when the Guests withdrew
Their courteous Host saluting all the Crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er; nor grac'd with kind adieu.
That Sting infix'd within her haughty Mind,
The downfal of her Empire she divin'd;
And her proud Heart with secret Sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad Discourse renew'd
Of the relentless Dame to Death pursu'd,
And of the Sight obscene so lately view'd.
None durst arraign the righteous Doom she bore,
Ev'n they who pity'd most yet blam'd her more:
The Parallel they needed not to name,
But in the Dead they damn'd the living Dame.

At ev'ry little Noise she look'd behind,

For still the Knight was present to her Mind:

And anxious oft she started on the way,

And thought the Horseman-Ghost came thundring for his Prey.

Return'd, she took her Bed, with little Rest,

But in short Slumbers dreamt the Funeral Feast:

Awak'd, she turn'd her Side; and slept again,

The same black Vapors mounted in her Brain,

And the same Dreams return'd with double Pain.

Now forc'd to wake because afraid to sleep
Her Blood all Fever'd, with a furious Leap
She sprung from Bed, distracted in her Mind,
And fear'd, at ev'ry Step, a twitching Spright behind.

Darkling

Darkling and desp'rate with a stagg'ring pace,

Of Death asraid, and conscious of Disgrace;

Fear, Pride, Remorse, at once her Heart assail'd,

Pride put Remorse to slight, but Fear prevail'd.

Friday, the satal Day, when next it came,

Her Soul forethought the Fiend would change his Game,

And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,

And two Ghosts join their Packs to hunt her o'er the Plain.

This dreadful Image fo posses'd her Mind, That desp'rate any Succour else to find, She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began To make reflection on th' unhappy Man. Rich, Brave, and Young, who past expression lov'd, Proof to Disdain; and not to be remov'd: Of all the Men respected, and admir'd, Of all the Dames, except her felf, defir'd. Why not of her? Preferr'd above the rest By him with Knightly Deeds, and open Love profes'd? So had another been; where he his Vows address'd. This quell'd her Pride, yet other Doubts remain'd, That once disdaining she might be disdain'd: The Fear was just, but greater Fear prevail'd, Fear of her Life by hellish Hounds assail'd: He took a low'ring leave; but who can tell, What outward Hate, might inward Love conceal? Her Sexes Arts she knew, and why not then, Might deep diffembling have a place in Men? Here Hope began to dawn; refolv'd to try, She fix'd on this her utmost Remedy; Death was behind, but hard it was to die.

3

Pride put Remorfe to flight, but Fear prevail'd

Twas time enough at last on Death to call, he bas and to The Precipice in fight: A Shrub was all, he had a start of the That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.

One Maid she had, belov'd above the rest, Secure of her, the Secret she confess'd : In deposition luck and And now the chearful Light her Fears dispell'd, She with no winding turns the Truth conceal'd, But put the Woman off, and stood reveal'd: With Faults confess'd commission'd her to go, land and T If Pity yet had place, and reconcile her Foe : a state of the The welcom Message made, was soon received; 'Twas what he wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd; Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present, word but evend de? He knew the Sex, and fear'd she might repent, and of the Should he delay the moment of Confent. Soular nell and the There yet remain'd to gain her Friends (a Care and and the 10 The modesty of Maidens well might spare;) and lo son will But she with such a Zeal the Cause embrac'd, in I show mid va (As Women where they will, are all in haft) decided and of That Father, Mother, and the Kin befide, Were overborn by fury of the Tide: and animalib some sail With full consent of all, she chang'd her State, Refistless in her Love, as in her Hate.

By her Example warn'd, the rest beware;
More Easy, less Imperious, were the Fair;
And that one Hunting which the Devil design'd,
For one fair Female, lost him half the Kind.

Sib or agent for hard fe was to die.

de took a low ring leave ;

Her faded Cheeks are chang'd to Boxen Hue, And in her Eyes the Tears are ever new:

Can Ceyx then fustain to leave his Wis

And unconcern'd forfalke the Sweets of Life?

She thrice affay'd to Specie, her Acare hung
And faltrix dy'd unfinited on her Thrue,
Or vanish'd into Sighs: With long delay.

Her Voice return'd; and found the wonted way

Cevx and Alevone

A L C You on the land of the l

Connection of this Fable with the former.

Ceyx, the Son of Lucifer, (the Morning Star) and King of Trachin in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone Daughter to Holus God of the Winds. Both the Husband and the Wife low'd each other with an entire Affection. Dædalion, the Elder Brother of Ceyx (whom he succeeded) having been turn'd into a Falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Dædalion's Daughter, slain by Diana. Ceyx prepares a Ship to sail to Claros there to consult the Oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to enquire how the Anger of the Gods might be atton'd.

HESE Prodigies afflict the pious Prince,

But more perplex'd with those that happen'd since,

He purposes to seek the Clarian God,

Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd Abode;

Since Phlegyan Robbers made unsafe the Road. M no med and

Yet cou'd he not from her he lov'd so well

The fatal Voyage, he resolv'd, conceal;

But when she saw her Lord prepar'd to part;

A deadly Cold ran shiv'ring to her Heart!

Aaa

Her

Her faded Cheeks are chang'd to Boxen Hue,
And in her Eyes the Tears are ever new:
She thrice affay'd to Speak; her Accents hung
And faltring dy'd unfinish'd on her Tongue,
Or vanish'd into Sighs: With long delay
Her Voice return'd; and found the wonted way.

Tell me, my Lord, she said, what Fault unknown Thy once belov'd Alcyone has done? Whether, ah whether is thy Kindness gone! Can Ceyx then fustain to leave his Wife, And unconcern'd forfake the Sweets of Life? What can thy Mind to this long Journey move, Or need'st thou absence to renew thy Love? Yet, if thou go'ft by Land, tho' Grief possess and T minds My Soul ev'n then, my Fears will be the lefs. We and to have other with an el But ah! be warn'd to shun the Watry Way, Cevx (whom The Face is frightful of the stormy Sea. bus - ollogA For late I faw a-drift disjointed Planks, And empty Tombs erected on the Banks. Nor let false Hopes to trust betray thy Mind, Because my Sire in Caves constrains the Wind, Can with a Breath their clam'rous Rage appeare, They fear his Whiftle, and forfake the Seas; Not so, for once indulg'd, they sweep the Main: Deaf to the Call, or hearing hear in vain; But bent on Mischief bear the Waves before, And not content with Seas infult the Shoar, When Ocean, Air, and Earth, at once ingage And rooted Forrests fly before their Rage:

Adeadly Cold ran this ong to her Heart

At once the clashing Clouds to Battle move,
And Lightnings run across the Fields above:
I know them well, and mark'd their rude Comport,
While yet a Child, within my Father's Court:
In times of Tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the Throne:
The more I know, the more my Fears augment,
And Fears are oft prophetick of th' event.
But if not Fears, or Reasons will prevail,
If Fate has fix'd thee obstinate to fail,
Go not without thy Wife, but let me bear
My part of Danger with an equal share,
And present, what I suffer only fear:
Then o'er the bounding Billows shall we sly,
Secure to live together, or to die.

These Reasons mov'd her starlike Husband's Heart,
But still he held his Purpose to depart:
For as he lov'd her equal to his Life,
He wou'd not to the Seas expose his Wife;
Nor cou'd be wrought his Voyage to refrain,
But sought by Arguments to sooth her Pain:
Nor these avail'd; at length he lights on one,
With which, so difficult a Cause he won:
My Love, so short an absence cease to sear,
For by my Father's holy Flame, I swear,
Before two Moons their Orb with Light adorn,
If Heav'n allow me Life, I will return.

This Promife of so short a stay prevails;
He soon equips the Ship, supplies the Sails,
And gives the Word to launch; she trembling views
This pomp of Death, and parting Tears renews:
Last with a Kiss, she took a long farewel,
Sigh'd, with a sad Presage, and swooning fell:
While Ceyx seeks Delays, the lusty Crew
Rais'd on their Banks their Oars in order drew,
To their broad Breasts, the Ship with sury slew.

The Queen recover'd rears her humid Eyes,
And first her Husband on the Poop espies
Shaking his Hand at distance on the Main;
She took the Sign; and shook her Hand again.
Still as the Ground recedes, contracts her View
With sharpen'd Sight, till she no longer knew
The much-lov'd Face; that Comfort lost supplies
With less, and with the Galley feeds her Eyes;
The Galley born from view by rising Gales
She follow'd with her Sight the flying Sails:
When ev'n the flying Sails were seen no more
Forsaken of all Sight, she less the Shoar.

Then on her Bridal-Bed her Body throws,
And fought in fleep her weary'd Eyes to close:
Her Husband's Pillow, and the Widow'd part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former Smart.

And now a Breeze from Shoar began to blow,
The Sailors ship their Oars, and cease to row;
Then hoist their Yards a-trip, and all their Sails
Let fall, to court the Wind, and catch the Gales:
By this the Vessel half her Course had run,
And as much rested till the rising Sun;
Both Shores were lost to Sight, when at the close
Of Day, a stiffer Gale at East arose:
The Sea grew White, the rowling Waves from far
Like Heralds first denounce, the Wat'ry War.

This feen, the Master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the Top-sail; let the Main-sheet sty,
And furl your Sails: The Winds repel the sound,
And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is drown'd.
Yet of their own accord, as Danger taught
Each in his way, officiously they wrought;
Some stow their Oars, or stop the leaky Sides,
Another bolder yet the Yard bestrides,
And folds the Sails; a fourth with Labour, laves,
Th' intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves.

In this Confusion while their Work they ply,
The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,
And wage intestine Wars; the suff'ring Seas
Are toss'd, and mingled as their Tyrants please.
The Master wou'd command, but in despair
Of Safety, stands amaz'd with stupid Care,

Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd Tempest to such Fury grows:
Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill;
With such a Concourse comes the Flood of III:
The Cries of Men are mix'd with rattling Shrowds;
Seas dash on Seas, and Clouds encounter Clouds:
At once from East to West, from Pole to Pole,
The forky Lightnings slash, the roaring Thunders roul.

Now Waves on Waves afcending scale the Skies, And in the Fires above, the Water fries: b flind ablanced solid When yellow Sands are fifted from below, The glitt'ring Billows give a golden Show: And when the fouler bottom spews the Black, The Stygian Dye the tainted Waters take: Then frothy White appear the flatted Seas, And change their Colour, changing their Difease. Like various Fits the Trachin Veffel finds, And now fublime, the rides upon the Winds; As from a lofty Summet looks from high, And from the Clouds beholds the neather Sky: Now from the depth of Hell they lift their Sight, And at a diffance fee fuperiour Light: The lashing Billows make a loud report And beat her Sides, as batt'ring Rams, a Fort: Or as a Lyon, bounding in his way With Force augmented bears against his Prey; Sidelong to feize; or unappal'd with fear Springs on the Toils, and rushes on the Spear?

The Sailors run in heaps, a helplefs Grow

So Seas impell'd by Winds with added Pow'r

Affault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.

Now yield; and now a yawning Breach display:

The roaring Waters with a hostile Tide

Rush through the Ruins of her gaping Side.

Mean time in Sheets of Rain the Sky descends,

And Ocean swell'd with Waters upwards tends,

One rising, falling one, the Heav'ns, and Sea

Meet at their Confines, in the middle Way:

The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop with Rain,

Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main.

No Star appears to lend his friendly Light:

Darkness and Tempest make a double Night.

But slashing Fires disclose the Deep by turns,

And while the Light'nings blaze, the Water burns.

Now all the Waves, their scatter'd Force unite, and and as a Soldier, foremost in the Fight and additional and as a Soldier, foremost in the Fight and additional and as a Soldier, foremost in the Fight and additional and as a Soldier, foremost in the Fight and additional and as a Soldier, foremost in the Fight and additional and as a Soldier, foremost in the Fight and additional and as a Soldier, foremost in the Fight and additional and a soldier, so and and additional and as a Soldier, foremost in the Fight and additional and a soldier, so and and additional additional and additional additio

eas impell'd by Winds with added Pow'r

An universal Cry resounds about, who bees saled and student The Sailors run in heaps, a helpless Crowd; Art fails, and Courage falls, no Succour near; As many Waves, as many Deaths appear, won bus : blow work One weeps, and yet despairs of late Relief; note W suited and One cannot weep, his Fears congeal his Grief, of depoint dust But stupid, with dry Eyes expects his Fate : seed ni emit no 2 One with loud Shrieks laments his loft Effate, New 1000 b And calls those happy whom their Funerals wait. This Wretch with Pray'rs, and Vows the Gods implores, And ev'n the Sky's he cannot fee, adores. while on all of all That other on his Friends his Thoughts bestows, His careful Father, and his faithful Spoule. The covetous Worldling in his anxious Mind Thinks only on the Wealth he left behind. And while the Light nings blaze, the Water burns

All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,

For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys:

His Wise he wishes, and wou'd still be near,

Not her with him, but wishes him with her:

Now with last Looks he seeks his Native Shoar,

Which Fate has destin'd him to see no more;

He sought, but in the dark tempestuous Night

He knew not whether to direct his Sight.

So whirl the Seas, such Darkness blinds the Sky,

That the black Night receives a deeper Dye.

The giddy Ship ran round; the Tempest tore
Her Mast, and over-board the Rudder bore.

One

One Billow mounts; and with a fcornful Brow

Proud of her Conquest gain'd insults the Waves below;

Nor lighter falls, than if some Gyant tore

Pyndus and Athos, with the Freight they bore:

And toss'd on Seas; press'd with the pondrous Blow

Down sinks the Ship within th' Abys's below:

Down with the Vessel sink into the Main

The many, never more to rise again.

Some few on scatter'd Planks with fruitless Care

Lay hold, and swim, but while they swim, despair.

Now grasps a floating Fragment in his Hand, and believed And while he struggles on the stormy Main, the Hand and the start of the stormy Main, Invokes his Father, and his Wife's, in vain; and him bound and But yet his Confort is his greatest Care; and and anoled to but Alcyone he names amidst his Pray'r, and only and tol very of Names as a Charm against the Waves, and Wind; Most in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind word and on on on Tir'd with his Toyl, all hopes of Safety paft, b'vol-down rell. From Pray'rs to Wishes he descends at last: That his dead Body wafted to the Sands, and that by mig ned T Might have its Burial from her Friendly Hands. bester on but As oft as he can catch a gulp of Air, to brasil moiting that sill ! And peep above the Seas, he names the Fair, beredib flor on? And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves, Murm'ring Alcyone below the Waves : alabbod and and tull At last a falling Billow stops his Breath, and and which hill Breaks o'er his Head, and whelms him underneath.

Then

Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears has semant would and That Night, his heav'nly Form obscur'd with Tears, to buor And since he was forbid to leave the Skies, and all radded now He mussled with a Cloud his mournful Eyes.

And roled on Seas ; prefet with the pondrous Blow Mean time Alcyone (his Fate unknown) and and and awoll Computes how many Nights he had been gone, and the mood Observes the waning Moon with hourly view Numbers her Age, and wishes for a new; promot no west and Against the promis'd Time provides with care, box blod val And hastens in the Woof the Robes he was to wear: And for her Self employs another Loom, New-dress'd to meet her Lord returning home, A salmy w Flatt'ring her Heart with Joys that never were to come: She fum'd the Temples with an odrous Flame, day in salo ? And oft before the facred Altars came, and at molno aid tow To pray for him, who was an empty Name, a seman on any All Pow'rs implor'd, but far above the rest a musel see some To Juno she her pious Vows address'd, bus about aid of flow Her much-lov'd Lord from Perils to protect you and drive ball And fafe o'er Seas his Voyage to direct: Then pray'd that she might still possess his Heart, bash and said And no pretending Rival share a part; or lained at even and M This last Petition heard of all her Pray'r, do no ones and as Host The rest dispers'd by Winds were lost in Air, woods good bak

But she, the Goddess of the Nuptial-Bed, world guidant A Resolv'd the tainted Hand should be repell'd Hand should be repell'd

Then

Then Iris thus bespoke; Thou faithful Maid
By whom thy Queen's Commands are well convey'd,
Hast to the House of Sleep, and bid the God
Who rules the Night by Visions with a Nod,
Prepare a Dream, in Figure and in Form
Resembling him who perish'd in the Storm;
This Form before Alcyone present,
To make her certain of the sad Event.

Indu'd with Robes of various Hew she slies, and rood of And slying draws an Arch, (a segment of the Skies:) have no Then leaves her bending Bow, and from the steep Descends to search the silent House of Sleep, only and many benderation.

Near the Cymmerians, in his dark Abode

Deep in a Cavern, dwells the drowzy God;

Whose gloomy Mansion nor the rising Sun and had had Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome Noon:

But lazy Vapors round the Region fly,

Perpetual Twilight, and a doubtful Sky;

No crowing Cock does there his Wings display

Nor with his horny Bill provoke the Day:

Nor watchful Dogs, nor the more wakeful Geese,

Disturb with nightly Noise the sacred Peace:

Nor Beast of Nature, nor the Tame are nigh,

Nor Trees with Tempests rock'd, nor human Cry,

But safe Repose without an air of Breath

Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to Death.

Fhen his thus belooke; Thou faithful Maid

And all cool Simples that fweet Rest bestow; and passing sheds it on the filent Plains:

No Door there was th' unguarded House to keep, when he had a simple turn'd, to break his Sleep.

But in the gloomy Court was rais'd a Bed
Stuff'd with black Plumes, and on an Ebon-sted:
Black was the Cov'ring too, where lay the God
And slept supine, his Limbs display'd abroad:
About his Head fantastick Visions sly,
Which various Images of Things supply,
And mock their Forms, the Leaves on Trees not more;
Nor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon the Shore.

The Virgin entring bright indulg'd the Day

To the brown Cave, and brush'd the Dreams away:

The God disturb'd with this new glare of Light

Cast sudden on his Face, unseal'd his Sight,

And rais'd his tardy Head, which sunk agen,

And sinking on his Bosom knock'd his Chin;

At length shook off himself; and ask'd the Dame,

(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came?

To whom the Goddess thus: O facred Rest, Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the Pow'rs the best! O Peace of Mind, repairer of Decay, Whose Balms renews the Limbs to Labours of the Day, Care shuns thy foft approach, and fullen slies away! Adorn a Dream, expressing human Form, and or sound all all The Shape of him who fuffer'd in the Storm, And fend it flitting to the Trachin Court, The Wreck of wretched Ceyx to report: Before his Queen bid the pale Spectre stand, Who begs a vain Relief at Juno's Hand. She faid, and scarce awake her Eyes cou'd keep, Unable to support the fumes of Sleep: But fled returning by the way she went, And fwery'd along her Bow with fwift afcent. Through Airlismomentary Journey made

The God uneafy till he flept again
Refolv'd at once to rid himfelf of Pain;
And tho' against his Custom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy Crowd:
Morpheus of all his numerous Train express'd
The Shape of Man, and imitated best;
The Walk, the Words, the Gesture cou'd supply,
The Habit mimick, and the Mien bely;
Plays well, but all his Action is confin'd;
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another Birds, and Beasts, and Dragons apes,
And dreadful Images, and Monster shapes:

This Demon, Icelos, in Heav'ns high Hall

The Gods have nam'd; but Men Phobetor call:

A third is Phantasus, whose Actions roul

On meaner Thoughts, and Things devoid of Soul;

Earth, Fruits and Flow'rs, he represents in Dreams,

And solid Rocks unmov'd, and running Streams:

These three to Kings, and Chiefs their Scenes display,

The rest before th' ignoble Commons play:

Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd,

Which done, the lazy Monarch overwatch'd

Down from his propping Elbow drops his Head,

Dissolv'd in Sleep, and shrinks within his Bed.

So foft that scarce his fanning Wings are heard.

To Trachin, swift as Thought, the slitting Shade

Through Air his momentary Journey made:

Then lays aside the steerage of his Wings,

Forsakes his proper Form, assumes the Kings?

And pale as Death despoil'd of his Array

Into the Queen's Apartment takes his way,

And stands before the Bed at dawn of Day:

Unmov'd his Eyes, and wet his Beard appears.

And shedding vain, but seeming real Tears;

The briny Water dropping from his Hairs;

Then staring on her with a ghastly Look

And hollow Voice, he thus the Queen bespoke.

Know'ft thou not me? Not yet unhappy Wife?

Or are my Features perifh'd with my Life?

Another Birds, and Beairs, and Dragons a

Look

Look once again, and for thy Husband loft,
Lo all that's left of him, thy Husband's Ghoft!
Thy Vows for my return were all in vain;
The flormy South o'ertook us in the Main;
And never shalt thou see thy living Lord again.
Bear witness Heav'n I call'd on Thee in Death,
And while I call'd, a Billow stop'd my Breath:
Think not that slying Fame reports my Fate;
I present, I appear, and my own Wreck relate.
Rise wretched Widow, rise, nor undeplor'd
Permit my Ghost to pass the Stygian Ford:
But rise, prepar'd in Black, to mourn thy perish'd Lord.

His Voice, his Figure, and his Geffund Thus faid the Player-God; and adding Art Of Voice and Gesture, so perform'd his part, and bridges I say She thought (fo like her Love the Shade appears) That Ceyx spake the Words, and Ceyx shed the Tears She groan'd, her inward Soul with Grief opprest, and bluow I She figh'd, she wept; and sleeping beat her Breast: Then stretch'd her Arms t'embrace his Body bare, Her clasping Arms inclose but empty Air: At this not yet awake she cry'd, O stay, and of bloom nied One is our Fate, and common is our way! So dreadful was the Dream, fo loud she spoke, That starting sudden up, the Slumber broke: Then cast her Eyes around in hope to view Her vanished Lord, and find the Vision true: For now the Maids, who waited her Commands, Ran in with lighted Tapers in their Hands. Never, ah never to divide our way !

Tir'd with the Search, not finding what the feeks, as some stood With cruel Blows she pounds her blubber'd Cheeks: 218d la of Then from her beaten Breaft the Linnen tare, vm rol ewoV vdT And cut the golden Caull that bound her Hair was ymron ed T Her Nurse demands the Cause with louder Cries, and reven but She profecutes her Griefs, and thus replies. If you Harris 198 And while I call'd, a Billow ftop'd my

No more Alcyone; she suffer'd Death I gove had been did! With her lov'd Lord, when Ceyx loft his Breath: No Flatt'ry, no false Comfort, give me none, Whendrew Sliff My Shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone: 100 on flood ym timio? I faw, I faw him manifest in view, ball in braging olir and His Voice, his Figure, and his Gestures knew: His Lustre lost, and ev'ry living Grace, wall and bist and I Yet I retain'd the Features of his Face; sould bus soio V 10 Tho' with pale Cheeks, wet Beard, and dropping Hair, None but my Ceyx cou'd appear fo fair : W and aland aven and T I would have strain'd him with a strict Embrace, I be more and But through my Arms he flip'd, and vanish'd from the Place : There, ev'n just there he stood; and as she spoke dotted nod! Where last the Spectre was, she cast her Look : A gaight the Fain wou'd she hope, and gaz'd upon the Ground If any printed Footsteps might be found. Do best one and So dreadful was the Dream, fo loud the fpo

Then figh'd and faid; This I too well foreknew, And, my prophetick Fear prefag'd too true: and and and "Twas what I beg'd when with a bleeding Heart I took my leave, and fuffer'd Thee to part; bioM and won to Or I to go along, or Thou to ftay, angul lended drive of put Never, ah never to divide our way !

Happier

Happier for me, that all our Hours affign'd

Together we had liv'd; e'en not in Death disjoin'd!

So had my Ceyx still been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there:

Now I die absent, in the vast profound;
And Me without my Self the Seas have drown'd:

The Storms were not so cruel; should I strive

To lengthen Life, and such a Grief survive;
But neither will I strive, nor wretched Thee

In Death forsake, but keep thee Company.

If not one common Sepulcher contains

Our Bodies, or one Urn, our last Remains,

Yet Ceyx and Alcyone shall join,

Their Names remember'd in one common Line.

No farther Voice her mighty Grief affords,

For Sighs come rushing in betwixt her Words,

And stop'd her Tongue, but what her Tongue deny'd

Soft Tears, and Groans, and dumb Complaints supply'd.

'Twas Morning; to the Port she takes her way,
And stands upon the Margin of the Sea:
That Place, that very Spot of Ground she sought,
Or thither by her Destiny was brought;
Where last he stood: And while she sadly said
'Twas here he lest me, lingring here delay'd,
His parting Kiss; and there his Anchors weigh'd.

Thus speaking, while her Thoughts past Actions trace, And call to mind admonish'd by the Place,

Ccc

Sharp

Sharp at her utmost Ken she cast her Eyes,
And somewhat floating from afar descries:
It seem'd a Corps adrift, to distant Sight,
But at a distance who could judge aright?
It wasted nearer yet, and then she knew
That what before she but surmis'd, was true:
A Corps it was, but whose it was, unknown,
Yet mov'd, howe'er, she made the Case her own:
Took the bad Omen of a shipwreck'd Man,
As for a Stranger wept, and thus began.

Poor Wreth, on stormy Seas to lose thy Life, Unhappy thou, but more thy widdow'd Wife! At this she paus'd; for now the slowing Tide Had brought the Body nearer to the side: The more she looks, the more her Fears increase, At nearer Sight; and she's her self the less: Now driv'n ashore, and at her Feet it lies, She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees: Her Husband's Corps; at this she loudly shrieks, Tis he, 'tis he, she cries, and tears her Cheeks, Her Hair, her Vest, and stooping to the Sands About his Neck she cast her trembling Hands.

And is it thus, O dearer than my Life, Thus, thus return's Thou to thy longing Wife! She said, and to the neighb'ring Mole she strode, (Rais'd there to break th' Incursions of the Flood;)

Headlong

Headlong from hence to plunge her felf she springs, But shoots along supported on her Wings A Bird new-made about the Banks she plies, Not far from Shore; and short Excursions tries; Nor feeks in Air her humble Flight to raife, Content to skim the Surface of the Seas: Her Bill, tho' flender, fends a creaking Noise, And imitates a lamentable Voice: Now lighting where the bloodless Body lies, She with a Funeral Note renews her Cries. At all her stretch her little Wings she spread, And with her feather'd Arms embrac'd the Dead: Then flick'ring to his palid Lips, she strove To print a Kiss, the last essay of Love: Whether the vital Touch reviv'd the Dead, Or that the moving Waters rais'd his Head To meet the Kifs, the Vulgar doubt alone; For fure a present Miracle was shown. The Gods their Shapes to Winter-Birds translate, But both obnoxious to their former Fate. Their conjugal Affection still is ty'd, And still the mournful Race is multiply'd: They bill, they tread; Alcyone compress'd Sev'n Days fits brooding on her floating Neft: A wintry Queen: Her Sire at length is kind, Calms ev'ry Storm, and hushes ev'ry Wind; Prepares his Empire for his Daughter's Ease, And for his hatching Nephews smooths the Seas.

Headlong from hence to plunge her felf the fprings, Now lighting where the bloodlets Redwittes, She with a Funeral Note tenews her Cries. At all her firetch her little Wings the foread, And with her feather'd Arms embrac'd the Dead : Then flick'ring to his palid Lips, the frove To grint a Kife, the last estay of Love: Whether the vital Touch reviv'd the Dead, Or that the moving Waters rais'd his Head But both obvexious to their former Fate. Their conjugal Affection fill is tv'd, They bill, they tread; Aleyone compressed A wintry Queen: Her Sire at length is kind.

And for his hatching Nephews imports the Seas.

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Flower and the Leaf:

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Flower and the Leaf:

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ARBOU

OW turning from the wintry Signs, the Sun His Course exalted through the Ram had run: And whirling up the Skies, his Chariot drove Through Taurus, and the lightfome Realms of Love; Where Venus from her Orb descends in Show'rs To glad the Ground, and paint the Fields with Flow'rs: When first the tender Blades of Grass appear, And Buds that yet the blast of Eurus fear, Stand at the door of Life; and doubt to cloath the Year;

Till gentle Heat, and foft repeated Rains,
Make the green Blood to dance within their Veins:
Then, at their Call, embolden'd out they come,
And fwell the Gems, and burft the narrow Room;
Broader and broader yet, their Blooms difplay,
Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the Day.
Then from their breathing Souls the Sweets repair
To fcent the Skies, and purge th' unwholfome Air:
Joy spreads the Heart, and with a general Song,
Spring iffues out, and leads the jolly Months along.

In that fweet Season, as in Bed I lay,
And sought in Sleep to pass the Night away,
I turn'd my weary Side, but still in vain,
Tho' full of youthful Health, and void of Pain:
Cares I had none, to keep me from my Rest,
For Love had never enter'd in my Breast;
I wanted nothing Fortune could supply,
Nor did she Slumber till that hour deny:
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much Joy had dry'd away the balmy Dew:
Sea's wou'd be Pools, without the brushing Air,
To curl the Waves; and sure some little Care
Shou'd weary Nature so, to make her want repair.

When Chaunticleer the fecond Watch had fung,
Scorning the Scorner Sleep from Bed I fprung.
And dreffing, by the Moon, in loofe Array,
Pass'd out in open Air, preventing Day,
And sought a goodly Grove as Fancy led my way.

Strait

Strait as a Line in beauteous Order flood Min Manadas will Of Oaks unshorn a venerable Wood; Fresh was the Grass beneath, and ev'ry Tree At distance planted in a due degree, Their branching Arms in Air with equal space Stretch'd to their Neighbours with a long Embrace : Manage Embrace And the new Leaves on ev'ry Bough were feen, Some ruddy-colour'd, fome of lighter green. and mode sabell A The painted Birds, Companions of the Spring, and of bala Hopping from Spray to Spray, were heard to fing; Both Eyes and Ears receiv'd a like Delight, Enchanting Mufick, and a charming Sight. Dono as hydring brid On Philomel I fix'd my whole Defire; And lift'n'd for the Queen of all the Quire; Fain would I hear her heav'nly Voice to fing; And wanted yet an Omen to the Spring. No mortal Tongue cart balfahe Beauty tell and an

Attending long in vain; I took the way, but had not to which through a Path, but fcarcely printed, lay; In narrow Mazes oft it feem'd to meet,
And look'd, as lightly prefs'd, by Fairy Feet.

Wandring I walk'd alone, for ftill methought
To fome ftrange End fo ftrange a Path was wrought:
At laft it led me where an Arbour ftood,
The facred Receptacle of the Wood:
This Place unmark'd though oft I walk'd the Green,
In all my Progress I had never feen:
And seiz'd at once with Wonder and Delight,
Gaz'd all arround me, new to the transporting Sight.

'Twas bench'd with Turf, and goodly to be feen, and a see had? The thick young Grass arose in fresher Green: The Mound was newly made, no Sight cou'd pass of saw man Betwixt the nice Partitions of the Grafs; in bound someflib the The well-united Sods fo closely lay; misma A midonard risd T And all arround the Shades defended it from Day do of bid beard For Sycamours with Eglantine were spread, were swent but A Hedge about the Sides, a Covering over Head o-vbbur amo And so the fragrant Brier was wove between, brief betning and The Sycamour and Flow'rs were mix'd with Green. I priggo! That Nature feem'd to vary the Delight; and bon eavel alou! And fatisfy'd at once the Smell and Sight. The Mafter Work-man of the Bow'r was known I lamolid The Through Fairy-Lands, and built for Oberon; and board bank Who twining Leaves with fuch Proportion drew, I bloom nist They rose by Measure, and by Rule they grew: No mortal Tongue can half the Beauty tell; For none but Hands divine could work fo well. The same of the same Both Roof and Sides were like a Parlour made, de doud doud A foft Recess, and a cool Summer shade; the saxsive worten of The Hedge was let so thick, no Foreign Eye and back back The Persons plac'd within it could espy: But all that pass'd without with Ease was seen, As if nor Fence nor Tree was plac'd between. 'Twas border'd with a Field; and some was plain With Grafs; and some was sow'd with rising Grain. That (now the Dew with Spangles deck'd the Ground:) A fweeter spot of Earth was never found. I look'd, and look'd, and still with new Delight; Such Joy my Soul, fuch Pleafures fill'd my Sight:

And

And the fresh Eglantine exhal'd a Breath;
Whose Odours were of Pow'r to raise from Death:
Nor sullen Discontent, nor anxious Care,
Ev'n tho' brought thither, could inhabit there:
But thence they sled as from their mortal Foe;
For this sweet Place cou'd only Pleasure know.

Thus, as I mus'd, I cast aside my Eye

And saw a Medlar-Tree was planted nigh;
The spreading Branches made a goodly Show,
And full of opening Blooms was ev'ry Bough:
A Goldsinch there I saw with gawdy Pride
Of painted Plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
Still pecking as she pass'd; and still she drew
The Sweets from ev'ry Flow'r, and suck'd the Dew:
Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her Throat,
And tun'd her Voice to many a merry Note,
But indistinct, and neither Sweet nor Clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my Soul, and pleas'd my Ear.

When she I sought, the Nightingale reply'd:
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung:
That the Grove eccho'd, and the Valleys rung:
And I so ravish'd with her heav'nly Note
I stood intranc'd, and had no room for Thought.
But all o'er-pou'r'd with Extasy of Bliss,
Was in a pleasing Dream of Paradice;
At length I wak'd; and looking round the Bow'r
Search'd ev'ry Tree, and pry'd on ev'ry Flow'r,

The rural Poet of the Melody:

For still methought she sung not far away;

At last I found her on a Lawrel Spray,

Close by my Side she sate, and fair in Sight,

Full in a Line, against her opposite;

Where stood with Eglantine the Lawrel twin'd:

And both their native Sweets were well conjoin'd.

On the green Bank I fat, and liften'd long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the Song!)
Nor till her Lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the Grove.
Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
And ev'ry Note I fear'd wou'd be the last.
My Sight, and Smell, and Hearing were employ'd,
And all three Senses in full Gust enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet Possession of the Fairy Place;
Single, and conscious to my Self alone,
Of Pleasures to th' excluded World unknown.
Pleasures which no where else, were to be found,
And all Elysum in a spot of Ground.

And drew Perfumes of more than vital Air,
All fuddenly I heard th' approaching found
Of vocal Musick, on th' enchanted Ground:

At length I was it and looking round the Bow?

An Host of Saints it seem'd, so full the Quire; As if the Bles'd above did all conspire, To join their Voices, and neglect the Lyre. At length there isfu'd from the Grove behind A fair Affembly of the Female Kind: A Train less fair, as ancient Fathers tell, Seduc'd the Sons of Heaven to rebel. I pass their Forms, and ev'ry charming Grace, Less than an Angel wou'd their Worth debase: But their Attire like Liveries of a kind, lower blands and a All rich and rare is fresh within my Mind. In Velvet white as Snow the Troop was gown'd, The Seams with sparkling Emeralds, set around; Their Hoods and Sleeves the same: And purfled o'er With Diamonds, Pearls, and all the shining store Of Eastern Pomp: Their long descending Train With Rubies edg'd, and Saphires, fwept the Plain: High on their Heads, with Jewels richly fet Each Lady wore a radiant Coronet. Beneath the Circles, all the Quire was grac'd With Chaplets green on their fair Foreheads plac'd. Of Lawrel some, of Woodbine many more; And Wreaths of Agnus castus, others bore: These last who with those Virgin Crowns were dress'd, Appear'd in higher Honour than the rest. They danc'd around, but in the midst was seen A Lady of a more majestique Mien; By Stature, and by Beauty mark'd their Sovereign Queen.

She in the midst began with sober Grace; Her Servants Eyes were fix'd upon her Face: And as she mov'd or turn'd her Motions view'd, Her Measures kept, and Step by Step pursu'd. Methought she trod the Ground with greater Grace, With more of Godhead shining in her Face; And as in Beauty she surpass'd the Quire, So, nobler than the rest, was her Attire. A Crown of ruddy Gold inclos'd her Brow, Plain without Pomp, and Rich without a Show: A Branch of Agnus castus in her Hand, She bore aloft (her Scepter of Command;) Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling Crowd, For wherefoe'er she turn'd her Face, they bow'd: And as she danc'd, a Roundelay she sung, In honour of the Lawrel, ever young: She rais'd her Voice on high, and fung fo clear, The Fawns came fcudding from the Groves to hear: And all the bending Forest lent an Ear. At ev'ry Close she made, th' attending Throng Reply'd, and bore the Burden of the Song: So just, so small, yet in so sweet a Note, It feem'd the Musick melted in the Throat.

Thus dancing on, and finging as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the Mead advanc'd:
Till round my Arbour, a new Ring they made,
And footed it about the fecret Shade:

O'erjoy'd to fee the jolly Troop fo near,
But fomewhat aw'd I shook with holy Fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in Song, or Dance excel.

Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
I heard a suddain Symphony of War;
The neighing Coursers, and the Soldiers cry,
And sounding Trumps that seem'd to tear the Sky:
I saw soon after this, behind the Grove
From whence the Ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in Arms a Warrior-Train,
That like a Deluge pour'd upon the Plain:
On barbed Steeds they rode in proud Array,
Thick as the College of the Bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky Fields they fly,
New to the Flow'rs, and intercept the Sky.
So sierce they drove, their Coursers were so sleet,
That the Turs trembled underneath their Feet.

And like the Heralds each his Scutcheon bore:

To tell their coftly Furniture were long,
The Summers Day wou'd end before the Song:
To purchase but the Tenth of all their Store,
Would make the mighty Persian Monarch poor.
Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
The Trumpets issu'd in white Mantles dress'd:
A numerous Troop, and all their Heads around
With Chaplets green of Cerrial-Oak were crown'd,
And at each Trumpet was a Banner bound;

Which waving in the Wind difplay'd at large Their Master's Coat of Arms, and Knightly Charge. Broad were the Banners, and of fnowy Hue, A purer Web the Silk-worm never drew. The chief about their Necks, the Scutcheons wore, With Orient Pearls and Jewels pouder'd o'er: Broad were their Collars too, and ev'ry one Was fet about with many a coftly Stone. To be and a sold a Next these of Kings at Arms a goodly Train, Train, In proud Array came prancing o'er the Plain: Their Cloaks were Cloth of Silver mix'd with Gold, And Garlands green arround their Temples roll'd: Rich Crowns were on their royal Scutcheons plac'd With Saphires, Diamonds, and with Rubies grac'd. And as the Trumpets their appearance made, which as shift So these in Habits were alike array'd; to allow and with the same and the same array'd; But with a Pace more fober, and more flow: And twenty, Rank in Rank, they rode a-row. The Pursevants came next in number more; And like the Heralds each his Scutcheon bore: Clad in white Velvet all their Troop they led, With each an Oaken Chaplet on his Head.

Nine royal Knights in equal Rank fucceed,

Each Warrior mounted on a fiery Steed:

In golden Armour glorious to behold;

The Rivets of their Arms were nail'd with Gold.

Their Surcoats of white Ermin-Fur were made;

With Cloth of Gold between that cast a glitt'ring Shade.

The Trappings of their Steeds were of the same; The golden Fringe ev'n set the Ground on slame; And drew a precious Trail: A Crown divine Of Lawrel did about their Temples twine.

Three Henchmen were for ev'ry Knight assign'd,
All in rich Livery clad, and of a kind:
White Velvet, but unshorn, for Cloaks they wore,
And each within his Hand a Truncheon bore:
The foremost held a Helm of rare Device;
A Prince's Ransom wou'd not pay the Price.
The second bore the Buckler of his Knight,
The third of Cornel-Wood a Spear upright,
Headed with piercing Steel, and polish'd bright.

Like to their Lords their Equipage was seen,
And all their Foreheads crown'd with Garlands green.

And after these came arm'd with Spear and Shield

An Host so great, as cover'd all the Field:

And all their Foreheads, like the Knights before,

With Lawrels ever green were shaded o'er,

Or Oak, or other Leaves of lasting kind,

Tenacious of the Stem and firm against the Wind.

Some in their Hands besides the Lance and Shield,

The Boughs of Woodbind or of Hauthorn held,

Or Branches for their mistique Emblems took,

Of Palm, of Lawrel, or of Cerrial Oak.

Eee

biraA

And each with open Arms embrae'd her cholen Knight.

Thus

Thus marching to the Trumpets lofty found Drawn in two Lines adverse they wheel'd around, And in the middle Meadow took their Ground. Among themselves the Turney they divide, In equal Squadrons, rang'd on either fide. Then turn'd their Horses Heads, and Man to Man, And Steed to Steed oppos'd, the Justs began. They lightly fet their Lances in the rest, And, at the Sign, against each other press'd: They met, I fitting at my Ease beheld The mix'd Events, and Fortunes of the Field. Some broke their Spears, some tumbled Horse and Man, And round the Fields the lighten'd Courses ran. An Hour and more like Tides, in equal fway They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost the Day: At length the Nine (who still together held) Their fainting Foes to shameful Fight compell'd, And with refiftless Force, o'er-ran the Field. Thus, to their Fame, when finish'd was the Fight, The Victors from their lofty Steeds alight: Like them dismounted all the Warlike Train, And two by two proceeded o'er the Plain: Till to the fair Assembly they advanc'd, a should right ni am Who near the fecret Arbour fung and danc'd. Who are good and

The Ladies left their Measures at the Sight,

To meet the Chiefs returning from the Fight,

And each with open Arms embrac'd her chosen Knight.

E e e

Amid

Amid the Plain a spreading Lawrel stood, The Grace and Ornament of all the Wood: That pleafing Shade they fought, a foft retreat, From fuddain April Show'rs, a Shelter from the Heat. Her leavy Arms with fuch extent were spread, So near the Clouds was her aspiring Head, That Hosts of Birds, that wing the liquid Air, Perch'd in the Boughs, had nightly Lodging there: And Flocks of Sheep beneath the Shade from far Might hear the ratling Hail, and wintry War; From Heav'ns Inclemency here found retreat, Enjoy'd the cool, and shun'd the scorching Heat: A hundred Knights might there at Ease abide; And ev'ry Knight a Lady by his fide: The Trunk it felf fuch Odours did bequeath, That a Moluccan Breeze to these was common Breath. The Lords, and Ladies here approaching, paid Their Homage, with a low Obeisance made: And feem'd to venerate the facred Shade. These Rites perform'd, their Pleasures they pursue, With Songs of Love, and mix with Measures new; Around the holy Tree their Dance they frame, And ev'ry Champion leads his chosen Dame.

I cast my Sight upon the farther Field,
And a fresh Object of Delight beheld:
For from the Region of the West I heard
New Musick sound, and a new Troop appear'd;
Of Knights, and Ladies mix'd a jolly Band,
But all on Foot they march'd, and Hand in Hand.

Eee 2

The

The Ladies dress'd in rich Symarrs were seen Of Florence Satten, flow'r'd with White and Green, And for a Shade betwixt the bloomy Gridelin. The Borders of their Petticoats below Were guarded thick with Rubies on a-row; And ev'ry Damfel wore upon her Head Of Flow'rs a Garland blended White and Red. Attir'd in Mantles all the Knights were feen, That gratify'd the View with chearful Green: Their Chaplets of their Ladies Colours were Compos'd of White and Red to shade their shining Hair. Before the merry Troop the Minstrels play'd, All in their Master's Liveries were array'd: And clad in Green, and on their Temples wore, The Chaplets White and Red their Ladies bore. Wolf and I Their Instruments were various in their kind, Some for the Bow, and some for breathing Wind: The Sawtry, Pipe, and Hauthois noify band, And the foft Lute trembling beneath the touching Hand. A Tuft of Dafies on a flow'ry Lay They faw, and thitherward they bent their way: To this both Knights and Dames their Homage made, And due Obeisance to the Daisy paid. And then the Band of Flutes began to play, To which a Lady fung a Virelay; And still at ev'ry close she wou'd repeat The Burden of the Song, The Daify is fo fweet. The Daify is so sweet when she begun, The Troop of Knights and Dames continu'd on.

The Concert and the Voice so charm'd my Ear,
And sooth'd my Soul, that it was Heav'n to hear.

But soon their Pleasure pass'd: At Noon of Day; The Sun with fultry Beams began to play: Not Syrius shoots a fiercer Flame from high, When with his pois'nous Breath he blafts the Sky: Then droop'd the fading Flow'rs (their Beauty fled) And clos'd their fickly Eyes, and hung the Head; And, rivell'd up with Heat, lay dying in their Bed. The Ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire; The Breath they drew, no longer Air, but Fire; The fainty Knights were fcorch'd; and knew not where To run for Shelter, for no Shade was near. And after this the gath'ring Clouds amain, Pour'd down a Storm of rattling Hail and Rain. And Lightning flash'd betwixt: The Field, and Flow'rs Burnt up before, were bury'd in the Show'rs. To about barA The Ladies, and the Knights no Shelter night and Introde A Bare to the Weather, and the wintry Sky, Were dropping wet, disconsolate and wan, And through their thin Array receiv'd the Rain.

While those in White protected by the Tree
Saw pass the vain Assault, and stood from Danger free.
But as Compassion mov'd their gentle Minds,
When ceas'd the Storm, and silent were the Winds,
Displeas'd at what, not suff ring they had seen,
They went to chear the Faction of the Green:

The

The Queen in white Array before her Band, Saluting, took her Rival by the Hand; So did the Knights and Dames, with courtly Grace And with Behaviour fweet their Foes embrace. Then thus the Queen with Lawrel on her Brow, Fair Sister I have suffer'd in your Woe: Nor shall be wanting ought within my Pow'r For your Relief in my refreshing Bow'r. That other answer'd with a lowly Look, the most back had And foon the gracious Invitation took: For ill at ease both she and all her Train The fcorching Sun had born, and beating Rain. Like Courtefy was us'd by all in White, Each Dame a Dame receiv'd, and ev'ry Knight a Knight. The Lawrel-Champions with their Swords invade, The neighb'ring Forests where the Justs were made, And Serewood from the rotten Hedges took, And Seeds of Latent-Fire from Flints provoke: A chearful Blaze arose, and by the Fire, They warm'd their frozen Feet, and dry'd their wet Attire. Refresh'd with Heat the Ladies fought around For virtuous Herbs which gather'd from the Ground They fqueez'd the Juice; and cooling Ointment made, Which on their Sun-burnt Cheeks, and their chapt Skins they Then fought green Salads which they bad 'em eat, (laid: A Soveraign Remedy for inward Heat. on no logmo and

The Lady of the Leaf ordain'd a Feast, and a best and And made the Lady of the Flow'r her Guest:

When ceas'd the Storin, and filent were the Winds,

When lo, a Bow'r ascended on the Plain,
With suddain Seats adorn'd, and large for either Train.
This Bow'r was near my pleasant Arbour plac'd,
That I could hear and see whatever pass'd:
The Ladies sat, with each a Knight between
Distinguish'd by their Colours White and Green:
The vanquish'd Party with the Victors join'd,
Nor wanted sweet Discourse, the Banquet of the Mind.
Mean time the Minstrels play'd on either side
Vain of their Art, and for the Mast'ry vy'd:
The sweet Contention lasted for an Hour,
And reach'd my secret Arbour from the Bow'r.

The Sun was fet; and Vesper to supply

His absent Beams, had lighted up the Sky:

When Philomel, officious all the Day

To sing the Service of th' ensuing May,

Fled from her Lawrel Shade, and wing'd her Flight

Directly to the Queen array'd in White:

And hopping sate familiar on her Hand,

A new Musitian, and increas'd the Band.

The Goldfinch, who to shun the scalding Heat,
Had chang'd the Medlar for a safer Seat,
And hid in Bushes scap'd the bitter Show'r,
Now perch'd upon the Lady of the Flow'r;
And either Songster holding out their Throats,
And folding up their Wings renew'd their Notes:
As if all Day, preluding to the Fight,
They only had rehears'd, to sing by Night.

The vanquish'd Party with the Victors join'd,

The Banquet ended, and the Battle done,
They dane'd by Star-light and the friendly Moon:
And when they were to part, the Laureat Queen,
Supply'd with Steeds the Lady of the Green.
Her, and her Train conducting on the way
The Moon to follow, and avoid the Day.

This when I faw, inquifitive to know (I roow) because in I The fecret Moral of the Mystique Show, and and and and I started from my Shade in hopes to find to the right to min Some Nymph to fatisfy my longing Mind : natural saw and And as my fair Adventure fell, I found to be you below but A Lady all in White with Lawrel crown'd Who clos'd the Rear, and foftly pac'd along, and od I Repeating to her felf the former Song. bad samed and ail With due respect my Body Linclin'd, auciomo Asmolida nentW As to some Being of Superiour Kind, At to solved out got of And made my Court, according to the Day, and more bell Wishing her Queen and Her a happy May. Wo and or viscorial Great Thanks my Daughter, with a gracious Bow magnet ball She faid; and I who much defir'd to know a mainful went Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break My Mind, adventur'd humbly thus to fpeak. andblod edT Madam, Might I presume and not offend, Mada bearing ball So may the Stars and shining Moon attend and and hid bal Your Nightly Sports, as you vouchfafe to tell, ou binned wo What Nymphs they were who mortal Forms excel, And what the Knights who fought in lifted Fields fo well. As if all Day, preluding to the Fight,

Tey only had rehears'd, to ling by Night.

To this the Dame reply'd, Fair Daughter know That what you faw, was all a Fairy Show: And all those airy Shapes you now behold Were humane Bodies once, and cloath'd with earthly Mold: Our Souls not yet prepar'd for upper Light, Till Doomsday wander in the Shades of Night; This only Holiday of all the Year, We priviledg'd in Sun-shine may appear: With Songs and Dance we celebrate the Day, And with due Honours usher in the May. At other Times we reign by Night alone, when the world And posting through the Skies pursue the Moon: But when the Morn arises, none are found; For cruel Demogorgon walks the round, And if he finds a Fairy lag in Light, He drives the Wretch before; and lashes into Night.

All Courteous are by Kind; and ever proud
With friendly Offices to help the Good:
In every Land we have a larger Space
Than what is known to you of mortal Race:
Where we with Green adorn our Fairy Bow'rs,
And ev'n this Grove unfeen before, is ours.
Know farther; Ev'ry Lady cloath'd in White,
And, crown'd with Oak and Lawrel ev'ry Knight,
Are Servants to the Leaf, by Liveries known
Of Innocence; and I my felf am one:
Saw you not Her fo graceful to behold
In white Attire, and crown'd with Radiant Gold:

The

The Soveraign Lady of our Land is She, Diana call'd, the Queen of Chastity: And, for the spotless Name of Maid she bears, That Agnus castus in her Hand appears: And all her Train with leavy Chaplets crown'd Were for unblam'd Virginity renown'd: But those the chief and highest in Command Who bear those holy Branches in their Hand: Model with The Knights adorn'd with Lawrel-Crowns, are they Whom Death nor Danger ever cou'd difmay, Victorious Names, who made the World obey: Who while they liv'd, in Deeds of Arms excell'd, And after Death for Deities were held. But those who wear the Woodbine on their Brow Were Knights of Love, who never broke their Vow: Firm to their plighted Faith, and ever free From Fears and fickle Chance, and Jealoufy. The Lords and Ladies, who the Woodbine bear, As true as Triftram, and Ifotta were.

But what are those said I, th' unconquer'd Nine
Who crown'd with Lawrel-Wreaths in golden Armour shine?
And who the Knights in Green, and what the Train
Of Ladies dress'd with Daisies on the Plain?
Why both the Bands in Worship disagree,
And some adore the Flow'r, and some the Tree?

Just is your Suit, fair Daughter, said the Dame, Those lawrell'd Chiefs were Men of mighty Fame; Nine Worthies were they call'd of diff'rent Rites, Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian Knights. These, as you see, ride foremost in the Field, As they the foremost Rank of Honour held, And all in Deeds of Chivalry excell'd. Their Temples wreath'd with Leafs, that still renew; For deathless Lawrel is the Victor's due: Mandal bas Alexand Who bear the Bows were Knights in Arthur's Reign, and bala Twelve they, and twelve the Peers of Charlemain : and air For Bows the Strength of brawny Arms imply, Arms imply, Emblems of Valour, and of Victory. It besoon bus sumino Behold an Order yet of newer Date. Alhanno of moor of Doubling their Number, equal in their State; or bood moral Our England's Ornament, the Crown's Defence, In Battle brave, Protectors of their Prince. Unchang'd by Fortune, to their Soveraign true, For which their manly Legs are bound with Blue. These, of the Garter call'd, of Faith unstain'd, In fighting Fields the Lawrel have obtain'd, Warmin Warmen And well repaid those Honours which they gain'd. The Lawrel-Wreaths were first by Casar worn, And still they Cafar's Successors adorn: I wood oil north in T One Leaf of this is Immortality, has and I and a si still of I And more of Worth, than all the World can buy.

One Doubt remains, faid I, the Dames in Green,
What were their Qualities, and who their Queen?
Flora commands, faid she, those Nymphs and Knights,
Who liv'd in slothful Ease, and loose Delights:

Who never Acts of Honour durst pursue, was into Waria The Men inglorious Knights, the Ladies all untrue : 1 Who nurs'd in Idleness, and train'd in Courts, was alled I Pass'd all their precious Hours in Plays, and Sports Till Death behind came stalking on, unseen, about it lie bal And wither'd (like the Storm) the freshness of their Green. These, and their Mates, enjoy the present Hour, And therefore pay their Homage to the Flow'r. But Knights in Knightly Deeds should persevere, which will be be the best of t And still continue what at first they were; anothe and awast to Continue, and proceed in Honours fair Career. Vio amolding No room for Cowardise, or dull delay; o to me blond From Good to Better they should urge their way. It guild no For this with golden Spurs the Chiefs are grac'd, With pointed Rowels arm'd to mend their hafte; and althe For this with lasting Leaves their Brows are bound; For Lawrel is the Sign of Labour crown'd; Which bears the bitter Blast, nor shaken falls to Ground: From Winter-Winds it fuffers no decay, and abloid animal al For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry Month is May. 197 Now had Ev'n when the vital Sap retreats below, and and leaved ed Ev'n when the hoary Head is hid in Snow; and want had both The Life is in the Leaf, and still between a air in the leaf, and still between a air in the leaf. The Fits of falling Snows, appears the streaky Green. Not fo the Flow'r which lasts for little space A short-liv'd Good, and an uncertain Grace; This way and that the feeble Stem is driv'n, Weak to fustain the Storms, and Injuries of Heav'n. Who liv'd in flothful Ede, and look Delights

Prop'd

Prop'd by the Spring, it lifts aloft, the Head,
But of a fickly Beauty, foon to fhed;
In Summer living, and in Winter dead.
For Things of tender Kind for Pleafure made
Shoot up with fwift Increase, and suddain are decay'd.

With humble Words, the wifeft I could frame, And profer'd Service I repaid the Dame:
That of her Grace she gave her Maid to know
The secret meaning of this moral Show.
And she to prove what Profit I had made,
Of mystique Truth, in Fables first convey'd,
Demanded, till the next returning May,
Whether the Leaf or Flow'r I would obey?
I chose the Leaf; she smil'd with sober Chear,
And wish'd me fair Adventure for the Year.
And gave me Charms and Sigils, for Defence
Against ill Tongues that scandal Innocence:
But I, said she, my Fellows must pursue,
Already past the Plain, and out of view.

We parted thus; I homeward sped my way,
Bewilder'd in the Wood till Dawn of Day:
And met the merry Crew who danc'd about the May.
Then late refresh'd with Sleep I rose to write
The visionary Vigils of the Night:
Blush, as thou may'st, my little Book for Shame,
Nor hope with homely Verse to purchase Fame;
For such thy Maker chose; and so design'd
Thy simple Style to sute thy lowly Kind.

Propid by the Spring, it life aloft, the Head, and some of But of a fickly Beauty, from to shed, and some of the Summer living, and in Winter dead, and in bound of For Things of tender Kind for Pleating made, and the same of Shoot up with swift Increase, and suddain are decay'd, at the

With humble Words, the wilcht I could frame, and shall had profer'd Service Irepaid the Dame; and the frame of her Grace she gave her Maid to know the second from the second go this moral Show the second go this moral Show the second shall she to prove what Profit I had made to mystique Truth, in Fables first conveyed, the first the next returning May and the second with the next returning May and the leaf or Flow'r I would obey? The leaf of the Leaf or Flow'r I would obey? The second shall she wish'd me fair Adventure for the Year.

And gave me Charms and Sigils, for Defence the second shall shall be the shall s

Already past the Plain, and out of view.

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Mr. DRYDEN's

ODE

In Honour of

St. CECILIA's Day.

I 6 9 7.

Mr. D. R. P. D. E. N's

B 0 0

In Honour of

St. CECILIA's Day.

1697.

Alexander's Feast;

OR, THE

POWER of MUSIQUE.

AN

O D E,

In Honour of Bond anish will

St. C E C I L I A's Day.

I.

Was at the Royal Feaft, for Persia won,
By Philip's Warlike Son:

Aloft in awful State

The God-like Heroe fate

On his Imperial Throne:

His valiant Peers were plac'd around; and bound and I

Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound.

(So shou'd Desert in Arms be Crown'd:)

The Lovely Thais by his fide, our mount with the A

Sate like a blooming Eastern Bride pollung all wield tribling A

In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!

None but the Brave

None but the Brave

None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

Ggg

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!

None but the Brave,

None but the Brave

None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful Quire,
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre:
The trembling Notes afcend the Sky,

And Heav'nly Joys inspire.

The Song began from Jove;
Who left his blifsful Seats above,
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love.)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God:
Sublime on Radiant Spires He rode,

When He to fair Olympia press'd:

And while He sought her snowy Breast:

Then, round her slender Waist he curl'd,

And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'raign of the World.

The list'ning Crowd admire the losty Sound,

A present Deity, they shout around and view of add

A present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound.

With ravish'd Ears of bus dured to a wolf of the Monarch hears, and words.

Assumes the God, and and anothe Affects to nod, and and anothe Affects to nod, and and anothe anothe

And feems to shake the Spheres.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd Ears listing aid is the post

mill ort well on The Monarch hears, it lie bettor of soinds bal

Assumes the God, and restall and

Affects to nod, and private with

And feems to Shake the Spheres. I shaw has

Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride

He choice a Mournful Mule The Praise of Bacchus then, the sweet Musician sung;

Of Bacchus ever Fair, and ever Young!

The jolly God in Triumph comes;

Sound the Trumpets; beat the Drums;

Flush'd with a purple Grace

He shews his honest Face,

Now gives the Hautboys breath; He comes, He comes,

Bacchus ever Fair and Young of sin sloot va

Drinking Joys did first ordain and and of

Bacchus Bleffings are a Treasure; s son da W

Drinking is the Soldiers Pleafure;

one of the Treasure; onwob dit

Sweet the Pleasure;

Sweet is Pleafure after Pain.

And, now and then, a Sigh he itale;

CHORUS! bnA

Bacchus Bleffings are a Treafure;

Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure;

Rich the Treasure,

Sweet the Pleasure; has mon chall

Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

Ggg 2

IV. Sooth'd

IV.

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain; Fought all his Battails o'er again;

And thrice He routed all his Foes; and thrice he flew the flain.

The Master saw the Madness rise;

His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;

And while He Heav'n and Earth defy'd,

Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.

He chose a Mournful Muse

The Praise of Bacchus tisfus of visit shoos forms

He fung Darius Great and Good, and 10

By too fevere a Fate, viloi edT

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen, bauo?

Fallen from his high Estate

And weltring in his Blood:

Deferted at his utmost Need, id syndau all a svig woll

By those his former Bounty fed: 1949 and and

On the bare Earth expos'd He lies,

With not a Friend to close his Eyes.

With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor sate, Revolving in his alter'd Soul

The various Turns of Chance below;

And, now and then, a Sigh he stole;

And Tears began to flow.

Carchus Lachus O HO R UNS.

Revolving in his alter'd Soul

The various Turns of Chance below;

And, now and then, a Sigh be stole;

And Tears began to flow.

V. The

and field and look y fight and look de source

The Mighty Mafter smil'd to see That Love was in the next Degree: 'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move;

For Pity melts the Mind to Love.

Softly fweet, in Lydian Measures, Soon he footh'd his Soul to Pleafures.

War, he fung, is Toil and Trouble; and wold

Honour but an empty Bubble of a toy bas toy rebwot A

Never ending, still beginning, to abnus aid should

Fighting still, and still destroying, all mid away bak

If the World be worth thy Winning,

Think, O think, it worth Enjoying.

Lovely Thais fits befides thee,

Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus

The Many rend the Skies, with loud Applause; So Love was Crown'd, but Mufique won the Caufe.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

And the Speckles Tair adding and but

Who caus'd his Care,

And figh'd and look'd, figh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and figh'd again:

At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

CHORUS

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain, word blond

eshod A Gaz'd on the Fair of void woll

Who caus'd his Care, lo solome I gnir till but

And

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:

At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd, we would said!

The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast, but I and saw!

Softly tweet, in Lydian IV alines, g. Soon he footh'd his Soul to Pleafures.

For Pity melts the Mind to Loye.

Now strike the Golden Lyre again: Tei gnut ed raW.

A lowder yet, and yet a lowder Strain on and monoH

Break his Bands of Sleep afunder, in gnibne reven

And rouze him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder. Hark, hark, the horrid Sound of Hark,

As awak'd from the Dead, sool

And amaz'd, he states around.

Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus cries,

The Many rend the Skies, w! ofine spirus ent so?

See the Snakes that they rear word sow evol of

How they his in their Hair, Some Tent And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes!

Behold a ghaftly Band, auto on W

Each a Torch in his Hand! Hand ! .

Those are Grecian Ghosts, that in Battail were slain,

At lengnismen b'yrudnu bnA ine at once oppreis'd,

The .nisl and noquinglorious on the Plain.

Give the Vengeance due To the Vallant Crew.

Behold how they tofs their Torches on high,

How they point to the Persian Abodes,

And glitt'ring Temples of their Hostile Gods!

The

The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy; And the King feiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy; Thais led the Way, To light him to his Prey,

And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.

The fweet Enthuftast, from her Sari CHORUS.

And the King feiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy; Thais led the Way, To light him to his Prey, And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.

VII an anth edl

He rais a a Mort

Thus, long ago 'Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow, While Organs yet were mute; Timotheus, to his breathing Flute. And founding Lyre, Cou'd swell the Soul to rage, or kindle soft Desire.

At last Divine Cecilia came, Inventress of the Vocal Frame; The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,

HHI

Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds, And added Length to folemn Sounds, With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before,

Let old Timotheus yield the Prize, Or both divide the Crown; He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies; She drew an Angel down.

Grand

Gmnd

vortleb of Grand CHORUS.

At last, Divine Cecilia came,

Inventress of the Vocal Frame;

The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,

Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,

And added Length to solemn Sounds,

With Natura's Methor Witt and Arts unhappen before

With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,

Or both divide the Crown;

He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;

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Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet were mute;
Timothems, to his breach or Elute.

Cou'd fivelithe Soul to rage, or kindle foft Defree

At last Divine Ceili came,
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The fiveet Entimiast, from her Sacred Store, where

Entarg d the former narrow Bounds,

AHT And added Length to folemn Sounds,

With Nature's Mother Wit, and Arts unknown before,

Let old Timotheus yield the Brize,

Or both divide the Crown; And Arts and She store,

He rais'd a Mortal to the Shies;

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Twelfth BOOK

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Wholly Translated.

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Wholly Translated.

Connection to the End of the Eleventh Book.

Æsacus, the Son of Priam, loving a Country-Life, forsakes the Court: Living obscurely, he falls in Love with a Nymph; who flying from him, was kill'd by a Serpent; for Grief of this, he wou'd have drown'd himself; but by the pity of the Gods, is turn'd into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æsacus, believes him to be dead, and raises a Tomb to preserve his Memory. By this Transition, which is one of the finest in all Ovid, the Poet naturally falls into the Story of the Trojan War, which is summ'd up, in the present Book, but so very briefly, in many Places, that Ovid seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual Style. Yet the House of Fame, which is here describ'd, is one of the most beautiful Pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The Fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the Fray betwixt the Lapythæ and Centaurs, yield to no other part of this Poet: And particularly the Loves and Death of Cyllarus and Hylonome, the Male and Female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.

Riam, to whom the Story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his Metamorphos'd Son:
A Cenotaph his Name and Title kept,
And Hector round the Tomb, with all his Brothers wept.

Hhh 2

This

This pious Office Paris did not share,
Absent alone; and Author of the War,
Which, for the Spartan Queen, the Grecians drew
T'avenge the Rape; and Asia to subdue.

A thousand Ships were man'd, to sail the Sea:

Nor had their just Resentments found delay,

Had not the Winds and Waves, oppos'd their way.

At Aulis, with United Pow'rs they meet,

But there, Cross-winds or Calms, detain'd the Fleet.

Now, while they raife an Altar on the Shore, And Fove with folemn Sacrifice adore 319 to not edt surell A boding Sign the Priests and People see in and more A Snake of fize immense, ascends a Tree. I morn avad by And in the leavy Summet, fpy'd a Neaft, impromood a other Which, o'er her Callow young, a Sparrow press'd. Eight were the Birds unfledg'd; their Mother flew; of what And hover'd round her Care; but still in view: Till the fierce Reptile first devour'd the Brood; Then fiez'd the flutt'ring Dam, and drunk her Blood. This dire Oftent, the fearful People view; Calchas alone, by Phabus taught, foreknew What Heav'n decreed; and with a finiling Glance, Thus gratulates to Greece her happy Chance. O Argives we shall Conquer: Troy is ours, of west But long Delays shall first afflict our Pow'rs: book A Nine Years of Labour, the nine Birds portend; A The Tenth shall in the Town's Destruction end. The The Serpent, who his Maw obscene had fill'd,
The Branches in his curl'd Embraces held;
But, as in Spires he stood, he turn'd to Stone:
The stony Snake retain'd the Figure still his own.

A thousand winding Entries long and wide. Yet; not for this, the Wind-bound Navy weigh'd, winds Slack were their Sails; and Neptune disobey'd, and bashood A Some thought him loath the Town shou'd be destroy'd, Whose Building had his Hands divine employ'd: Not so the Seer; who knew, and known foreshow'd, The Virgin Phabe, with a Virgin's Blood in sorton and W Must first be reconcil'd; the common Cause and a Man A Prevail'd; and Pity yielding to the Laws, him a somelie now Fair Iphigenia the devoted Maid it should do should not a suffer a suffer in the devoted Maid it should be suffer as a suffer in the suffer in Was, by the weeping Priests, in Linnen-Robes array'd; All mourn her Fate; but no Relief appear'd: The Royal Victim bound, the Knife already rear'd : When that offended Pow'r, who caus'd their Woe, Relenting ceas'd her Wrath; and stop'd the coming Blow. A Mist before the Ministers she cast; a minister of the cast in th And, in the Virgin's room, a Hind the plac'd, and deponds A Th' Oblation slain, and Phabe reconcil'd, based as you again I The Storm was hush'd, and dimpled Ocean smil'd : 1011 of 5 A favourable Gale arose from Shore, and but a send of death. Which to the Port defir'd, the Grecian Gallies bore,

Full in the midst of this Created Space,
Betwixt Heav'n, Earth and Skies; there stands a Place,

Confining on all three; with triple Bound;
Whence all Things, though remote, are view'd around;
And thitner bring their undulating sound.
The Palace of loud Fame; her Seat of Pow'r;
Plac'd on the Summet of a lofty Tow'r;
A thousand winding Entries long and wide,
Receive of fresh Reports a flowing Tide.
A thousand Crannies in the Walls are made; with stown stone
Nor Gate nor Bars exclude the bufy Trade. and Induction of
'Tis built of Brass the better to diffuse and bad guibling should
The spreading Sounds, and multiply the News:
Where Eccho's, in repeated Eccho's play:
A Mart for ever full; and open Night and Day.
Nor Silence is within, nor Voice express, vil ban ; braves
But a deaf Noise of Sounds that never cease.
Confus'd, and Chiding, like the hollow Roar wanted and
Of Tides, receding from th' infulted Shore. I and muon IA
Or like the broken Thunder, heard from far, and land and
When Jove to distance drives the rowling War. To day to
The Courts are fill'd with a tumultuous Din
Of Crowds, or iffuing forth, or entring in : and enough fill
A thorough fare of News: Where some devise
Things never heard; some mingle Truth with Lies:
The troubled Air with empty Sounds they beat:
Intent to hear; and eager to repeat. Jone slad side mount !
Error fits brooding there; with added Train
Of vain Credulity; and Joys as vain:
Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near; him and million
And Rumors rais'd, and Murmurs mix'd, and Panique Fear.

Fame fits aloft; and fees the subject Ground;
And Seas about, and Skies above; enquiring all around.

The Goddess gives th' Alarm; and soon is known
The Grecian Fleet, descending on the Town.

Fix'd on Desence the Trojans are not flow
To guard their Shore, from an expected Foe.

They meet in Fight: By Hector's fatal Hand

Protesilaus falls; and bites the Strand:

Which with expence of Blood the Grecians won;

And prov'd the Strength unknown of Priam's Son.

And to their Cost the Trojan Leaders selt

The Grecian Heroes; and what Deaths they dealt.

From these first Onsets, the Signan Shore Was strew'd with Carcasses; and stain'd with Gore: Neptuman Cygnus, Troops of Greeks had flain; Achilles in his Carr had fcow'r'd the Plain: And clear'd the Trojan Ranks: Where e'er he fought, Cygnus, or Hector, through the Fields he fought: Gygnus he found; on him his Force effay'd: For Hector was to the tenth Year delay'd. His white man'd Steeds, that bow'd beneath the Yoke He chear'd to Courage, with a gentle Stroke; Then urg'd his fiery Chariot on the Foe; And rifing, shook his Lance; in act to throw. But first, he cry'd, O Youth be proud to bear Thy Death, enobled, by Pelides Spear. The Lance pursu'd the Voice without delay; Nor did th' whizzing Weapon miss the way :

BUE

But pierc'd his Cuirafs, with fuch Fury fent; And fign'd his Bosom with a Purple dint. bus strong eno bal At this the Seed of Neptune; Goddess-born, For Ornament, not Use, these Arms are worn; This Helm, and heavy Buckler I can spare; and main all As only Decorations of the War : major T ed sons ed no b'xil So Mars is arm'd for Glory, not for Need. ... is it besse of 'Tis fomewhat more from Neptune to proceed, I mi toom yell Thy Sire is Mortal; mine is Ocean's King. Secure of Death, I shou'd contemn thy Dart, have but Tho' naked; and impassible depart: He faid, and threw: The trembling Weapon pass'd Through nine Bull-hides, each under other plac'd; On his broad Shield; and stuck within the last. Achilles wrench'd it out; and fent again him by and actil The hoftile Gift: The hoftile Gift was vain. Th' inviolable Body stood fincere; Though Cygnus then did no Defence provide, But scornful offer'd his unshielded Side. Donot od and For Halfer was to the tenth Year delay'd.

Than as a Bull, incompass'd with a Guard Manager of Man

Before whizzing Weapon mis the way :

Before to farther Fight he wou'd advance, He stood considering, and survey'd his Lance. Doubts if he wielded not a Wooden Spear Without a Point: He look'd, the Point was there. This is my Hand, and this my Lance he fe'd; By which so many thousand Foes are dead. O whether is their usual Virtue fled! I had it once; and the Lyrnessian Wall, And Tenedos confess'd it in their fall. Thy Streams, Caicus, rowl'd a Crimfon-Flood; And Thebes ran Red with her own Natives Blood. Twice Telephus employ'd this piercing Steel, To wound him first, and afterward to heal. The Vigour of this Arm, was never vain; And that my wonted Prowess I retain, Witness these heaps of Slaughter on the Plain He faid; and doubtful of his former Deeds; To some new trial of his Force proceeds. He chose Menates from among the rest; At him he lanch'd his Spear; and pierc'd his Breaft! On the hard Earth, the Lycian knock'd his Head; And lay supine; and forth the Spirit fled.

Then thus the Hero; neither can I blame;
The Hand, or Javelin; both are still the same.
The same I will employ against this Foe;
And wish but with the same Success to throw.
So spoke the Chief; and while he spoke he threw;
The Weapon with unerring Fury slew!

lii

At his left Shoulder aim'd: Nor entrance found;
But back, as from a Rock, with fwift rebound
Harmless return'd: A bloody Mark appear'd,
Which with false Joy, the flatter'd Hero chear'd.
Wound there was none; the Blood that was in view,
The Lance before from slain Menates drew.

Headlong he leaps from off his lofty Car,
And in close Fight on foot renews the War.
Raging with high Disdain, repeats his Blows;
Nor Shield nor Armour can their Force oppose;
Huge Cantlets of his Buckler strew the Ground,
And no Defence in his bor'd Arms is found.
But on his Flesh, no Wound or Blood is seen;
The Sword it self, is blunted on the Skin.

This vain Attempt the Chief no longer bears;
But round his hollow Temples and his Ears
His Buckler beats: The Son of Neptune, stun'd
With these repeated Bussets, quits his Ground;
A sickly Sweat succeeds; and Shades of Night:
Inverted Nature swims before his Sight:
Th' insulting Victor presses on the more,
And treads the Steps the vanquish'd trod before.
Nor Rest, nor Respite gives: A Stone there lay,
Behind his trembling Foe; and stop'd his way.
Achilles took th' Advantage which he found,
O'er-turn'd, and push'd him backward on the Ground.
His Buckler held him under, while he press'd
With both his Knees above, his panting Breast.

Unlac'd his Helm: About his Chin the Twift He ty'd; and foon the strangled Soul dismiss'd.

With eager hafte he went to ffrip the Dead:
The vanish'd Body from his Arms was fled.
His Sea-God Sire t' immortalize his Fame,
Had turn'd it to the Bird, that bears his Name.

A Truce fucceeds the Labours of this Day, And Arms fuspended with a long delay. While Trojan Walls are kept with Watch and Ward; The Greeks before their Trenches, mount the Guard; The Feast approach'd; when to the blue-Ey'd Maid His Vows for Cygnus flain the Victor paid, And a white Heyfer, on her Altar laid. The reeking Entrails on the Fire they threw; And to the Gods the grateful Odour flew: Heav'n had its part in Sacrifice: The rest Was broil'd and roafted for the future Feaft. The chief invited Guests, were set around: And Hunger first asswag'd, the Bowls were crown'd, Which in deep Draughts, their Cares and Labours drown'd. The mellow Harp did not their Ears employ: And mute was all the Warlike Symphony: Discourse, the Food of Souls, was their Delight, And pleafing Chat, prolong'd the Summers-night. The Subject, Deeds of Arms; and Valour shown Or on the Trojan fide, or on their own. Of Dangers undertaken, Fame atchiev'd; They talk'd by turns; the Talk by turns reliev'd.

Iii 2

What

What Things but these, cou'd sierce Achilles tell,

Or what cou'd sierce Achilles hear so well?

The last great Act perform'd, of Cygnus slain,

Did most the Martial Audience entertain:

Wondring to find a Body, free by Fate

From Steel; and which cou'd ev'n that Steel rebate:

Amaz'd, their Admiration they renew;

And scarce Pelides cou'd believe it true.

Then Neftor, thus: What once this Age has known,
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
Those Eyes have seen in Caneus long before,
Whose Body, not a thousand Swords cou'd bore.

Caneus, in Courage, and in Strength excell'd;
And still his Othry's, with his Fame is fill'd:
But what did most his Martial Deeds adorn,
(Though since he chang'd his Sex) a Woman born.

A Novelty so strange, and full of Fate,
His list'ning Audience ask'd him to relate.

Achilles, thus commends their common Sute;
O Father, first for Prudence in repute,
Tell, with that Eloquence, so much thy own,
What thou hast heard, or what of Caneus known:
What was he, whence his change of Sex begun,
What Trophies, join'd in Wars with thee, he won?
Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal Strife
The Youth without a Wound, cou'd lose his Life?

Neleides then; though tardy Age, and Time
Have shrunk my Sinews, and decay'd my Prime:
Though much I have forgotten of my Store,
Yet not exhausted, I remember more.
Of all that Arms atchiev'd, or Peace design'd,
That Action still is fresher in my Mind
Than ought beside. If Reverend Age can give
To Faith a Sanction, in my third I live.

Young Canis, then a fair Theffalian Maid:

Canis the bright, was born to high Command;

A Princess; and a Native of thy Land,

Divine Achilles; every Tongue proclaim'd

Her Beauty; and her Eyes all Hearts inflam'd.

Peleus, thy Sire, perhaps had sought her Bed;

Among the rest; but he had either led

Thy Mother then; or was by Promise ty'd:

But she to him, and all alike her Love deny'd.

It was her Fortune once, to take her way
Along the fandy Margin of the Sea:
The Pow'r of Ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
And lov'd as soon as seen, by Force embrac'd.
So Fame reports. Her Virgin-Treasure seiz'd,
And his new Joys, the Ravisher so pleas'd,
That thus, transported, to the Nymph he cry'd;
Ask what thou wilt, no Pray'r shall be deny'd.

This also Fame relates: The haughty Fair
Who not the Rape, ev'n of a God cou'd bear,
This Answer, proud, return'd: To mighty Wrongs
A mighty Recompence, of right, belongs.
Give me no more to suffer such a Shame;
But change the Woman, for a better Name.
One Gift for all: She said; and while she spoke,
A stern, majestick, manly Tone she took.
A Man she was: And as the Godhead swore,
To Caneus turn'd, who Canis was before.

To this the Lover adds without request:

No force of Steel shou'd violate his Breast.

Glad of the Gift, the new-made Warrior goes:

And Arms among the Greeks; and longs for equal Foes.

eler Beauty; and her Eves all He

Now brave Perithous, bold Ixion's Son,

The Love of fair Hippodame had won.

The Cloud-begotten Race half Men, half Beaft,
Invited, came to grace the Nuptial Feaft:
In a cool Cave's recefs, the Treat was made,
Whose entrance, Trees with spreading Boughs o'ershade.

They sate: And summon'd by the Bridegroom, came
To mix with those the Lapythean Name:
Nor wanted I: The Roofs with Joy resound:
And Hymen, In Hymen, rung around.

Rais'd Altars shone with holy Fires; the Bride,
Lovely her self (and lovely by her side
A bevy of bright Nimphs, with sober Grace,)
Came glitt'ring like a Star; and took her Place.

Her heav'nly Form beheld, all wish'd her Joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their Wishes all employ.

For One, most Brutal, of the Brutal Brood,
Or whether Wine or Beauty sir'd his Blood,
Or both at once; beheld with lustful Eyes
The Bride; at once resolv'd to make his Prize.
Down went the Board; and fastning on her Hair,
He seiz'd with sudden Force the frighted Fair.
'Twas Eurytus began: His bestial Kind
His Crime pursu'd; and each as pleas'd his Mind,
Or her, whom Chance presented, took: The Feast
An Image of a taken Town express'd.

The Cave resounds with Female Shrieks; we rise, Mad with Revenge, to make a swift Reprise:

And Theseus first; what Frenzy has posses'd

O Eurytus, he cry'd, thy brutal Breast,

To wrong Perithous, and not him alone,

But while I live, two Friends conjoyn'd in one?

To justify his Threat, he thrusts aside
The Crowd of Centaurs; and redeems the Bride:
The Monster nought reply'd: For Words were vain;
And Deeds cou'd only Deeds unjust maintain:
But answers with his Hand; and forward press'd,
With Blows redoubled, on his Face and Breast.
An ample Goblet stood, of antick Mold:
And rough with Figures of the rising Gold;

The Hero snatch'd it up: And toss'd in Air,

Full at the Front of the foul Ravisher.

He falls; and falling vomits forth a Flood

Of Wine, and Foam and Brains, and mingled Blood.

Half roaring, and half neighing through the Hall,

Arms, Arms, the double form'd with Fury call;

To wreak their Brother's death: A Medley-Flight

Of Bowls and Jars, at first supply the Fight.

Once Instruments of Feasts; but now of Fate;

Wine animates their Rage, and arms their Hate.

Bold Amycus, from the robb'd Veftry brings
The Chalices of Heav'n; and holy Things
Of precious Weight: A Sconce, that hung on high,
With Tapers fill'd, to light the Sacrifty,
Torn from the Cord, with his unhallow'd Hand
He threw amid the Lapythean Band,
On Celadon the Ruin fell; and left
His Face of Feature and of Form bereft:
So, when some brawny Sacrificer knocks
Before an Altar led, an offer'd Oxe,
His Eye-balls rooted out, are thrown to Ground;
His Nose dismantled, in his Mouth is found,
His Jaws, Cheeks, Front, one undistinguish'd Wound.

This, Belates, th' Avenger, cou'd not brook;
But, by the Foot a Maple-board he took;
And hurl'd at Amycus; his Chin it bent
Against his Chest, and down the Centaur sent:

Whom

Whom sputtring bloody Teeth, the second Blow Of his drawn Sword, dispatch'd to Shades below, a mond to Y

But look'd a bubbling Mats, of fiving Blood Grineus was near; and cast a furious Look to I mixed aiH On the fide Altar, cens'd with facred Smoke, sail balin bnA And bright with flaming Fires; the Gods, he cry'd, wow of T Have with their holy Trade, our Hands supply'd : dw) ned T Why use we not their Gifts? Then from the Floor syred H An Altar-Stone he heav'd, with all the Load it bore: West Altar and Altars freight together flew, a mort aniquot double Where thickest throng'd the Lapythaan Crew: And Broteas, and at once, Oryus flew. histor node autoda roll Oryus Mother, Mycale, was known over ewolled night vd o? Down from her Sphere, to draw the lab'ring Moon we men'?

The burning Lever, not deludes his Pains; Exadius cry'd, unpunish'd shall not go restud ent severb sull This Fact, if Arms are found against the Foe. He look'd about, where on a Pine were spred bould and I The votive Horns of a Stags branching Head: At Grineus these he throws; so just they fly, That the sharp Antlers stuck in either Eye: Breathless and Blind he fell; with Blood besmear'd; His Eye-balls beaten out, hung dangling on his Beard. Fierce Rhatus, from the Hearth a burning Brand, Selects, and whirling waves; till, from his Hand The Fire took Flame; then dash'd it from the right, On fair Charaxus Temples; near the Sight: Bow 199nol of The whiftling Pest came on; and pierc'd the Bone, stide of And caught the yellow Hair, that shrievel'd while it shone,

> And in the Shoulder's Joint inflicts the Wound. Kkk

The

Caught.

Caught, like dry Stubble fir'd; or like Seerwood; Yet from the Wound enfu'd no Purple Flood; But look'd a bubbling Mass, of frying Blood. His blazing Locks, fent forth a crackling Sound; And his'd, like red hot Iron, within the Smithy drown'd The wounded Warrior shook his flaming Hair, Then (what a Team of Horse cou'd hardly rear) He heaves the Threshold-Stone; but cou'd not throw; The Weight it felf, forbad the threaten'd Blow. Which dropping from his lifted Arms, came down, Full on Cometes Head; and crush'd his Crown. Nor Rhatus then retain'd his Joy; but fe'd; So by their Fellows may our Foes be fped; Then, with redoubled Strokes he plies his Head: The burning Lever, not deludes his Pains; But drives the batter'd Skull, within the Brains. if Arms are found against the Hos

Thus flush'd, the Conqueror, with Force renew'd, Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, pursu'd: First, Corythus, with downy Cheeks, he slew; Whose fall, when sierce Evagrus had in view, He cry'd, what Palm is from a beardless Prey? Rhatus prevents what more he had to fay; And drove within his Mouth the fiery Death, Which enter'd hiffing in, and choak'd his Breath. At Dryas next he flew: But weary Chance No longer wou'd the fame Success advance. For while he whirl'd in fiery Circles round The Brand, a sharpen'd Stake strong Dryas found; And in the Shoulder's Joint inflicts the Wound.

The

The Weapon stuck; which roaring out with Pain,
He drew; nor longer durst the Fight maintain,
But turn'd his Back, for fear; and fled amain.
With him fled Orneus, with like Dread posses'd;
Thaumas, and Medon wounded in the Breast;
And Mermeros in the late Race renown'd,
Now limping ran, and tardy with his Wound.
Pholus and Melaneus from Fight withdrew,
And Abas maim'd, who Boars encountring slew:
And Augur Astylos, whose Art in vain,
From Fight dissuaded, the four-footed Train;
Now beat the Hoof with Nessus on the Plain;
But to his Fellow cry'd, be fasely slow,
Thy Death deferr'd is due to great Alcides Bow.

Mean time strong Dryas urg'd his Chance so well,
That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell;
All, one by one, and fighting Face to Face:
Crenaus sled, to fall with more Disgrace:
For, fearful, while he look'd behind, he bore
Betwixt his Nose and Front, the Blow before.
Amid the Noise and Tumult of the Fray,
Snoring, and drunk with Wine, Aphidas lay.
Ev'n then the Bowl within his Hand he kept:
And on a Bear's rough Hide securely slept.
Him Phorbas with his slying Dart, transfix'd;
Take thy next Draught, with Stygian Waters mix'd,
And sleep thy fill th' insulting Victor cry'd;
Surpris'd with Death unselt, the Centaur dy'd;

SAT

The ruddy Vomit, as he breath'd his Soul, moqseW and Repass'd his Throat; and fill'd his empty Bowl. on web all

But turn'd his Back, for fear; and fled amain I faw Petraus Arms, employ'd around boll mid this A well-grown Oak, to root it from the Ground. This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous Bands; The Trunk, was like a Sappling in his Hands And still obey'd the Bent: While thus he stood, Perithous Dart drove on; and nail'd him to the Wood. Lycus, and Chromys fell by him oppress'd: Helops and Dictys added to the rest and halaman angist more A nobler Palm: Helops through either Ear and and and Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating Spear. This, Dictys faw; and feiz'd with fuddain Fright Leapt headlong from the Hill of steepy height; And crush'd an Ash beneath, that cou'd not bear his weight." The shatter'd Tree receives his fall; and strikes Within his full-blown Paunch, the sharpen'd Spikes. Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty Stone, The Fragment of a Rock; and wou'd have thrown; But Thefeus with a Club of harden'd Oak, The Cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke; And left him maim'd; nor seconded the Stroke. Then leapt on tall Bianor's Back: (Who bore No mortal Burden but his own, before.) Press'd with his Knees his Sides; the double Man His speed with Spurs increas'd, unwilling ran. One Hand the Hero fasten'd on his Locks; His other ply'd him with repeated Strokes.

The Club rung round his Ears, and batter'd Brows; He falls; and lashing up his Heels, his Rider throws.

The same Herculean Arms, Nedymnus wound; is done with and And lay by him Lycotas on the Ground. And Hippasus, whose Beard his Breast invades; and Hood and And Ripheus, haunter of the Woodland Shades: James and The And Tereus us'd with Mountain-Bears to strive; and had a had from their Dens to draw th' indignant Beasts alive.

Demoleon cou'd not bear this hateful Sight,

Or the long Fortune of th' Athenian Knight:

But pull'd with all his Force, to difengage

From Earth a Pine; the Product of an Age:

The Root fluck faft: The broken Trunk he fent

At The feus: The feus frustrates his Intent,

And leaps aside; by Pallas warn'd, the Blow

To shun: (for so he said; and we believ'd it so.)

Yet not in vain, th' enormous Weight was cast;

Which Crantor's Body sunder'd at the Waist.

Thy Father's Squire, Achilles, and his Care;

Whom Conquer'd in the Dolopeian War,

Their King, his present Ruin to prevent

A Pledge of Peace implor'd, to Peleus sent.

Thy Sire, with grieving Eyes, beheld his Fate;
And cry'd, not long, lov'd Crantor, shalt thou wait
Thy vow'd Revenge. At once he said, and threw
His Ashen-Spear; which quiver'd as it slew;

With all his Force and all his Soul apply'd; mor gour doll and The sharp Point enter'd in the Centaur's Side : Is bone : all all Both Hands, to wrench it out, the Monster join'd; And wrench'd it out; but left the Steel behind. Home Stuck in his Lungs it stood: Inrag'd he rears I min yo val but His Hoofs, and down to Ground thy Father bears. Thus trampled under Foot, his Shield defends His Head; his other Hand the Lance protends. Law word brid Ev'n while he lay extended on the Duft; and right mon bal He fped the Centaur, with one fingle Thrust. Two more, his Lance before transfix'd from far ;00 moslome (And two, his Sword had flain, in closer War. 101 gnol od 10 To these was added Dorylas: Who spread in the intim billing and A Bull's two goring Horns around his Head. With these he push'd; in Blood already dy'd; sould took on I Him, fearless, I approach'd; and thus defy'd: Now Monster, now, by Proof it shall appear, solds and bak Whether thy Horns, are fharper or my Spear. of action and of At this, I threw: For want of other Ward, it disv ni son sol He lifted up his Hand, his Front to guard. His Hand it pass'd: And fix'd it to his Brow: Loud Shouts of ours, attend the lucky Blow. Blow. Blow. Blow. Which through the Navel pierc'd: He reel'd around; And drag'd his dangling Bowels on the Ground. Trod what he drag'd; and what he trod he crush'd: And to his Mother-Earth, with empty Belly rush'd. vow'd Revenge. At once he foid, and threw

Nor cou'd thy Form, O Cyllarus, foreflow Thy Fate; (if Form to Monsters Men allow:)

Tust

Just bloom'd thy Beard: Thy Beard of golden Hew: Thy Locks in golden Waves, about thy Shoulders flew. Sprightly thy Look: Thy Shapes in ev'ry part So clean; as might instruct the Sculptor's Art: debie bad As far as Man extended: Where began The Beaft, the Beaft was equal to the Man, Add but a Horses Head and Neck; and he, O Castor, was a Courser worthy thee. The myst mileval and So was his Back proportion'd for the Seat; diw anish all So rose his brawny Chest; so swiftly mov'd his Feet, Coal-black his Colour; but like Jet it shone, we'd sword bank His Legs and flowing Tail, were White alone. Belov'd by many Maidens of his Kind; sold sold bimol But fair, Hylonome, posses'd his Mind: Hylonome, for Features, and for Face Excelling all the Nymphs of double Race: Nor less her Blandishments, than Beauty move; At once both loving, and confessing Love. For him she dress'd: For him with Female Care She comb'd, and fet in Curls, her auborn Hair. Of Roses, Violets, and Lillies mix'd And Sprigs of flowing Rofemary betwixt She form'd the Chaplet, that adorn'd her Front: In Waters of the Pagasan Fount, And in the Streams that from the Fountain play, She wash'd her Face; and bath'd her twice a Day. The Scarf of Furs, that hung below her Side, and require Was Ermin, or the Panther's spotted Pride; Spoils of no common Beast: With equal Flame They lov'd: Their Sylvan Pleasures were the same:

All Day they hunted: And when Day expir'd, b'moold fall Together to some shady Cave retir'd: Invited to the Nuptials, both repair: The shoot will be said and Side by Side, they both ingage in War. In the said of the said o

As far as Man extended: Where began Uncertain from what Hand, a flying Dart and flood off At Cyllarus was fent; which pierc'd his Heart, ToH a sud bhA The Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound, and of the Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound, and of the Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound, and of the Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound, and of the Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound, and of the Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound, and of the Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound, and of the Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound, and of the Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound, and of the Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound, and of the Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound, and of the Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound, and of the Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound, and of the Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound, and of the Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound, and of the Javelin drawn from the Mortal drawn from the Javelin drawn from the Mortal He faints with staggring Steps; and seeks the Ground: The Fair, within her Arms receiv'd his fall, wand sid slow of And strove his wandring Spirits to recal: And while her Hand the streaming Blood oppos'd, Join'd Face to Face, his Lips with hers the clos'd. Stiffled with Kiffes, a sweet Death he dies; She fills the Fields with undistinguish'd Cries: At least her Words, were in her Clamour drown'd; For my stun'd Ears receiv'd no vocal Sound. In madness of her Grief, she seiz'd the Dart At once both le New-drawn, and reeking from her Lover's Heart; To her bare Bosom the sharp Point apply'd; And wounded fell; and falling by his Side, Embrac'd him in her Arms; and thus embracing, dy'd. She form'd the Chaplet, that adotn'd her Front

Ev'n still methinks, I see Phaocomes;
Strange was his Habit; and as odd his Dress.
Six Lion's Hides, with Thongs together fast, and be maded. His upper part defended to his Waist:
And where, Man ended, the continued Vest, and many and Spread on his Back, the Houss and Trappings of a Beast.

A Stump too heavy for a Team to draw;

(It feems a Fable, tho' the Fact I faw;)

He threw at Pholon; the descending Blow

Divides the Skull, and cleaves his Head in two.

The Brains, from Nose and Mouth, and either Ear

Came issuing out, as through a Colendar

The curdled Milk; or from the Press the Whey

Driv'n down by Weights above, is drain'd away.

Though his black Hairs were interspers d with White But him, while stooping down to spoil the Slain, Pierc'd through the Paunch, I tumbled on the Plain, Then Chthonyus, and Teleboas I flew: A Fork the former arm'd; a Dart his Fellow threw. The Javelin wounded me; (behold the Skar.) Then was my time to feek the Trojan War; Then I was Hector's Match in open Field; and Hift bank But he was then unborn; at least a Child: Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell not sadw redmeme I By Periphantas how Pyretus fell. The second of The Centaur by the Knight: Nor will I stay and but he On Amphyx, or what Deaths he dealt that Day: 1 9 west both What Honour, with a pointless Lance he won, Stuck in the front of a four-footed Man. The sund slid! What Fame young Macareus obtain'd in Fight: Or dwell on Nessus, now return'd from Flight. How Prophet Mopfus, not alone devin'd, and and triwing Whose Valour equall'd his foreseeing Mind, and and and T

Already Caneus, with his conquering Hand, and should Had flaughter'd five the boldest of their Band.

Pyrach-

Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the Brave, and stronger Stiphelus,
Their Names I number'd, and remember well,
No Trace remaining, by what Wounds they fell.

Latreus, the bulkiest of the double Race Whom the spoil'd Arms of slain Halesus grace, In Years retaining still his Youthful Might, Though his black Hairs were interspers'd with White, Betwixt th' imbattled Ranks, began to prance, Proud of his Helm, and Macedonian Lance; And rode the Ring around; that either Hoast Might hear him, while he made this empty Boaft. And from a Strumpet shall we suffer Shame, For Canis still, not Caneus is thy Name: And still the Native Softness of thy Kind Prevails; and leaves the Woman in thy Mind? Remember what thou wert; what Price was paid To change thy Sex: To make thee not a Maid; And but a Man in shew: Go, Card and Spin; And leave the Bufiness of the War to Men.

While thus the Boaster exercis'd his Pride,

The fatal Spear of Caneus reach'd his Side:

Just in the mixture of the Kinds it ran;

Betwixt the neather Breast, and upper Man:

The Monster mad with Rage, and stung with Smart,

His Lance directed at the Hero's Heart:

It strook: But bounded from his harden'd Breast,

Like Hail from Tiles, which the safe House invest.

Nor feem'd the Stroke with more effect to come,

Than a fmall Pebble falling on a Drum.

He next his Fauchion try'd, in closer Fight;

But the keen Fauchion, had no Pow'r to bite.

He thrust; the blunted Point return'd again:

Since downright Blows, he cry'd, and Thrusts are vain,

I'll prove his Side: In strong Embraces held

He prov'd his Side; his Side the Sword repell'd:

His hollow Belly eccho'd to the Stroke;

Untouch'd his Body, as a solid Rock;

Aim'd at his Neck at last, the Blade in Shivers broke.

Th' Impassive Knight stood Idle, to deride

His Rage, and offer'd oft his naked Side:

At length, Now Monster, in thy turn he cry'd

Try thou the Strength of Caneus: At the Word

He thrust; and in his Shoulder plung'd the Sword.

Then writh'd his Hand; and as he drove it down, and list as a least of the second of the secon

The Centaurs faw inrag'd, th' unhop'd Success; denim ell.

And rushing on, in Crowds, together press; hand end that A At him, and him alone, their Darts they threw is an andw a Repuls'd they from his fated Body flew.

Amaz'd they stood; till Monychus began, which and in Induo Compared they stood; till Monychus began, which and in Induo Compared they a Man I was end bias only A Woman-Man; yet more a Man is He, and show more a Mon all our Race; and what He was, are We.

Now, what avail our Nerves? The united Force, denim more of two the strongest Creatures, Man and Horse:

L11 2

Nor

Nor Goddess-born; nor of Ixion's Seed We feem; (a Lover built for Juno's Bed;) Master'd by this half Man. Whole Mountains throw With Woods at once, and bury him below. This only way remains. Nor need we doubt To choak the Soul within; though not to force it out. Heap Weights, instead of Wounds: He chanc'd to see Where Southern Storms had rooted up a Tree; This, rais'd from Earth, against the Foe he threw; Th' Example shewn, his Fellow-Brutes pursue. With Forest-loads the Warrior they invade; Othrys and Pelion soon were void of Shade; And spreading Groves were naked Mountains made. Press'd with the Burden, Caneus pants for Breath; And on his Shoulders bears the Wooden, Death. To heave th' intolerable Weight he tries; At length it rose above his Mouth and Eyes: Yet still he heaves: And strugling with Despair, Shakes all afide; and gains a gulp of Air: A short Relief, which but prolongs his Pain; He faints by Fits; and then respires again: At last, the Burden only nods above, As when an Earthquake stirs th' Idean Grove. Doubtful his Death: He suffocated seem'd, mond your belowed To most; but otherwise our Mopsus deem'd. Who faid he faw a yellow Bird arife proportion of the same of the From out the Pile, and cleave the liquid Skies: I saw it too: With golden Feathers bright; Nor e're before, beheld so strange a Sight. Of two the firongest Creatures, Man and Horse

Whom

Whom Mopfus viewing, as it foar'd around
Our Troop, and heard the Pinions rattling Sound,
All hail he cry'd, thy Countries Grace and Love;
Once first of Men below; now first of Birds above.

Its Author to the Story gave Belief:
For us, our Courage was increas'd by Grief:
Asham'd to see a fingle Man, pursu'd
With Odds, to fink beneath a Multitude:
We push'd the Foe; and forc'd to shameful Flight;
Part fell; and part escap'd by favour of the Night.

This Tale by Nestor told, did much displease
The Polemus, the Seed of Hercules:
For, often he had heard his Father say,
That he himself was present at the Fray;
And more than shar'd the Glories of the Day.

Old Chronicle, he faid, among the rest,
You might have nam'd Alcides at the least:
Is he not worth your Praise? The Pylian Prince
Sigh'd e'er he spoke; then made this proud Defence.
My former Woes in long Oblivion drown'd,
I wou'd have lost; but you renew the Wound:
Better to pass him o'er, than to relate
The Cause I have your mighty Sire to hate.
His Fame has fill'd the World, and reach'd the Sky;
(Which, Oh, I wish with Truth, I cou'd deny!)
We praise not Hector; though his Name, we know
Is great in Arms; 'tis hard to praise a Foe.

He, your Great Father, levell'd to the Ground good mod Messenia's Tow'rs: Nor better Fortune found by and list like Elis, and Pylos; that a neighb'ring State and mod mod and some And this my own: Both guiltless of their Fate.

To pass the rest, twelve wanting one, he slew; My Brethren, who their Birth from Neleus drew. All Youths of early Promise, had they liv'd; I and b'dlug all By him they perish'd: I alone furviv'd. I alone furviv'd. The rest were easy Conquest: But the Fate Of Periclymenos, is wondrous to relate. To him, our common Grandfire of the Main, Had giv'n to change his Form; and chang'd, refume again. Vary'd at Pleasure, every Shape he try'd; aw Helmid ed and T And in all Beasts Alcides still defy'd : out b'and madt orom but Vanquish'd on Earth, at length he soar'd above; Chang'd to the Bird, that bears the Bolt of Jove inound bio The new-diffembled Eagle, now endu'd man svan angim now With Beak and Pounces, Hercules pursu'd : ov il low son and at And cuff'd his manly Cheeks, and tore his Face; Then, fafe retir'd, and tour'd in empty space. Alcides bore not long his flying Foe; ov and ; flol avent bound But bending his inevitable Bow, nent reso mid slag of attitude Reach'd him in Air, suspended as he stood; avail along odl And in his Pinion fix'd the feather'd Wood bill and small aid Light was the Wound; but in the Sinew hung, doin W The Point; and his disabled: Wing unstrung a ton shing 9W He wheel'd in Air, and stretch'd his Vans in vain; His Vans no longer cou'd his Flight fustain:

For

For while one gather'd Wind, one unfupply'd
Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other Side.
He fell: The Shaft that slightly was impress'd,
Now from his heavy Fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his Neck, aslant, he spurns the Ground;
And the Soul issues through the Weazon's Wound.

Now, brave Commander of the Rhodian Seas,
What Praise is due from me, to Hercules?
Silence is all the Vengeance I decree
For my slain Brothers; but 'tis Peace with thee.

Thus with a flowing Tongue old Neftor spoke:
Then, to full Bowls each other they provoke:
At length, with Weariness, and Wine oppress'd;
They rise from Table; and withdraw to Rest.

The Sire of Cygnus, Monarch of the Main,
Mean time, laments his Son, in Battle flain:
And vows the Victor's Death; nor vows in vain.
For nine long Years the smoother'd Pain he bore;
(Achilles was not ripe for Fate, before:)
Then when he saw the promis'd Hour was near,
He thus bespoke the God, that guides the Year.
Immortal Offspring of my Brother Jove;
My brightest Nephew, and whom best I love,
Whose Hands were join'd with mine, to raise the Wall
Of tottring Troy, now nodding to her fall,
Dost thou not mourn our Pow'r employ'd in vain;
And the Desenders of our City slain?

To pass the rest, cou'd noble Hector lie

Unpity'd, drag'd around his Native Troy?

And yet the Murd'rer lives: Himself by far

A greater Plague, than all the wastful War:

He lives; the proud Pelides lives to boast

Our Town destroy'd, our common Labour lost!

O, cou'd I meet him! But I wish too late:

To prove my Trident is not in his Fate!

But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy Dart,

And pierce his only penetrable Part.

Apollo bows to the fuperiour Throne;
And to his Uncle's Anger, adds his own.

Then in a Cloud involv'd, he takes his Flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal Fight;
And found out Paris, lurking where he flood,
And flain'd his Arrows with Plebeyan Blood:
Phæbus to him alone the God confess'd,
Then to the recreant Knight, he thus address'd.
Dost thou not blush, to spend thy Shafts in vain
On a degenerate, and ignoble Train?

If Fame, or better Vengeance be thy Care,
There aim: And with one Arrow, end the War.

He faid; and shew'd from far the blazing Shield And Sword, which but Achilles none cou'd weild; And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the standing Field. The Deity himself directs aright

Th' invenom'd Shaft; and wings the fatal Flight.

Thus

Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian Name;
And He, the base Adult'rer, boasts the Fame.
A Spectacle to glad the Trojan Train;
And please old Priam, after Hector slain.
If by a Female Hand he had foreseen
He was to die, his Wish had rather been
The Lance and double Axe of the fair Warrious Queen.

And now the Terror of the Trojan Field
The Grecian Honour, Ornament, and Shield,
High on a Pile, th' Unconquer'd Chief is plac'd,
The God that arm'd him first, consum'd at last.
Of all the Mighty Man, the small Remains
A little Urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in Homer, still Achilles lives;
And equal to himself, himself survives.

His Buckler owns its former Lord; and brings New cause of Strife, betwixt contending Kings; Who Worthiest after him, his Sword to weild, Or wear his Armour, or sustain his Shield. Ev'n Diomede sate Mute, with down-cast Eyes; Conscious of wanted Worth to win the Prize: Nor Menelas presum'd these Arms to claim, Nor He the King of Men, a greater Name. Two Rivals only rose: Laertes Son, And the vast Bulk of Ajax Telamon: The King, who cherish'd each, with equal Love, And, from himself all Envy wou'd remove, Lest both to be determin'd by the Laws; And to the Grecian Chiefs, transferr'd the Cause.

Oxide abdition above And He the bet a Adulting boards the Fone Long A Spectacleto clade the Amont Train god or ball of one He veis to die, the Wiffi hid anthen been he was to he And new the Tereor of the Tiolon Rield and an end service Yet green in Flomer, still Achilly lives; with the His Buckler owns its former Lord; and brings Very cause of Strife, betwint contending Kings Win Diemede fate Mutes with down-cast Eyes No. He the King of Men, a greater Name I wo Rivals only rotor Lymes Sons , and have been the had from handle all havy word namove, a sense Left both to be determined by the Laws;

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THE

SPEECHES

OF

AJAX

AND

ULYSSES.

FROM

Ovid's Metamorphoses BOOK XIII.

* * * *

Mmm 2

THE

SPEECHES

OF

XAIA

AND

ULYSSES.

FROM

Ovids Metamorphofes BOOK XIII.

* * * *

Mmm 2

But basely fied that memorable D. T. But basely fied that memorable D. T. But basely field the faming Prey.

And dares Whyfer for the Prize contend,

SPECHES

In bloody Fields blubone to be great; start of the His Arms are a finooth Ton-FeO and loft Poceit;

The Sun al Xuy are Wasfes for Le, and A let him w X has and A late his Lang. And youch the filent Stars, and conferous Moon;

But fuch an abject Rival Q N A :

U L Y S S E S.

HE Chiefs were set; the Soldiers crown'd the Field;
To these the Master of the sevenfold Shield,
Upstarted sierce: And kindled with Disdain

Eager to speak, unable to contain

His boiling Rage, he rowl'd his Eyes around

The Shore, and Grecian Gallies hall'd a-ground.

Then stretching out his Hands, O Jove, he cry'd,

Must then our Cause before the Fleet be try'd?

Dut

And dares Ulysses for the Prize contend, In fight of what he durst not once defend? But basely fled that memorable Day, When I from Hector's Hands redeem'd the flaming Prey. So much 'tis fafer at the noify Bar With Words to flourish than ingage in War. By different Methods we maintain our Right, Nor am I made to Talk, nor he to Fight. In bloody Fields I labour to be great; His Arms are a smooth Tongue; and soft Deceit: Nor need I speak my Deeds, for those you see, The Sun and Day are Witnesses for me. Let him who fights unseen relate his own, And vouch the filent Stars, and conscious Moon; Great is the Prize demanded, I confess, But such an abject Rival makes it less; That Gift, those Honours, he but hop'd to gain Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain: Lofing he wins, because his Name will be Enobled by Defeat, who durst contend with me. Were my known Valour question'd, yet my Blood Without that Plea wou'd make my Title good: My Sire was Telamon whose Arms, employ'd With Hercules, these Trojan Walls destroy'd; And who before with Jason, sent from Greece In the first Ship brought home the Golden Fleece: Great Telamon from Æacus derives His Birth (th' Inquisitor of guilty lives In Shades below where Sysiphus whose Son This Thief is thought rouls up the restless heavy Stone.)

Tuft

Just Æacus the King of Gods, above Begot: Thus Ajax is the third from Jove. Nor shou'd I seek advantage from my Line, Unless (Achilles) it were mix'd with thine: As next of Kin Achilles Arms I claim, This Fellow wou'd ingraft a Foreign Name, Upon our Stock, and the Sysiphian Seed By Fraud and Theft afferts his Father's Breed ! Then must I lose these Arms, because I came To fight uncall'd, a voluntary Name, Nor shun'd the Cause, but offer'd you my Aid, While he long lurking was to War betray'd: Forc'd to the Field he came, but in the Reer; And feign'd Diffraction to conceal his Fear: Till one more cunning caught him in the Snare; (Ill for himself) and drag'd him into War. Now let a Hero's Arms a Coward veft, And he who shun'd all Honours, gain the best : And let me stand excluded from my Right Rob'd of my Kinsman's Arms, who first appear'd in Fight. Better for us at home had he remain'd Had it been true, the Madness which he feign'd, Or so believ'd; the less had been our Shame, The less his counsell'd Crime which brands the Grecian Name; Nor Philocetes had been left inclos'd and a basin and sooned In a bare Isle to Wants and Pains expos'd, Where to the Rocks, with folitary Groans His Suff'rings and our Baseness he bemoans; And wishes (so may Heav'n his Wish fulfill) on an bell aud The due Reward to him who caus'd his Ill.

Now he with us to Troy's Destruction sworn Our Brother of the War, by whom are born Alcides Arrows, pent in narrow Bounds With Cold and Hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with Wounds, To find him Food and Cloathing must employ Against the Birds the Shafts due to the Fate of Troy. Yet still he lives, and lives from Treason free, Jones and lives Because he left Ulysses Company : I among the field bus to the Poor Palamede might wish, so void of Aid, Rather to have been left, than fo to Death betray'd: The Coward bore the Man immortal Spight, Who sham'd him out of Madness into Fight: Nor daring otherwise to vent his Hate and blaid and a band Accus'd him first of Treason to the State, and I brought had And then for proof produc'd the golden Store; wo store one it Himself had hidden in his Tent before: 15 bas (Monning and 110) Thus of two Champions he depriv'd our Hoaft, By Exile one, and one by Treason loft. In bound odw od bath Thus fights Ulysses, thus his Fame extends, bank on the A formidable Man, but to his Friends: Great, for what Greatness is in Words and Sound, Ev'n faithful Neftor less in both is found: But that he might without a Rival reign, He left this faithful Neftor on the Plain; Forfook his Friend ev'n at his utmost Need, bad as part of Who tir'd, and tardy with his wounded Steed Cry'd out for Aid, and call'd him by his Name; But Cowardice has neither Ears nor Shame: bus some and and

That this is not a Fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an Ulyssean Lie,
I vouch ev'n Diomede, who tho' his Friend
Cannot that Act excuse, much less defend:
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his Fear;
And fure enough he heard, but durst not hear.

The Gods with equal Eyes on Mortals look, He justly was forfaken, who forfook: Wanted that Succour he refused to lend, Found ev'ry Fellow fuch another Friend: No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear; His Elocution was increas'd by fear: I heard, I ran, I found him out of Breath, and and well Pale, trembling, and half dead, with fear of Death. Though he had judg'd himself by his own Laws, And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common Cause: With my broad Buckler hid him from the Foe; (Ev'n the Shield trembled as he lay below;) And from impending Fate the Coward freed: And menac'd us w Good Heav'n forgive me for so bad a Deed! If still he will perfist, and urge the Strife, First let him give me back his forfeit Life: Let him return to that opprobrious Field; Again creep under my protecting Shield: abrowe bushoom A Let him lie wounded, let the Foe be near, woy lo segon and And let his quiv'ring Heart confess his Fear; John Byon Brown There put him in the very Jaws of Fate; And on it stand? And let him plead his Cause in that Estate:

boA.

And yet when fnatch'd from Death, when from below
My lifted Shield I loos'd, and let him go:
Good Heav'ns how light he rose, with what a bound
He sprung from Earth, forgetful of his Wound;
How fresh, how eager then his Feet to ply,
Who had not Strength to stand, had Speed to sly!

Hector came on, and brought the Gods along; bod off Fear feiz'd alike the Feeble and the Strong : From the strong is not as within all Each Greek was an Ulyffes; such a Dread proposed to be been W Th' approach, and ev'n the found of Hector bred : Him, flesh'd with Slaughter, and with Conquest crown'd, I met, and over-turn'd him to the Ground; and noitheold all When after, matchless as he deem'd, in Might, and I broad I He challeng'd all our Hoast to single Fight; a guildment all I All Eyes were fix'd on me: The Lots were thrown; But for your Champion I was wish'd alone nebnos boost bad Your Vows were heard, we Fought, and neither yield; Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the Field bleid and and With Jove to friend th' infulting Trojan came, somi mon ball And menac'd us with Force, our Fleet with Flame : 11 book Was it the Strength of this Tongue-valiant Lord, Hiw salling In that black Hour, that fav'd you from the Sword? Or was my Breast expos'd alone, to brave, or muter mid to A thousand Swords, a thousand Ships to save? The good mind. The hopes of your return! And can you yield, weil mid sel For a fav'd Fleet, less than a single Shield and vinp aid tol but Think it no Boast, O Grecians, wif I deemand min and and and These Arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them; quid so ball

Or,

Or, I with them an equal Honour share; I will all holdware
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my Courage with his Slight?
As well he may compare the Day with Night.
Night is indeed the Province of his Reign:
Yet all his dark Exploits no more contain solves to the most
Than a Spy taken, and a Sleeper flain. Who been reduced by
A Priest made Pris'ner, Pallas made a Prey,
But none of all these Actions done by Day:
Nor ought of these was done, and Diomed away.
If on fuch petty Merits you confer and meeber of su baed and T
So vast a Prize, let each his Portion share; wasw mid tol bank
Make a just Dividend; and if not all,
The greater part to Diomed will fall.
But why, for Ithacus fuch Arms as those,
Who naked and by Night invades his Foes?
The glitt'ring Helm by Moonlight will proclaim
The latent Robber, and prevent his Game:
Nor cou'd he hold his tott'ring Head upright
Beneath that Motion, or fustain the Weight; or aid and store
Nor that right Arm cou'd tofs the beamy Lance;
Much less the lest that ampler Shield advance;
Pond'rous with precious Weight, and rough with Cost
Of the round World in rifing Gold embofs'd.
That Orb would ill become his Hand to wield,
And look as for the Gold he stole the Shield;
Which, shou'd your error on the Wretch bestow,
It would not frighten, but allure the Foe:
Why asks he, what avails him not in Fight,
And wou'd but cumber and retard his Flight,
Nnn 2 In

In which his only Excellence is plac'd,
You give him Death, that intercept his haft?
Add, that his own is yet a Maiden-Shield,
Nor the leaft Dint has fuffer'd in the Field,
Guiltless of Fight: Mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
Worn out of Service, must forsake his Lord.
What farther need of Words our Right to scan;
My Arguments are Deeds, let Action speak the Man?
Since from a Champion's Arms the Strife arose,
So cast the glorious Prize amid the Foes:
Then send us to redeem both Arms and Shield,
And let him wear who wins'em in the Field.

He faid: A Murmur from the Multitude,
Or somewhat like a stiffled Shout ensu'd!
Till from his Seat arose Laertes Son,
Look'd down awhile, and paus'd e'er he begun;
Then to th' expecting Audience rais'd his Look,
And not without prepar'd Attention spoke:
Soft was his Tone, and sober was his Face;
Action his Words, and Words his Action grace.

If Heav'n, my Lords, had heard our common Pray'r,
These Arms had caus'd no Quarrel for an Heir;
Still great Achilles had his own posses'd,
And we with great Achilles had been bless'd;
But since hard Fate, and Heav'ns severe Decree
Have ravish'd him away from you and me,
(At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his Eyes, and drew
Or seem'd to draw some Drops of kindly Dew)

Who better can succeed Achilles loft, Than He who gave Achilles to your Hoaft? This only I request, that neither He May gain, by being what he seems to be, A stupid Thing, nor I may lose the Prize, By having Sense, which Heav'n to him denies: Since, great or small, the Talent I enjoy'd Was ever in the common Cause employ'd: Nor let my Wit, and wonted Eloquence Which often has been us'd in your Defence And in my own, this only time be brought To bear against my self, and deem'd a Fault. Make not a Crime, where Nature made it none; For ev'ry Man may freely use his own. The Deeds of long descended Ancestors Are but by grace of Imputation ours, Theirs in effect; but fince he draws his Line From Jove, and seems to plead a Right Divine, From Jove, like him, I claim my Pedigree; And am descended in the same degree: My Sire Laertes was Arcesius Heir, Arcesius was the Son of Jupiter: No Paricide, no banish'd Man is known, In all my Line: Let him excuse his own. Hermes ennobles too, my Mother's Side, By both my Parents to the Gods ally'd; But not because that on the Female Part My Blood is better, dare I claim Defert, Or that my Sire from Paricide is free; Vo basyooth ton ed? But judge by Merit betwixt Him and Me:

The

The Prize be to the best; provided yet, and as rested and That Ajax for awhile his Kin forget; And his great Sire, and greater Uncles, Name, on I who add To fortify by them his feeble Claim: Mame, on I who add To fortify by them his feeble Claim: Mame, on I who add To fortify by them his feeble Claim: Mame, on I who add To fortify by them his feeble Claim: Mame, on I who add To fortify by them his feeble Claim: Mame, on I who add To fortify by them his feeble Claim: Mame, on I who add To fortify by them his feeble Claim: Mame, on I who add To fortify by them his feeble Claim: Mame, on I who add To fortify by them his feeble Claim: Mame, on I who add To fortify by them his feeble Claim: Mame, on I who add To fortify by them his feeble Claim: Mame, on I who add To fortify by them his feeble Claim: Mame, on I who add To fortify by the feeble Claim: Mame, on I who

Then fince the Cause on pure Desert is plac'd, and and Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon last?

I not presume on ev'ry Act to dwell, and the But take these sew, in order as they fell.

Thetis, who knew the Fates, apply'd her Care

To keep Achilles in difguife from War;

And till the threat'ning Influence were past,

A Woman's Habit on the Hero cast:

All Eyes were couzen'd by the borrow'd Vest,

And Ajax (never wifer than the rest)

Found no Pelides there: At length I came

With proffer'd Wares to this pretended Dame, and a book of the Betray'd her Manhood by her manly Choice; Myd apply And

And while on Female Toys her Fellows look, and Reidue Grasp'd in her Warlike Hand, a Javelin shook, Whom by this Act reveal'd I thus bespoke: O Goddess born! resist not Heav'ns Decree, balanchau bal The fall of Ilium, is referv'd for Thee; Then feiz'd him, and produc'd in open Light, we wanted Sent blushing to the Field the fatal Knight. I Saw 1949/1 Mine then are all his Actions of the Wat, but and word T Great Telephus was conquer'd by my Spear is vd now I sid 191 And after cur'd: To me the Thebans owe, in all agnorW adT Lesbos, and Tenedos, their overthrow; med somo nwo sid bo A Syros and Cylla! Not on all to dwell, By me Lyrnesus, and strong Chrysa fell: of the rebust and strong And fince I fent the Man who Hector flew: was aid of bat To me the noble Hector's Death is due : 1 rod flower and 1999 Those Arms I put into his living Hand, modw bemevinion I Those Arms, Pelides dead, I now demand and and soil bell Had fill at Aulis waited happy Gales.

When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan Prince,
And met at Aulis to revenge th' Offence, by Market District And in the Port the Wind-bound Fleet detain'd and I amade Bad Signs were feen, and Oracles fevere was driven and Were daily thunder'd in our General's Ear; bim and in and That by his Daughter's Blood we must appeare I wood and and Diana's kindled Wrath, and free the Seas.

Affection, Int'rest, Fame, his Heart affail'd and add and But soon the Father o'er the King prevail'd as a many Bold, on himself he took the pious Crime, and and boom I As angry with the Gods, as they with him.

Scarce

No Subject cou'd fustain their Sov'raign's Look,

Till this hard Enterprize I undertook:

I only durst th' Imperial Pow'r controul,

And undermin'd the Parent in his Soul;

Forc'd him t' exert the King for common Good,

And pay our Ransom with his Daughters Blood.

Never was Cause more difficult to plead,

Than where the Judge against himself decreed:

Yet this I won by dint of Argument;

The Wrongs his injur'd Brother underwent;

And his own Office sham'd him to consent.

'Twas harder yet to move the Mother's Mind, and and and And to this heavy Task was I defign'd: Ment and I could but Reafons against her Love I knew were vain; along an and I circumvented whom I could not gain: our June I am A should Had Ajax been employ'd, our slacken'd Sails of an Ashould Had still at Aulis waited happy Gales.

Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me had a semi-bal A fearless Envoy, fit for a bold Embassy: made base a semi-secure, I enter'd through the hostile Court, and they are all the Glitt'ring with Steel, and crowded with Refort new angion bal. There, in the midst of Arms, I plead our Cause, and violated Laws; and what are all they are the foul Rape, and violated Laws; and and what Accuse the Foes, as Authors of the Strife, and bellow a semi-secure. Reproach the Ravisher, demand the Wife. And and and Priam, Antenor, and the wifer sew and the demand the Miss. I mov'd; but Paris and his lawless Crew and demand the Miss.

Scarce held their Hands, and lifted Swords: But stood In Act to quench their impious Thirst of Blood : would go 10 This Menelaus knows; expos'd to share With me the rough Preludium of the War. Who ply'd his Feet fo fust to get aboard

Endless it were to tell what I have done, and amiles of ment? In Arms, or Council, fince the Siege begun: Dyn y buol bul The first Encounter's past, the Foe repell'd, wor wever of They skulk'd within the Town, we kept the Field. War feem'd afleep for nine long Years, at length and and of Both Sides refolv'd to push, we try'd our Strength. Now what did Ajax while our Arms took Breath, Vers'd only in the gross mechanick Trade of Death? If you require my Deeds, with ambush'd Arms al ment of bala I trap'd the Foe, or tir'd with false Alarms; woo on by and the Secur'd the Ships, drew Lines along the Plain, has a sum to a The Fainting chear'd, chastis'd the Rebel-train, Provided Forage, our spent Arms renew'd, in the standard Employ'd at home, or fent abroad, the common Cause pursu'd.

And kindle fleeping Virtue into Flame The King, deluded in a Dream by Jove, and month Despair'd to take the Town, and order'd to remove. What Subject durst arraign the Pow'r supreme, Producing Jove to justify his Dream? Danie of the delider Ajax might wish the Soldiers to retain your could be should sold From shameful Flight, but Wishes were in vain : 1000 lift but As wanting of effect had been his Words, and beding an Such as of course his thundring Tongue affords. vin drive bound And fire no little Merit I may boan.

TuBm fuch a Man feleds from Oh an Hoaft;

But did this Boaster threaten, did he pray, Or by his own Example urge their stay? None, none of these, but ran himself away. I faw him run, and was asham'd to see; Who ply'd his Feet so fast to get aboard as He? Then speeding through the Place, I made a stand, And loudly cry'd, O base, degenerate Band, To leave a Town already in your Hand! After so long expence of Blood, for Fame, To bring home nothing but perpetual Shame! These Words, or what I have forgotten fince, (For Grief inspir'd me then with Eloquence) Reduc'd their Minds, they leave the crowded Port, And to their late forfaken Camp refort: Difmay'd the Council met: This Man was there, But mute, and not recover'd of his Fear. Thersites tax'd the King, and loudly rail'd, But his wide opening Mouth with Blows I feal'd. To be brown Then rifing I excite their Souls to Fame, and a brought And kindle fleeping Virtue into Flame. From thence, whatever he perform'd in Fight Is justly mine, who drew him back from Flight. Subject durft arraign the Pow'r fupreme

Which of the Grecian Chiefs conforts with Thee,
But Diomede, defires my Company,
And still communicates his Praise with me?

As guided by a God, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my Fellowship amid the Foes;
And sure no little Merit I may boast,
Whom such a Man selects from such an Hoast;

Unforc'd by Lots I went without affright, To dare with him the Dangers of the Night: On the same Errand sent, we met the Spy, I would be a Of Hector, double-tongu'd, and us'd to lie; usual aid a roll Him I dispatch'd, but not till undermin'd, o Mud to to Tan T I drew him first to tell what treacherous Troy defign'd : ni star My Task perform'd, with Praise I had retir'd, and retir'd But not content with this, to greater Praise aspir'd. vs aid to E Invaded Rhafus, and his Thracian Crew, and ano div sold And him, and his, in their own Strength I flew: and over of Return'd a Victor all my Vows compleat, and salat I liw 1011) With the King's Chariot, in his Royal Seat : minute and toll Refuse me now his Arms, whose fiery Steeds H lo may smoot Were promis'd to the Spy for his Nocturnal Deeds and his set And let dull Ajax bear away my Right, When all his Days out-ballance this one Night. and laid and

Nor fought I Darkling still: The Sun beheld with Many and Counted as I pass'd along,

Alastor, Cromyus, Ceranos the Strong,

Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,

Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus;

Choon, Chersidamas; and five beside

Men of obscure Descent, but Courage try'd:

All these this Hand laid breathless on the Ground;

Nor want I Proofs of many a manly Wound:

All honest, all before: Believe not me,

Words may deceive, but credit what you see. of I may will

That fnatch'd the Prop and Pride of Greece away?

At this he bar'd his Breast, and show'd his Scars, As of a furrow'd Field, well plough'd with Wars: Nor is this Part unexercis'd, faid he; That Gyant-bulk of his from Wounds is free: Safe in his Shield he fears no Foe to try, And better manages his Blood than I: But this avails me not; our Boaster strove with the strong to the Not with our Foes alone, but partial fove, and and believed To fave the Fleet: This I confess is true, and both mid both (Nor will I take from any Man his due:) But thus affuming all, he robs from you. Some part of Honour to your share will fall, I won am all all He did the best indeed, but did not all. of beimong stall Patroclus in Achilles Arms, and thought was a lub as both The Chief he feem'd, with equal Ardour fought; Preserv'd the Fleet, repell'd the raging Fire, And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.

But Ajax boasts, that he was only thought

A Match for Hector, who the Combat sought:

Sure he forgets the King, the Chiefs, and Me:

All were as eager for the Fight as He:

He but the ninth, and not by publick Voice,

Or ours preferr'd, was only Fortunes choice:

They sought; nor can our Hero boast the Event,

For Hector from the Field, unwounded went.

Why am I forc'd to name that fatal Day, isosby am about That fnatch'd the Prop and Pride of Greece away?

I faw

And ran in vain, alas, to his Relief;
For the brave Soul was fled: Full of my Friend
I rush'd amid the War his Relicks to defend:
Nor ceas'd my Toil till I redeem'd the Prey,
And loaded with Achilles, march'd away:
Those Arms, which on these Shoulders then I bore,
'Tis just you to these Shoulders should restore.
You see I want not Nerves, who cou'd sustain
The pond'rous Ruins of so great a Man:
Or if in others equal Force you find,
None is endu'd with a more grateful Mind.

Did Thetis then, ambitious in her Care,
These Arms thus labour'd for her Son prepare;
That Ajax after him the heav'nly Gift shou'd wear.

For that dull Soul to stare with stupid Eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible Prize!

What are to him the Sculptures of the Shield,
Heav'ns Planets, Earth, and Oceans watry Field?

The Pleiads, Hyads; less, and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in Seas; Orion's angry Star,
Two diff'ring Cities, grav'd on either Hand;
Would he wear Arms he cannot understand?

Beside, what wise Objections he prepares and more bast. Of Against my late accession to the Wars?

Does not the Fool perceive his Argument

Is with more force against Achilles bent?

The Fault is common, and the same in him: have at more back and if he taxes both of long delay, and him a him and a man back and if he taxes both of long delay, and him a him

Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw need and bid Such foul Aspersions, when he spares not you: I am A shall If Palamede unjustly fell by me, a wonder and resident and I am I would be the shall I but accus'd, you doom'd: And yet he dy'd, be and a shall I but accus'd, you doom'd: And yet he dy'd, be and of the Salah You heard not he was false; your Eyes beheld and I am I would all the Traytor manifest; the Bribe reveal'd.

That Philocetes is on Lemnos left

Wounded, forlorn, of human Aid bereft, A month of human Aid bereft, A mont

From a long Voyage free, and from a longer War.

He took the Counsel, and he lives at least;
Th' event declares I counsell'd for the best:
Though Faith is all, in Ministers of State;
For who can promise to be fortunate?
Now since his Arrows are the Fate of Troy,
Do not my Wit, or weak Address employ;
Send Ajax there, with his persuasive Sense
To mollify the Man, and draw him thence:
But Xanthus shall run backward; Ida stand
A leastes Mountain; and the Grecian Band
Shall sight for Troy; if when my Counsel fail,
The Wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.

Hard Philoctetes, exercise thy Spleen,
Against thy Fellows, and the King of Men;
Curse my devoted Head, above the rest,
And wish in Arms to meet me Breast to Breast:
Yet I the dang'rous Task will undertake
And either die my self, or bring thee back.

Nor doubt the same Success, as when before
The Phrygian Prophet to these Tents I bore,
Surpriz'd by Night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the War,
Heav'ns dark Decrees, and Answers to display,
And how to take the Town, and where the Secret lay:
Yet this I compass'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal Image of their Guardian-Maid;
That Work was mine; for Pallas, though our Friend,
Yet while she was in Troy did Troy defend.

WOW

Now what has Ajax done, or what defign'd, A noify Nothing, and an empty Wind? If he be what he promifes in Show, Why was I fent, and why fear'd he to go? Our boasting Champion thought the Task not light To pass the Guards, commit himself to Night; Not only through a hostile Town to pass, But scale, with steep ascent, the facred Place; With wand'ring Steps to fearch the Cittadel, And from the Priests their Patroness to steal: Then through furrounding Foes to force my way, And bear in Triumph home the heav'nly Prey; Which had I not: Ajax in vain had held, Before that monft'rous Bulk, his fev'nfold Shield. That Night to conquer Troy I might be faid, When Troy was liable to Conquest made.

Why point'st thou to my Partner of the War?

Tydides had indeed a worthy share

In all my Toil, and Praise; but when thy Might

Our Ships protected, did'st thou singly sight?

All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;

I ask'd no Friend, nor had, but him alone:

Who, had he not been well affur'd, that Art

And Conduct were of War the better part,

And more avail'd than Strength, my valiant Friend

Had urg'd a better Right, than Ajax can pretend:

As good at least Euripylus may claim,

And the more moderate Ajax of the Name:

And with in Arms to meet me Breath to Breath;

The Cretan King, and his brave Charioteer, And Menelaus bold with Sword and Spear : All these had been my Rivals in the Shield, And yet all thefe to my Pretentions yield. Thy boist'rous Hands are then of use, when I With this directing Head those Hands apply. Brawn without Brain is thine: My prudent Care Foresees, provides, administers the War: Thy Province is to Fight; but when shall be an add the of the The time to Fight, the King confults with me: No dram of Judgment with thy Force is join'd, Thy Body is of Profit, and my Mind. Washweith of evin O But how much more the Ship her Safety owes To him who steers, than him that only rows, By how much more the Captain merits Praise Than he who Fights, and Fighting but obeys; By so much greater is my Worth than thine, Who can'ft but execute what I defign. What gain'ft thou brutal Man, if I confess Thy Strength superiour when thy Wit is less? Mind is the Man: I claim my whole Defert, From the Mind's Vigour, and th' immortal part.

But you, O Grecian Chiefs, reward my Care,
Be grateful to your Watchman of the War:
For all my Labours in fo long a space,
Sure I may plead a Title to your Grace:
Enter the Town; I then unbarr'd the Gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary Fates.

By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to Certainty;
By falling Troy, by yonder tott'ring Tow'rs,
And by their taken Gods, which now are ours;
Or if there yet a farther Task remains,
To be perform'd by Prudence or by Pains;
If yet fome desperate Action rests behind
That asks high Conduct, and a dauntless Mind;
If ought be wanting to the Trojan Doom
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome,
Award, those Arms I ask, by your Decree;
Or give to this what you resule to me.

He ceas'd: And ceasing with Respect he bow'd,
And with his Hand at once the fatal Statue show'd.
Heav'n, Air and Ocean rung, witth loud Applause,
And by the general Vote he gain'd his Cause.
Thus Conduct won the Prize, when Courage fail'd,
And Eloquence o'er brutal Force prevail'd.

The

The Death of Ajax.

He who cou'd often, and alone withstand The Foe, the Fire, and Fove's own partial Hand, Now cannot his unmaster'd Grief sustain, But yields to Rage, to Madness, and Disdain; Then fnatching out his Fauchion, Thou, faid He, Art mine; Ulysses lays no claim to Thee. O often try'd, and ever trufty Sword, Now do thy last kind Office to thy Lord: Tis Ajax, who requests thy Aid, to show None but himself, himself cou'd overthrow: He faid, and with fo good a Will to die Did to his Breaft the fatal Point apply, It found his Heart, a way till then unknown, Where never Weapon enter'd, but his own. No Hands cou'd force it thence, fo fix'd it stood Till out it rush'd, expell'd by Streams of spouting Blood. The fruitful Blood produc'd a Flow'r, which grew On a green Stem; and of a Purple Hue: Like his, whom unaware Apollo flew: Inscrib'd in both, the Letters are the same, But those express the Grief, and these the Name.

3

The Death of Alax street

He who could often and alone withflunds that ve bank The Foe, the Fire, and You's own partial Handards TO Now cannot his unwaffer'd Grief fuffain, a morting of a T But yields to Rage, to Madnets, and Difficings on a tree at Then funching out his Tauchion, Thou, taid Herrican Tis Ajar, who requells thy Aid, to flow the sile None but himfelf, himfelf cou'd overthrow He faid, and with to good a Will to die, hat : been all Did to his Beast the fatal Point apply, bush sid com to a It found his Heart, a way till then unknown, a Kan I was H Where never Weapon enterd, but his own. ... on we and and No Hands cou'd force it thence, to fix'd it flood Till out it rush'd, expell'd by Streams of Spouting Blood, The fruitful Blood produc'd a Flow'r, which grew On a green Stem; and of a Purple Hue: sike his, whom unaware Apollo flew: But those express the Grief, and these the Name.

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Wife of BATH

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TALE.

N Days of Old when Arthur fill'd the Throne,
Whose Acts and Fame to Foreign Lands were blown;
The King of Elss and little Fairy Queen
Gamboll'd on Heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry Green,
And where the jolly Troop had led the round
The Grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the Ground:
Nor darkling did they dance, the Silver Light
Of Phabe serv'd to guide their Steps aright,
And, with their Tripping pleas'd, prolong'd the Night,
Her Beams they follow'd, where at full she plaid,
Nor longer than she shed her Horns they staid,
From thence with airy Flight to Foreign Lands convey'd,

Above

Above the rest our *Britain* held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their Sabbaths here,
And made more spacious Rings, and revell'd half the Year.

I speak of ancient Times, for now the Swain Returning late may pass the Woods in vain, And never hope to fee the nightly Train: In vain the Dairy now with Mints is drefs'd, The Dairy-Maid expects no Fairy Gueft, To skim the Bowls and after pay the Feaft. She fighs and shakes her empty Shoes in vain, No Silver Penny to reward her Pain: For Priests with Pray'rs, and other godly Geer, Have made the merry Goblins disappear; And where they plaid their merry Pranks before, Have sprinkled Holy Water on the Floor: And Fry'rs that through the wealthy Regions run Thick as the Motes, that twinkle in the Sun: Refort to Farmers rich, and bless their Halls of a well M And exorcife the Beds, and crofs the Walls: This makes the Fairy Quires forfake the Place, and on T When once 'tis hallow'd with the Rites of Grace: But in the Walks where wicked Elves have been, The Learning of the Parish now is seen, mendidan aland The Midnight Parson posting o'er the Green. This anished T With Gown tuck'd up to Wakes; for Sunday next, With humming Ale encouraging his Text; Nor wants the holy Leer to Country-Girl betwixt. From Fiends and Imps he sets the Village free, There haunts not any Incubus, but He.

The

The Maids and Women need no Danger fear

To walk by Night, and Sanctity fo near:

For by fome Haycock or fome shady Thorn

He bids his Beads both Even-song and Morn.

It so besel in this King Arthur's Reign,
A lusty Knight was pricking o'er the Plain;
A Batchelor he was, and of the courtly Train.
It happen'd as he rode, a Damsel gay
In Russet-Robes to Market took her way;
Soon on the Girl he cast an amorous Eye,
So strait she walk'd, and on her Pasterns high:
If seeing her behind he lik'd her Pace,
Now turning short he better lik'd her Face:
He lights in hast, and full of Youthful Fire,
By Force accomplish'd his obscene Desire:
This done away he rode, not unespy'd,
For swarming at his Back the Country cry'd;
And once in view they never lost the Sight,
But seiz'd, and pinion'd brought to court the Knight.

Then Courts of Kings were held in high Renown,
E'er made the common Brothels of the Town:
There, Virgins honourable Vows receiv'd,
But chaft as Maids in Monasteries liv'd:
The King himself to Nuptial Ties a Slave,
No bad Example to his Poets gave:
And they not bad, but in a vicious Age
Had not to please the Prince debauch'd the Stage.

Qqq

Now

Now what shou'd Arthur do? He lov'd the Knight, But Soveraign Monarchs are the Source of Right: Mov'd by the Damfels Tears and common Cry, He doom'd the brutal Ravisher to die. But fair Geneura rose in his Defence, And pray'd fo hard for Mercy from the Prince; That to his Queen the King th' Offender gave, And left it in her Pow'r to Kill or Save : bor ed as b deady This gracious Act the Ladies all approve, Who thought it much a Man should die for Love. And with their Mistress join'd in close Debate, (Covering their Kindness with dissembled Hate;) If not to free him, to prolong his Fate. At last agreed they call'd him by consent Before the Queen and Female Parliament. And the fair Speaker rifing from her Chair, Did thus the Judgment of the House declare.

Sir Knight, tho' I have ask'd thy Life, yet ftill
Thy Deftiny depends upon my Will:
Nor haft thou other Surety than the Grace
Not due to thee from our offended Race.
But as our Kind is of a fofter Mold,
And cannot Blood without a Sigh behold,
I grant thee Life; referving ftill the Pow'r
To take the Forfeit when I fee my Hour:
Unlefs thy Answer to my next Demand
Shall set Thee free from our avenging Hand;

The

The Question, whose Solution I require, Is what the Sex of Women most desire?
In this Dispute thy Judges are at Strife;
Beware; for on thy Wit depends thy Life.
Yet (lest surpriz'd, unknowing what to say Thou damn thy self) we give thee farther Day:
A Year is thine to wander at thy Will;
And learn from others if thou want'st the Skill.
But, not to hold our Prosser in Scorn,
Good Sureties will we have for thy return;
That at the time presix'd thou shalt obey,
And at thy Pledges Peril keep thy Day.

Woe was the Knight at this fevere Command!
But well he knew 'twas bootless to withstand:
The Terms accepted as the Fair ordain,
He put in Bail for his return again.
And promis'd Answer at the Day affign'd,
The best, with Heav'ns Assistance, he could find.

His Leave thus taken, on his Way he went With heavy Heart, and full of Discontent, Misdoubting much, and fearful of th' Event. Twas hard the Truth of such a Point to find, As was not yet agreed among the Kind. Thus on he went; still anxious more and more, Ask'd all he met; and knock'd at ev'ry Door; Enquir'd of Men; but made his chief Request To learn from Women what they lov'd the best.

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3

'They answer'd each according to her Mind; To please her self, not all the Female Kind. One was for Wealth, another was for Place: Crones old and ugly, wish'd a better Face. The Widow's Wish was oftentimes to Wed; The wanton Maids were all for Sport a Bed. Some faid the Sex were pleas'd with handfom Lies, And some gross Flatt'ry lov'd without disguise: Truth is, fays one, he feldom fails to win Who Flatters well, for that's our darling Sin. But long Attendance, and a duteous Mind. Will work ev'n with the wifeft of the Kind. One thought the Sexes prime Felicity Was from the Bonds of Wedlock to be free: Their Pleasures, Hours, and Actions all their own, And uncontroll'd to give Account to none. Some wish a Husband-Fool; but fuch are curst, For Fools perverse, of Husbands are the worst: All Women wou'd be counted Chast and Wise, Nor should our Spouses see, but with our Eyes; For Fools will prate; and tho' they want the Wit To find close Faults, yet open Blots will hit: Tho' better for their Ease to hold their Tongue, For Womankind was never in the Wrong. So Noise ensues, and Quarrels last for Life; The Wife abhors the Fool, the Fool the Wife. And some Men say that great Delight have we, To be for Truth extoll'd, and Secrecy: And conftant in one Purpose still to dwell; And not our Husband's Counfels to reveal.

But that's a Fable; for our Sex is frail, Inventing rather than not tell a Tale. Like leaky Sives no Secrets we can hold: Witness the famous Tale that Ovid told.

Midas the King, as in his Book appears, By Phabus was endow'd with Asses Ears, Which under his long Locks, he well conceal'd, (As Monarch's Vices must not be reveal'd) For fear the People have 'em in the Wind, Who long ago were neither Dumb nor Blind; Nor apt to think from Heav'n their Title springs, Since Fove and Mars left off begetting Kings. This Midas knew; and durst communicate To none but to his Wife, his Ears of State: One must be trusted, and he thought her fit, As paffing prudent; and a parlous Wit. To this fagacious Confessor he went, And told her what a Gift the Gods had fent: Bur told it under Matrimonial Seal, With first Injunction never to reveal. The Secret heard she plighted him her Troth, (And facred fure is every Woman's Oath) The royal Malady should rest unknown Both for her Husband's Honour and her own: But ne'ertheless she pin'd with Discontent; The Counsel rumbled till it found a vent. The Thing she knew she was oblig'd to hide; By Int'rest and by Oath the Wife was ty'd; But if she told it not the Woman dy'd.

3

Loath

Loath to betray a Husband and a Prince, But she must burst, or blab; and no pretence Of Honour ty'd her Tongue from Self-defence. A marshy Ground commodiously was near, Thither she ran, and held her Breath for fear, Lest if a Word she spoke of any Thing, That Word might be the Secret of the King. Thus full of Counsel to the Fen she went, Grip'd all the way, and longing for a vent: Arriv'd, by pure Necessity compell'd, On her majestick mary-bones she kneel'd: Then to the Waters-brink she laid her Head, And, as a Bittour bumps within a Reed, To thee alone, O Lake, she faid, I tell (And as thy Queen command thee to conceal) Beneath his Locks the King my Husband wears A goodly Royal pair of Affes Ears: Now I have eas'd my Bosom of the Pain Till the next longing Fit return again!

Thus through a Woman was the Secret known;
Tell us, and in effect you tell the Town:
But to my Tale: The Knight with heavy Cheer,
Wandring in vain had now confum'd the Year:
One Day was only left to folve the Doubt,
Yet knew no more than when he first set out.
But home he must: And as th' Award had been
Yield up his Body Captive to the Queen.
In this despairing State he hap'd to ride
As Fortune led him, by a Forest-side:

Lonely

Brown with the shade of a religious Wood:

When full before him at the Noon of night,

(The Moon was up and shot a gleamy Light)

He saw a Quire of Ladies in a round,

That featly footing seem'd to skim the Ground:

Thus dancing Hand in Hand, so light they were,

He knew not where they trod, on Earth or Air.

At speed he drove, and came a suddain Guest,

In hope where many Women were, at least,

Some one by chance might answer his Request.

But faster than his Horse the Ladies slew,

And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.

One only Hag remain'd: But fowler far
Than Grandame Apes in Indian Forests are:
Against a wither'd Oak she lean'd her weight,
Prop'd on her trusty Staff, not half upright,
And drop'd an awkard Court'sy to the Knight.
Then said, What make you Sir so late abtoad
Without a Guide, and this no beaten Road?
Or want you ought that here you hope to find,
Or travel for some Trouble in your Mind?
The last I guess; and, if I read aright,
Those of our Sex are bound to serve a Knight:
Perhaps good Counsel may your Grief asswage,
Then tell your Pain: For Wisdom is in Age,

To this the Knight: Good Mother, wou'd you know The fecret Cause and Spring of all my Woe? Unless I tell, what Women most desire:

Now cou'd you help me at this hard Essay,

Or for your inborn Goodness, or for Pay:

Yours is my Life, redeem'd by your Advice,

Ask what you please, and I will pay the Price:

The proudest Kerchief of the Court shall rest

Well satisfy'd of what they love the best.

Plight me thy Faith, quoth she: That what I ask

Thy Danger over, and perform'd the Task;

That shalt thou give for Hire of thy Demand,

Here take thy Oath; and seal it on my Hand;

I warrant thee on Peril of my Life,

Thy Words shall please both Widow, Maid and Wife.

More Words there needed not to move the Knight To take her Offer, and his Truth to plight.

With that she spread her Mantle on the Gronnd,
And first enquiring whether he was bound,
Bade him not fear, tho' long and rough the Way,
At Court he should arrive e'er break of Day:
His Horse should find the way without a Guide,
She said: With Fury they began to ride,
He on the midst, the Beldam at his Side.
The Horse, what Devil drove I cannot tell,
But only this, they sped their Journey well:
And all the way the Crone inform'd the Knight,
How he should answer the Demand aright.

To

To Court they came: The News was quickly spread Of his returning to redeem his Head. The Female Senate was affembled foon, With all the Mob of Women in the Town: The Queen fate Lord Chief Justice of the Hall, And bad the Cryer cite the Criminal. The Knight appear'd; and Silence they proclaim, Then first the Culprit answer'd to his Name: And after Forms of Laws, was last requir'd To name the Thing that Women most desir'd.

Th' Offender, taught his Lesson by the way, And by his Counsel order'd what to say, Thus bold began; My Lady Liege, faid he, What all your Sex defire is Soveraignty. The Wife affects her Husband to command, All must be hers, both Mony, House, and Land. The Maids are Mistresses ev'n in their Name; And of their Servants full Dominion claim. This, at the Peril of my Head, I fay A blunt plain Truth, the Sex aspires to sway, You to rule all; while we, like Slaves, obey.

There was not one or Widow, Maid, or Wife, But faid the Knight had well deserv'd his Life. Ev'n fair Geneura, with a Blush confess'd, The Man had found what Women love the best.

every Rir and to that Ir R Grave.

Upstarts the Beldam, who was there unseen, And Reverence made, accosted thus the Queen. My Liege, faid she, before the Court arise, May I poor Wretch find Favour in your Eyes: To grant my just Request: 'Twas I who taught The Knight this Answer, and inspir'd his Thought. None but a Woman could a Man direct To tell us Women, what we most affect. But first I swore him on his Knightly Troth, (And here demand performance of his Oath) To grant the Boon that next I should defire; He gave his Faith, and I expect my Hire: My Promise is fulfill'd: I sav'd his Life, and and you bank And claim his Debt to take me for his Wife. The Knight was ask'd, nor cou'd his Oath deny, But hop'd they would not force him to comply. The Women, who would rather wrest the Laws, Than let a Sister-Plantiff lose the Cause, and an abigm and (As Judges on the Bench more gracious are, and along the land And more attent to Brothers of the Bar) to Hog out is said. Cry'd one, and all, the Suppliant should have Right, And to the Grandame-Hag adjudg'd the Knight. In start of gold

In vain he figh'd, and oft with Tears defir'd, and stand Some reasonable Sute, might be requir'd, adding and bid and But still the Crone was constant to her Note; The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her Throat. In vain he prosser'd all his Goods, to save His Body, destin'd to that living Grave.

The liquorish Hag rejects the Pelf with scorn: And nothing but the Man would ferve her turn. Not all the Wealth of Eastern Kings, said she, Have Pow'r to part my plighted Love, and me: And Old, and Ugly as I am, and Poor; Yet never will I break the Faith I fwore; For mine thou art by Promise, during Life, Land Hara And I thy loving and obedient Wife. Remember I am the who

Your loving, lawful, and com My Love! Nay rather my Damnation Thou, way and to M Said he: Nor am I bound to keep my Vow: The Fiend thy Sire has fent thee from below, Else how cou'dst thou my secret Sorrows know? Avaunt old Witch, for I renounce thy Bed: The Queen may take the Forfeit of my Head, E'er any of my Race so foul a Crone shall wed.

Both heard, the Judge pronounc'd against the Knight; So was he Marry'd in his own despight; And all Day after hid him as an Owl, Not able to fustain a Sight so foul. A stand was labram A Perhaps the Reader thinks I do him wrong and to some of the W To pass the Marriage-Feast, and Nuptial Song: Mirth there was none, the Man was a-la-mort: And little Courage had to make his Court. To Bed they went, the Bridegroom and the Bride: Was never fuch an ill-pair'd Couple ty'd. Restless he toss'd and tumbled to and fro, And rowl'd, and wriggled further off; for Woe.

> And what the Devil could Rrr 2

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The good old Wife lay smiling by his Side, and discoupil a And caught him in her quiv'ring Arms, and cry'd, indon had When you my ravish'd Predecessor faw, o dlaw and la You were not then become this Man of Straw; Had you been fuch, you might have scap'd the Law. Is this the Custom of King Arthur's Court? Are all Round-Table Knights of fuch a fort? Remember I am she who sav'd your Life, and and the land Your loving, lawful, and complying Wife: Not thus you fwore in your unhappy Hour, I would be a level I would be Said he: Nor am I b Nor I for this return employ'd my Pow'r. In time of Need I was your faithful Friend; Nor did I fince, nor ever will offend. Word fibros world all Believe me my lov'd Lord, 'tis much unkind; W blo thus A What Fury has poffes'd your alter'd Mind? Thus on my Wedding-night—Without Pretence— Come turn this way, or tell me my Offence. If not your Wife, let Reasons Rule persuade, hand the Name but my Fault, amends shall foon be made.

Amends! Nay that's impossible, said he,
What change of Age, or Ugliness can be!
Or, could Medea's Magick mend thy Face,
Thou art descended from so mean a Race,
That never Knight was match'd with such Disgrace.
What wonder, Madam, if I move my Side,
When if I turn, I turn to such a Bride?

And is this all that troubles you fo fore! What believe back.

And what the Devil cou'dst thou wish me more?

Ah

Ah Benedicite, reply'd the Crone: Then cause of just Complaining have you none. The Remedy to this were foon apply'd, Wou'd you be like the Bridegroom to the Bride. But, for you fay a long descended Race, And Wealth, and Dignity, and Pow'r, and Place, Make Gentlemen, and that your high Degree Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me; Know this, my Lord, Nobility of Blood Is but a glitt'ring, and fallacious Good: The Nobleman is he whose noble Mind Is fill'd with inborn Worth, unborrow'd from his Kind. The King of Heav'n was in a Manger laid; And took his Earth but from an humble Maid: Then what can Birth, or mortal Men bestow, Since Floods no higher than their Fountains flow. We who for Name, and empty Honour strive, Our true Nobility from him derive. Your Ancestors who puff your Mind with Pride, And vast Estates to mighty Titles ty'd, Did not your Honour, but their own advance, For Virtue comes not by Inheritance. If you tralineate from your Father's Mind, What are you else but of a Bastard-kind? Do, as your great Progenitors have done, And by their Virtues prove your felf their Son. No Father can infuse, or Wit, or Grace, A Mother comes across, and marrs the Race. A Grandsire, or a Grandame taints the Blood; And feldom three Descents continue Good.

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Were Virtue by Descent, a noble Name Cou'd never villanize his Father's Fame: But as the first the last of all the Line, Wou'd like the Sun ev'n in Descending shine. Take Fire; and bear it to the darkest House, Betwixt King Arthur's Court and Caucafus, If you depart, the Flame shall still remain, And the bright Blaze enlighten all the Plain: Nor, till the Fewel perish, can decay, By Nature form'd on Things combustible to prey. Such is not Man, who mixing better Seed With worfe, begets a base, degenerate Breed: The Bad corrupts the Good, and leaves behind No trace of all the great Begetter's Mind. The Father finks within his Son, we fee, And often rifes in the third Degree; If better Luck, a better Mother give: Chance gave us being, and by Chance we live. Such as our Atoms were, ev'n fuch are we, Or call it Chance, or ftrong Necessity. Thus, loaded with dead weight, the Will is free. And thus it needs must be: For Seed conjoin'd Let's into Nature's Work th' imperfect Kind: But Fire, th' enliv'ner of the general Frame Is one, its Operation still the same. Its Principle is in it felf: While ours Works as Confederate's War, with mingled Pow'rs: Or Man, or Woman, which foever fails: And, oft, the Vigour of the Worse prevails.

Æther with Sulphur blended, alters hue, And casts a dusky gleam of Sodom blue. Thus in a Brute, their ancient Honour ends, And the fair Mermaid in a Fish descends: The Line is gone; no longer Duke or Earl; But by himself degraded turns a Churl. Nobility of Blood is but Renown Of thy great Fathers by their Virtue known, And a long trail of Light, to thee descending down. If in thy Smoke it ends: Their Glories shine; But Infamy and Villanage are thine. Then what I faid before, is plainly show'd, That true Nobility proceeds from God: Not left us by Inheritance, but giv'n but again to warm to war By Bounty of our Stars, and Grace of Heav'n. Thus from a Captive Servius Tullus rose, Whom for his Virtues, the first Romans chose: Fabritius from their Walls repell'd the Foe, Whose noble Hands had exercis'd the Plough. From hence, my Lord, and Love, I thus conclude, That tho' my homely Ancestors, were rude, Mean as I am, yet I may have the Grace, To make you Father of a generous Race: And Noble then am I, when I begin In Virtue cloath'd, to cast the Rags of Sin: If Poverty be my upbraided Crime, Took would be saving the And you believe in Heav'n; there was a time, When He, the great Controller of our Fate of Jub A bustows Deign'd to be Man; and liv'd in low Estate: MOR

Which

Which he who had the World at his dispose, If Poverty were Vice, wou'd never choose. Philosophers have faid, and Poets fing, That a glad Poverty's an honest Thing. Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind; And happy He who can that Treasure find. But the base Miser starves amidst his Store, and a world -Broods on his Gold, and griping still at more Sits fadly pining, and believes he's Poor. I le list and believes he's Poor. The ragged Beggar, tho' he wants Relief, Has not to lose, and fings before the Thief. V box your and med Want is a bitter, and a hateful Good, world bin I sadw north Because its Virtues are not understood: willido Virtues are not understood: Yet many Things impossible to Thought modal yel au stal toM Have been by Need to full Perfection brought: The daring of the Soul proceeds from thence, a montant Sharpness of Wit, and active Diligence : and will not month Prudence at once, and Fortitude it gives, And if in patience taken mends our Lives; For ev'n that Indigence that brings me low Makes me my felf; and Him above to know. A Good which none would challenge, few would choose, A fair Possession, which Mankind refuse. Total nov sham of And Noble then am I, when I begin

If we from Wealth to Poverty descend, by description of the Want gives to know the Flatt'rer from the Friend of the Want gives to know the Flatt'rer from the Friend of the Want gives to know the Flatt'rer from the Friend of the Want gives to know the Want gives the great gives and in the Want gives the Wa

Nor

Nor Jealoufy the Bane of marry'd Life, and adding and the Shall haunt you, for a wither'd homely Wife: but above For Age, and Ugliness, as all agree, and add the Are the best Guards of Female Chastity.

Yet fince I see your Mind is Worldly bent, mental and I I'll do my best to further your Content. And therefore of two Gifts in my dispose, I lain on the Month Think e'er you speak, I grant you leave to choose: Wou'd you I should be still Deform'd, and Old, I is grinned Nauseous to Touch, and Loathsome to Behold; On this Condition, to remain for Life and bud by blamong ! A careful, tender and obedient Wife, I smooth liw I won tull In all I can contribute to your Eafe, Hall Jones O IsinguM of And not in Deed or Word, or Thought difplease? Or would you rather have me Young and Fair, or you not be a And take the Chance that happens to your share? Temptations are in Beauty, and in Youth, And how can you depend upon my Truth? has blood oH Now weigh the Danger, with the doubtful Blifs, to moold if And thank your felf, if ought should fall amiss, and vol diw And like Pygmation found the Statue warm.

Sore figh'd the Knight, who this long Sermon heard, II and At length confidering all, his Heart he chear'd: I to made A And thus reply'd, My Lady, and my Wife,

To your wife Conduct I refign my Life: I the made and T Choose you for me, for well you understand I am night back. The future Good and Ill, on either Hand: I we might be a conducted and Ill, on either Hand:

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But if an humble Husband may request,

Provide, and order all Things for the best;

Your's be the Care to profit, and to please:

And let your Subject-Servant take his Ease.

Then thus in Peace, quoth she, concludes the Strife,
Since I am turn'd the Husband, you the Wife:
The Matrimonial Victory is mine,
Which having fairly gain'd, I will resign;
Forgive, if I have said, or done amis,
And seal the Bargain with a Friendly Kiss:
I promis'd you but one Content to share,
But now I will become both Good, and Fair.

No Nuptial Quarrel shall disturb your Ease,
The Business of my Life shall be to please:
And for my Beauty that, as Time shall try;
But draw the Curtain first, and cast your Eye.

He look'd, and faw a Creature heav'nly Fair,
In bloom of Youth, and of a charming Air.
With Joy he turn'd, and feiz'd her Iv'ry Arm;
And like Pygmalion found the Statue warm.
Small Arguments there needed to prevail,
A Storm of Kisses pour'd as thick as Hail.

Thus long in mutual Bliss they lay embrac'd, his more of And their first Love continu'd to the last:

One Sun-shine was their Life; no Cloud between;

Nor ever was a kinder Couple seen.

And so may all our Lives like their's be led;
Heav'n send the Maids young Husbands, fresh in Bed:
May Widows Wed as often they can,
And ever for the better change their Man.
And some devouring Plague pursue their Lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their Wives.

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OF THE

PYTHAGOREAN

PHILOSOPHY.

FROM

Ovid's Metamorphoses

BOOK XV.

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PYTHAGOREAN

PHILOSOPHY

FROM

Ovid's Metamorphofes

BOOK XV.

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PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

The Fourteenth Book concludes with the Death and Deification of Romulus: The Fifteenth begins with the Election of Numa to the Crown of Rome. On this Occasion, Ovid following the Opinion of some Authors, makes Numa the Schollar of Pythagoras; and to have begun his Acquaintance with that Philosopher at Crotona, a Town in Italy; from thence he makes a Digression to the Moral and Natural Philosophy of Pythagoras: On both which our Author enlarges; and which are, the most learned and beautiful Parts of the whole Metamorphoses.

A King is fought to guide the growing State,
One able to support the Publick Weight,
And fill the Throne where Romulus had fat.
Renown, which oft bespeaks the Publick Voice,
Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious Prince; who not content
To know the Sabine Rites, his Study bent
To cultivate his Mind: To learn the Laws
Of Nature, and explore their hidden Cause.

L'yill

Urg'd by this Care, his Country he forfook, And to Crotona thence, his Journey took. Arriv'd, he first enquir'd the Founder's Name, Of this new Colony; and whence he came. Then thus a Senior of the Place replies, (Well read, and curious of Antiquities) 'Tis faid; Alcides hither took his way, From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd Prey; Then leaving in the Fields his grazing Cows, He fought himself some hospitable House: Good Croton entertain'd his Godlike Guest; While he repair'd his weary Limbs with reft. The Hero, thence departing, blefs'd the Place; And here, he faid, in Times revolving Race Libe Fourteenth A rifing Town shall take his Name from thee; the Crown of Revolving Time fulfill'd the Prophecy: For Myscelos, the justest Man on Earth, tona, a I own Alemon's Son, at Argos had his Birth: Him Hercules, arm'd with his Club of Oak O'ershadow'd in a Dream, and thus bespoke; Go, leave thy Native Soil, and make Abode Where Æfaris rowls down his rapid Flood; He faid; and Sleep forfook him, and the God. Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious Heart; His Country Laws, forbad him to depart; What shou'd he do? 'Twas Death to go away, And the God menac'd if he dar'd to flay: All Day he doubted, and when Night came on, Sleep, and the same forewarning Dream begun:

once du explore their hidden Caute

Once more the God stood threatning o'er his Head;
With added Curses if he disobey'd.

Twice warn'd, he study'd Flight; but wou'd convey had at once his Person, and his Wealth away:

Thus while he linger'd, his Design was heard;
A speedy Process form'd, and Death declar'd.

Witness there needed none of his Offence,
Against himself the Wretch was Evidence:

Condemn'd, and destitute of human Aid,

To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd.

the from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n cou'd move,

O Pow'r who hast deserv'd in Heav'n a Throne

Not giv'n, but by thy Labours made thy own,

Pity thy Suppliant, and protect his Cause,

Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the Laws.

A Custom was of old, and still remains;
Which Life or Death by Susfrages ordains;
White Stones and Black within an Urn are cast,
The first absolve, but Fate is in the last.
The Judges to the common Urn bequeath
Their Votes, and drop the Sable Signs of Death;
The Box receives all Black, but pour'd from thence
The Stones came candid forth: The Hue of Innocence.
Thus Alemonides his Sasety won,
Preserv'd from Death by Alcumena's Son:
Then to his Kinsman-God his Vows he pays,
And cuts with prosp'rous Gales th' Ionian Seas:
He leaves Tarentum savour'd by the Wind,
And Thurine Bays, and Temises behind;

Soft Sybaris, and all the Capes that stand had all and and Along the Shore, he makes in sight of Land; had been and Still doubling, and still coasting, till he found have soin The Mouth of Esaris, and promis'd Ground, had all and All Then saw where on the Margin of the Flood. Then saw where on the Margin of the Flood. The Tomb, that held the Bones of Croton stood: All the Here, by the God's Command, he built and wall'd have the Place predicted; and Crotona call'd: All Helmid stones. Thus Fame from time to time delivers down the bones of Tradition of th' Italian Town.

Here dwelt the Man divine whom Samos bore,
But now Self-banish'd from his Native Shore,
Because he hated Tyrants, nor cou'd bear
The Chains which none but servile Souls will wear:
He, tho' from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n cou'd move,
With Strength of Mind, and tread th' Abyss above;
And penetrate with his interiour Light
Those upper Depths, which Nature hid from Sight:
And what he had observ'd, and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar Language to dispence.

The Crowd with filent Admiration fland
And heard him, as they heard their God's Command;
While he discours'd of Heav'ns mysterious Laws,
The World's Original, and Nature's Cause;
And what was God, and why the sleecy Snows
In silence fell, and rattling Winds arose;
What shook the stedsaft Earth, and whence begun
The dance of Planets round the radiant Sun;

Tre.

Or Clouds with Nitre pregnant burst above:

Of these, and Things beyond the common reach
He spoke, and charm'd his Audience with his Speech.

He first the tast of Flesh from Tables drove, And argu'd well, if Arguments cou'd move. O Mortals! from your Fellow's Blood abstain, Nor taint your Bodies with a Food profane: While Corn and Pulse by Nature are bestow'd, And planted Orchards bend their willing Load; While labour'd Gardens wholfom Herbs produce, And teeming Vines afford their generous Juice: Nor tardier Fruits of cruder Kind are loft, But tam'd with Fire, or mellow'd by the Frost: While Kine to Pails diffended Udders bring, And Bees their Hony redolent of Spring: While Earth not only can your Needs fupply, But lavish of her Store, provides for Luxury; A guiltless Feast administers with Ease, and an administers with Ease, And without Blood is prodigal to please. Wild Beafts their Maws with their flain Brethren fill; And yet not all, for some refuse to kill: Sheep, Goats, and Oxen, and the nobler Steed On Browz and Corn, and flow'ry Meadows feed. Bears, Tygers, Wolves, the Lion's angry Brood, Whom Heav'n endu'd with Principles of Blood, He wifely fundred from the rest, to yell In Forests, and in lonely Caves to dwell,

Where stronger Beasts oppress the weak by Might, And all in Prey, and Purple Feasts delight.

O impious use! to Nature's Laws oppos'd,
Where Bowels are in other Bowels clos'd:
Where fatten'd by their Fellow's Fat they thrive;
Maintain'd by Murder, and by Death they live.
'Tis then for nought that Mother Earth provides
The Stores of all she shows, and all she hides,
If Men with sleshy Morsels must be fed,
And chaw with bloody Teeth the breathing Bread:
What else is this but to devour our Guests,
And barb'rously renew Cyclopean Feasts!
We, by destroying Life, our Life sustain;
And gorge th' ungodly Maw with Meats obscene.

Not fo the Golden Age, who fed on Fruit,

Nor durst with bloody Meals their Mouths pollute.

Then Birds in airy space might safely move,
And timerous Hares on Heaths securely rove:

Nor needed Fish the guileful Hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful; and that Peace sincere.

Whoever was the Wretch (and curs'd be He)

That envy'd first our Food's simplicity;
Th' essay of bloody Feasts on Bruits began,
And after forg'd the Sword to murther Man.

Had he the sharpen'd Steel alone employ'd,
On Beasts of Prey that other Beasts destroy'd,
Or Man invaded with their Fangs and Paws,
This had been justify'd by Nature's Laws,

And Self-defence: But who did Feafts begin

Of Flesh, he stretch'd Necessity to Sin.

To kill Man-killers, Man has lawful Pow'r,

But not th' extended Licence, to devour.

Ill Habits gather by unfeen degrees, As Brooks make Rivers, Rivers run to Seas. The Sow, with her broad Snout for rooting up Th' intrusted Seed, was judg'd to spoil the Crop, And intercept the fweating Farmer's hope: The covet'ous Churl of unforgiving kind, we show show say Th' Offender to the bloody Priest refign'd: Her Hunger was no Plea: For that she dy'd. The Goat came next in order, to be try'd: The Goat had cropt the tendrills of the Vine: In vengeance Laity, and Clergy join, Where one had loft his Profit, one his Wine. Here was at least, some shadow of Offence : Dome of another The Sheep was facrific'd on no pretence, don abasilrabau s But meek, and unrefifting Innocence. A patient, useful Creature, born to bear, The warm and woolly Fleece, that cloath'd her Murderer, And daily to give down the Milk she bred, A Tribute for the Grass on which she fed. will au moderal med Tribute Living, both Food and Rayment she supplies, and the month And is of least advantage when she dies.

How did the toiling Oxe his Death deserve, which how swall.

A downright simple Drudge, and born to serve? we deserve to the same of the s

O Tyrant! with what Justice can'st thou hope
The promise of the Year, a plenteous Crop;
When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring Steer, who till'd,
And plough'd with Pains, thy else ungrateful Field?
From his yet reeking Neck to draw the Yoke,
That Neck, with which the surly Clods he broke;
And to the Hatchet yield thy Husband-Man,
Who sinish'd Autumn and the Spring began!

Nor this alone! but Heav'n it self to bribe, We to the Gods our impious Acts ascribe: First recompence with Death their Creatures Toil, Then call the Bless'd above to share the Spoil: The fairest Victim must the Pow'rs appeale, (So fatal 'tis fometimes too much to please!) A purple Fillet his broad Brows adorns, With flow'ry Garlands crown'd, and gilded Horns: He hears the murd'rous Pray'r the Priest prefers, But understands not, 'tis his Doom he hears: Beholds the Meal betwixt his Temples cast, (The Fruit and Product of his Labours past;) And in the Water views perhaps the Knife Uplifted, to deprive him of his Life; Then broken up alive his Entrails fees, Torn out for Priests t' inspect the God's Decrees.

From whence, O mortal Men, this gust of Blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted Food?
Be taught by me this dire Delight to shun,
Warn'd by my Precepts, by my Practice won:

And when you eat the well deferving Beaft, I be some WM. Think, on the Lab'rer of your Field, you feaft!

Now fince the God inspires me to proceed, and related M. Be that, whate'er inspiring Pow'r, obey'd.

For I will sing of mighty Mysteries,
Of Truths conceal'd before, from human Eyes,
Dark Oracles unveil, and open all the Skies.

Pleas'd as I am to walk along the Sphere
Of shining Stars, and travel with the Year,
To leave the heavy Earth, and scale the height
Of Atlas, who supports the heav'nly weight;
To look from upper Light, and thence survey
Mistaken Mortals wandring from the way,
And wanting Wisdom, fearful for the state
Of suture Things, and trembling at their Fate!

Those I would teach; and by right Reason bring

To think of Death, as but an idle Thing.

Why thus affrighted at an empty Name,

A Dream of Darkness, and sictitious Flame?

Vain Themes of Wit, which but in Poems pass,

And Fables of a World, that never was!

What feels the Body when the Soul expires,

By time corrupted, or confum'd by Fires?

Nor dies the Spirit, but new Life repeats

In other Forms, and only changes Seats.

Ev'n I, who these mysterious Truths declare, Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan War;

My Name and Lineage I remember well, has now not but And how in Fight by Sparta's King I fell. Ideal and now daid I In Argive Juno's Fane I late beheld,
My Buckler hung on high, and own'd my former Shield.

Be that, whate'er inspiring Pow'r, obey'd, and Then, Death, so call'd, is but old Matter dress'd live I In some new Figure, and a vary'd Vest of blassons admit all Thus all Things are but alter'd, nothing dies; solono and And here and there th' unbodied Spirit flies, or me I as bearing By Time, or Force, or Sickness dispossest, And lodges, where it lights, in Man or Beaft; John Swall of Or hunts without, 'till ready Limbs it find, gold and and and the control of the And actuates those according to their kind; From Tenement to Tenement is tos'd; we also make the most stated in the state of th The Soul is still the same, the Figure only lost: And, as the foften'd Wax new Seals receives, This Face assumes, and that Impression leaves; Now call'd by one, now by another Name; The Form is only chang'd, the Wax is still the same: So Death, fo call'd, can but the Form deface, Th' immortal Soul flies out in empty space; To feek her Fortune in some other Place.

Then let not Piety be put to flight, bed and deal and the To please the tast of Glutton-Appetite; bed and deal and But suffer inmate Souls secure to dwell, deal and deal and the Tom their Seats your Parents you expel; With rabid Hunger seed upon your kind, Or from a Beast dislodge a Brother's Mind.

And fince, like Tiphys parting from the Shore, In ample Seas I fail, and Depths untry'd before, This let me further add, that Nature knows No stedfast Station, but, or Ebbs, or Flows: Ever in motion; she destroys her old, And casts new Figures in another Mold. Ev'n Times are in perpetual Flux; and run Like Rivers from their Fountain rowling on; For Time no more than Streams, is at a stay: The flying Hour is ever on her way; And as the Fountain still supplies her store, The Wave behind impels the Wave before; Thus in fuccessive Course the Minutes run, And urge their Predecessor Minutes on, Still moving, ever new: For former Things Are set aside, like abdicated Kings: And every moment alters what is done, And innovates some Act till then unknown.

Darkness we see emerges into Light,
And shining Suns descend to Sable Night;
Ev'n Heav'n it self receives another die,
When weari'd Animals in Slumbers lie,
Of Midnight Ease: Another when the gray
Of Morn preludes the Splendor of the Day.
The disk of Phabus when he climbs on high,
Appears at first but as a bloodshot Eye;
And when his Chariot downward drives to Bed,
His Ball is with the same Suffusion red;

Uuu

But mounted high in his Meridian Race

All bright he shines, and with a better Face:

For there, pure Particles of Æther slow,

Far from th' Infection of the World below.

Nor equal Light th' unequal Moon adorns,

Or in her wexing or her waning Horns.

For ev'ry Day she wanes, her Face is less,

But gath'ring into Globe, she fattens at increase.

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the Year,

How the four Seasons in four Forms appear,

Resembling human Life in ev'ry Shape they wear?

Spring first, like Infancy, shoots out her Head,

With milky Juice requiring to be sed:

Helpless, tho' fresh, and wanting to be led.

The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,

But only feeds with hope the Farmer's Eyes;

Then laughs the childish Year with Flourets crown'd,

And lavishly perfumes the Fields around,

But no substantial Nourishment receives,

Infirm the Stalks, unsolid are the Leaves.

Proceeding onward whence the Year began
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into Man.
This Seafon, as in Men, is most repleat,
With kindly Moisture, and prolifick Heat.

Autumn fucceeds, a fober tepid Age,
Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage;

More

More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown Locks repine to mix with odious Grey.

Last Winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his Front, and furrow'd is his Face;
His Scalp if not dishonour'd quite of Hair,
The ragged Fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare.

Ev'n our own Bodies daily change receive,

Some part of what was theirs before, they leave;

Nor are to Day what Yesterday they were;

Nor the whole same to Morrow will appear.

Time was, when we were fow'd, and just began From some few fruitful Drops, the promise of a Man; Then Nature's Hand (fermented as it was) Moulded to Shape the foft, coagulated Mass; And when the little Man was fully form'd, The breathless Embryo with a Spirit warm'd; But when the Mothers Throws begin to come, The Creature, pent within the narrow Room, Breaks his blind Prison, pushing to repair His stiffled Breath, and draw the living Air; Cast on the Margin of the World he lies, A helpless Babe, but by Instinct he cries. He next essays to walk, but downward press'd On four Feet imitates his Brother Beaft: By flow degrees he gathers from the Ground His Legs, and to the rowling Chair is bound;

Then walks alone; a Horseman now become

He rides a Stick, and travels round the Room:

In time he vaunts among his youthful Peers,

Strong-bon'd, and strung with Nerves, in pride of Years,

He runs with Mettle his first merry Stage,

Maintains the next abated of his Rage,

But manages his Strength, and spares his Age.

Heavy the third, and stiff, he finks apace,

And tho' 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the Race.

Now sapless on the verge of Death he stands,

Contemplating his former Feet, and Hands;

And Milo-like, his slacken'd Sinews sees,

And wither'd Arms, once sit to cope with Hercules,

Unable now to shake, much less to tear the Trees.

So Helen wept when her too faithful Glass
Reflected to her Eyes the ruins of her Face:
Wondring what Charms her Ravishers cou'd spy,
To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!

Thy Teeth, devouring Time, thine, envious Age,
On Things below ftill exercise your Rage:
With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your Meat,
And then at lingring Meals, the Morsels eat.

Nor those, which Elements we call, abide,
Nor to this Figure, nor to that are ty'd:
For this eternal World is said of Old
But four prolifick Principles to hold,

Four different Bodies; two to Heaven ascend,
And other two down to the Center tend:

Fire first with Wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper Sky;
Then Air, because uncloge'd in empty space
Flies after Fire, and claims the second Place:
But weighty Water as her Nature guides,
Lies on the lap of Earth; and Mother Earth subsides.

All Things are mix'd of these, which all contain,

And into these are all resolv'd again:

Earth rarifies to Dew, expanded more,

The subtil Dew in Air begins to foar;

Spreads as she slies, and weary of her Name

Extenuates still, and changes into Flame;

Thus having by degrees Perfection won,

Restless they soon untwist the Web they spun,

And Fire begins to lose her radiant Hue,

Mix'd with gross Air, and Air descends to Dew:

And Dew condensing, does her Form forego,

And sinks, a heavy lump of Earth below.

Thus are their Figures never at a ftand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating Hand;
All Things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
The shifted Scene, for some new Show employ'd.

Then to be born, is to begin to be some solutions of the Some other Thing we were not formerly to the solutions of the soluti

66

Seals up the Wombs where living Fountains were;

Bu weighty We do do her Nature guides,

buA

And what we call to Die, is not t'appear,

Or be the Thing that formerly we were.

Those very Elements which we partake,

Alive, when Dead some other Bodies make:

Translated grow, have Sense, or can Discourse,

But Death on deathless Substance has no force.

That Forms are chang'd I grant; that nothing can
Continue in the Figure it began:
The Golden Age, to Silver was debas'd:
To Copper that; our Mettal came at last.

And that is folid Earth, that once was Sea:

Seas in their turn retreating from the Shore,

Make folid Land, what Ocean was before;

And far from Strands are Shells of Fishes found,

And rusty Anchors fix'd on Mountain-Ground:

And what were Fields before, now wash'd and worn

By falling Floods from high, to Valleys turn,

And crumbling still descend to level Lands;

And Lakes, and trembling Bogs are barren Sands:

And the parch'd Desart floats in Streams unknown;

Wondring to drink of Waters not her own.

Here Nature living Fountains ope's; and there
Seals up the Wombs where living Fountains were;
Or Earthquakes stop their ancient Course, and bring
Diverted Streams to feed a distant Spring.

So Lycus, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another Door.
Thus Erasinus dives; and blind in Earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to second Birth,
Starts up in Argos Meads, and shakes his Locks,
Around the Fields, and fattens all the Flocks.
So Mysius by another way is led,
And, grown a River now distains his Head:
Forgets his humble Birth, his Name forsakes,
And the proud Title of Caicus takes.
Large Amenane, impure with yellow Sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often stands,
And here he threats the drunken Fields to drown;
And there his Dugs deny to give their Liquor down.

Anigros once did wholfome Draughts afford,
But now his deadly Waters are abhorr'd:
Since, hurt by Hercules, as Fame refounds,
The Centaurs, in his current wash'd their Wounds.
The Streams of Hypanis are sweet no more,
But brackish lose the tast they had before.
Antissa, Pharos, Tyre, in Seas were pent,
Once Isles, but now increase the Continent;
While the Leucadian Coast, main Land before,
By rushing Seas is sever'd from the Shore.
So Zancle to th' Italian Earth was ty'd,
And Men once walk'd where Ships at Anchor ride.
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in disdain pour'd in the conqu'ring Sea.

Two Cities that adorn'd th' Achaian Ground,
Buris and Helice, no more are found,
But whelm'd beneath a Lake are funk and drown'd;
And Boatsmen through the Chrystal Water show
To wond'ring Passengers the Walls below.

Near Trazen stands a Hill, expos'd in Air
To Winter-Winds, of leafy Shadows bare:
This once was level Ground: But (strange to tell)
Th' included Vapors, that in Caverns dwell,
Lab'ring with Cholick Pangs, and close confin'd,
In vain fought issue for the rumbling Wind:
Yet still they heav'd for vent, and heaving still
Inlarg'd the Concave, and shot up the Hill;
As Breath extends a Bladder, or the Skins
Of Goats are blown t'inclose the hoarded Wines:
The Mountain yet retains a Mountain's Face,
And gather'd Rubbish heals the hollow space.

Of many Wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching most, I will relate but few:
What, are not Springs with Qualities oppos'd,
Endu'd at Seasons, and at Seasons lost?
Thrice in a Day thine, Ammon, change their Form,
Cold at high Noon, at Mornand Evening warm:
Thine, Athaman, will kindle Wood, if thrown
On the pil'd Earth, and in the waning Moon.
The Thracians have a Stream, if any try
The tast, his harden'd Bowels petrify;

What-

Whate'er it touches it converts to Stones,
And makes a Marble Pavement where it runs.

Crathis, and Sybaris her Sifter Flood,
That slide through our Calabrian Neighbour Wood,
With Gold and Amber die the shining Hair,
And thither Youth resort; (for who wou'd not be Fair?)

But stranger Virtues yet in Streams we find,
Some change not only Bodies, but the Mind:
Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,
Whose Waters into Women soften Men?
Or Æthyopian Lakes which turn the Brain
To Madness, or in heavy Sleep constrain?
Clytorian Streams the love of Wine expel,
(Such is the Virtue of th' abstemious Well;)
Whether the colder Nymph that rules the Flood
Extinguishes, and balks the drunken God;
Or that Melampus (so have some assured)
When the mad Prætides with Charms he cur'd;
And pow'rful Herbs, both Charms and Simples cast
Into th' sober Spring, where still their Virtues last.

Unlike Effects Lyncestis will produce,
Who drinks his Waters, tho' with moderate use,
Reels as with Wine, and sees with double Sight:
His Heels too heavy, and his Head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian Stream,
(Ambiguous in th' Effects, as in the Name)

By Day is wholsom Bev'rage; but is thought By Night infected, and a deadly Draught.

Thus running Rivers, and the standing Lake
Now of these Virtues, now of those partake:
Time was (and all Things Time and Fate obey)
When fast Ortygia sloated on the Sea:
Such were Cyanean Isles, when Typhis steer'd
Betwixt their Streights and their Collision fear'd;
They swam where now they sit; and simily join'd
Secure of rooting up, resist the Wind.
Nor Ætna vomiting sulphuerous Fire
Will ever belch; for Sulphur will expire,
(The Veins exhausted of the liquid Store:)
Time was she cast no Flames; in time will cast no more.

For whether Earth's an Animal, and Air Imbibes; her Lungs with coolness to repair, And what she sucks remits; she still requires Inlets for Air, and Outlets for her Fires; When tortur'd with convulsive Fits she shakes, That motion choaks the vent till other vent she makes: Or when the Winds in hollow Caves are clos'd, And subtil Spirits find that way oppos'd, They tos up Flints in Air; the Flints that hide The Seeds of Fire, thus tos'd in Air, collide, Kindling the Sulphur, till the Fewel spent The Cave is cool'd, and the sierce Winds relent. Or whether Sulphur, catching Fire, feeds on Its unctuous Parts, till all the Matter gone

The Flames no more ascend; for Earth supplies

The Fat that feeds them; and when Earth denies

That Food, by length of Time consum'd, the Fire

Famish'd for want of Fewel must expire.

A Race of Men there are, as Fame has told, Who shiv'ring suffer Hyperborean Cold,
Till nine times bathing in Minerva's Lake,
Soft Feathers, to defend their naked Sides, they take.
'Tis said, the Scythian Wives (believe who will)
Transform themselves to Birds by Magick Skill;
Smear'd over with an Oil of wond'rous Might,
That adds new Pinions to their airy Flight.

But this by fure Experiment we know

That living Creatures from Corruption grow:
Hide in a hallow Pit a flaughter'd Steer,
Bees from his putrid Bowels will appear;
Who like their Parents haunt the Fields, and bring
Their Hony-Harvest home, and hope another Spring.
The Warlike-Steed is multiply'd we find,
To Wasps and Hornets of the Warrior Kind.
Cut from a Crab his crooked Claws, and hide
The rest in Earth, a Scorpion thence will glide
And shoot his Sting, his Tail in Circles tos'd
Refers the Limbs his backward Father lost.
And Worms, that stretch on Leaves their filmy Loom,
Crawl from their Bags, and Butterslies become.

Aud with and Photons can X x x 2

Ev'n

Ev'n Slime begets the Frog's loquacious Race:
Short of their Feet at first, in little space
With Arms and Legs endu'd, long leaps they take,
Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the Lake,
And Waves repel: For Nature gives their Kind
To that intent, a length of Legs behind.

The Cubs of Bears, a living lump appear, and amount of When whelp'd, and no determin'd Figure wear.

Their Mother licks 'em into Shape, and gives

As much of Form, as she her self receives.

The Grubs from their sexangular abode of won about and Crawl out unfinish'd, like the Maggot's Brood:

Trunks without Limbs; till time at leisure brings and their tardy-Wings.

Smear'd over with an Oil of wond

Mide in a hallow Pir a flaughter'd Steer.

The Bird who draws the Carr of Juno, vain and more and of her crown'd Head, and of her Starry Train; And he that bears th' Artillery of Jove,

The strong-pounc'd Eagle, and the billing Dove;

And all the feather'd Kind, who cou'd suppose

(But that from fight the surest Sense he knows)

They from th' included Yolk, not ambient White arose.

There are who think the Marrow of a Man, Which in the Spine, while he was living ran; When dead, the Pith corrupted will become with months and A Snake, and his within the hollow Tomb.

All these receive their Birth from other Things; But from himself the Phanix only springs: Self-born, begotten by the Parent Flame In which he burn'd, another and the same; Who not by Corn or Herbs his Life fuftains, But the sweet Essence of Amomum drains: And watches the rich Gums Arabia bears, While yet in tender Dew they drop their Tears. He, (his five Cent'ries of Life fulfill'd) and sexed out grown V His Nest on Oaken Boughs begins to build, and edged and all Or trembling tops of Palm, and first he draws The Plan with his broad Bill, and crooked Claws, Nature's Artificers; on this the Pile Is form'd, and rifes round, then with the Spoil Of Casia, Cynamon, and Stems of Nard, (For foftness strew'd beneath,) his Fun'ral Bed is rear'd: Fun'ral and Bridal both; and all around The Borders with corruptless Myrrh are crown'd, On this incumbent; till ætherial Flame First catches, then consumes the costly Frame: Confumes him too, as on the Pile he lies; He liv'd on Odours, and in Odours dies.

An Infant-Phænix from the former springs
His Father's Heir, and from his tender Wings
Shakes off his Parent Dust, his Method he pursues,
And the same Lease of Life on the same Terms renews.
When grown to Manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff Pinions can his Flight sustain,

He lightens of its Load, the Tree that bore

His Father's Royal Sepulcher before,

And his own Cradle: This (with pious Care

Plac'd on his Back) he cuts the buxome Air,

Seeks the Sun's City, and his facred Church,

And decently lays down his Burden in the Porch.

A Wonder more amazing wou'd we find?

Th' Hyana shows it, of a double kind,

Varying the Sexes in alternate Years,

In one begets, and in another bears.

The thin Camelion fed with Air, receives

The colour of the Thing to which he cleaves.

India when conquer'd, on the conqu'ring God For planted Vines the sharp-ey'd Lynx bestow'd, Whose Urine, shed before it touches Earth, Congeals in Air, and gives to Gems their Birth. So Coral soft, and white in Oceans Bed, Comes harden'd up in Air, and glows with Red.

All changing Species should my Song recite;
Before I ceas'd, wou'd change the Day to Night.
Nations and Empires flourish, and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time softens hardy People, Time again
Hardens to War a soft, unwarlike Train.
Thus Troy for ten long Years her Foes withstood,
And daily bleeding bore th' expence of Blood:

And with his Pinions can his Flight fultain,

Now for thick Streets it shows an empty space, Or only fill'd with Tombs of her own perish'd Race, Her self becomes the Sepulcher of what she was. 3

Mycene, Sparta, Thebes of mighty Fame,
Are vanish'd out of Substance into Name.
And Dardan Rome that just begins to rise,
On Tiber's Banks, in time shall mate the Skies;
Widening her Bounds, and working on her way;
Ev'n now she meditates Imperial Sway:
Yet this is change, but she by changing thrives,
Like Moons new-born, and in her Cradle strives
To fill her Infant-Horns; an Hour shall come
When the round World shall be contain'd in Rome,

Anchifes drooping Son enliven'd thus;
When Ilium now was in a finking State;
And he was doubtful of his future Fate:
O Goddess born, with thy hard Fortune strive,
Troy never can be lost, and thou alive.
Thy Passage thou shalt free through Fire and Sword,
And Troy in Foreign Lands shall be restor'd.
In happier Fields a rising Town I see,
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er shall be:
And Heav'n yet owes the World a Race deriv'd from Thee,
Sages, and Chiess of other Lineage born
The City shall extend, extended shall adorn:
But from Julus he must draw his Breath,
By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer'd Earth:

Whom

Whom Heav'n will lend Mankind on Earth to reign, and wolf And late require the precious Pledge again.

This Helenus to great Eneas told,

Which I retain, e'er fince in other Mould:

My Soul was cloath'd; and now rejoice to view

My Country Walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,

Rais'd by the fall: Decreed by Loss to Gain;

Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.

Apr to run Riot, and transgress the Goal:
And therefore I conclude, whatever lies,
In Earth, or flits in Air, or fills the Skies,
All fuffer change, and we, that are of Soul bruton and made.
And Body mix'd, are Members of the whole.
Then, when our Sires, or Grandsires shall forsake
The Forms of Men, and brutal Figures take,
Thus hous'd, securely let their Spirits rest,
Nor violate thy Father in the Beast.
Thy Friend, thy Brother, any of thy Kin,
If none of these, yet there's a Man within:
O spare to make a Thyestaan Meal,
T'inclose his Body, and his Soul expel.

Ill Customs by degrees to Habits rife,

Ill Habits soon become exalted Vice:

What more advance can Mortals make in Sin

So near Perfection, who with Blood begin?

Deaf to the Calf that lies beneath the Knife,

Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life:

Deaf

Deaf to the harmless Kid, that e'er he dies done wagen of All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries, who was a sevial And imitates in vain thy Children's Cries. moisiles done of Where will he ftop, who feeds with Houshold Bread, and swin Then eats the Poultry which before he fed? Let plough thy Steers; that when they lose their Breath To Nature, not to thee they may impute their Death. Let Goats for Food their loaded Udders lend, And Sheep from Winter-cold thy Sides defend; But neither Sprindges, Nets, nor Snares employ, And be no more Ingenious to destroy. Free as in Air, let Birds on Earth remain, Nor let infidious Glue their Wings constrain; Nor opening Hounds the trembling Stag affright, Nor purple Feathers intercept his Flight: Nor Hooks conceal'd in Baits for Fish prepare, Nor Lines to heave 'em twinkling up in Air.

Take not away the Life you cannot give:
For all Things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious Creatures, where 'tis Sin to fave;
This only just Prerogative we have:
But nourish Life with vegetable Food,
And shun the facrilegious tast of Blood.

These Precepts by the Samian Sage were taught, Which Godlike Numa to the Sabines brought, And thence transferr'd to Rome, by Gift his own: A willing People, and an offer'd Throne.

Y y y O hap-

Nor let infidious Glue their Wings confimin

This only jud Beerogative we ha

Thefe Precents by the Sanhan Sa

A Salvage Nation with foft Arts of Peace,

To teach Religion, Rapine to restrain,

Give Laws to Lust, and Sacrifice ordain:

Himself a Saint, a Goddess was his Bride,

And all the Muses o'er his Acts preside.

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And made almost a Sie of Abstinence Yes, had his Alped noth B. H. T.

CHARACTER

OF

A Good Parson;

Imitated from.

CHAUCER,

And Inlarg'd.

Parish-Priest, was of the Pilgrim-Train:
An Awful, Reverend, and Religious Man.
His Eyes diffus'd a venerable Grace,

And Charity it felf was in his Face.

Rich was his Soul, though his Attire was poor;

(As God had cloath'd his own Embaffador;)

For fuch, on Earth, his blefs'd Redeemer bore.

Of Sixty Years he feem'd; and well might laft

To Sixty more, but that he liv'd too faft;

Y y y 2

3

Re-

Refin'd himfelf to Soul, to curb the Sense; And made almost a Sin of Abstinence. Yet, had his Aspect nothing of severe, But fuch a Face as promis'd him fincere. Nothing referv'd or fullen was to fee: But sweet Regards; and pleasing Sanctity: Mild was his Accent, and his Action free. With Eloquence innate his Tongue was arm'd; Tho' harsh the Precept, yet the Preacher charm'd. For, letting down the golden Chain from high, He drew his Audience upward to the Sky: And oft, with holy Hymns, he charm'd their Ears: (A Mufick more melodious than the Spheres.) For David left him, when he went to rest, His Lyre; and after him, he fung the best. He bore his great Commission in his Look: But fweetly temper'd Awe; and foften'd all he spoke. He preach'd the Joys of Heav'n, and Pains of Hell; And warn'd the Sinner with becoming Zeal; But on Eternal Mercy lov'd to dwell. He taught the Gospel rather than the Law: And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to draw. For Fear but freezes Minds; but Love, like Heat, Exhales the Soul fublime, to feek her Native Seat.

To Threats, the stubborn Sinner oft is hard:
Wrap'd in his Crimes, against the Storm prepar'd;
But, when the milder Beams of Mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumb'rous Cloak away.

Lightnings and Thunder (Heav'ns Artiflery)

As Harbingers before th' Almighty fly:

Those, but proclaim his Stile, and disappear;

The stiller Sound succeeds; and God is there.

The Tythes, his Parish freely paid, he took;
But never Su'd; or Curs'd with Bell and Book.
With Patience bearing wrong; but off'ring none:
Since every Man is free to lose his own.
The Country-Churles, according to their Kind,
(Who grudge their Dues, and love to be behind,)
The less he sought his Off'rings, pinch'd the more;
And prais'd a Priest, contented to be Poor.

Yet, of his little, he had fome to spare,

To feed the Famish'd, and to cloath the Bare:

For Mortify'd he was, to that degree,

A poorer than himself, he wou'd not see.

True Priests, he said, and Preachers of the Word,

Were only Stewards of their Soveraign Lord;

Nothing was theirs; but all the publick Store:

Intrusted Riches, to relieve the Poor.

Who, shou'd they steal, for want of his Relief,

He judg'd himself Accomplice with the Thief.

Wide was his Parish; not contracted close
In Streets, but here and there a straggling House;
Yet still he was at Hand, without Request
To serve the Sick; to succour the Distress'd:

Tempting,

Nor to repulse the rid

As He bingers before th' Almishry fly:

Tempting, on Foot, alone, without affright, The Dangers of a dark, tempestuous Night.

All this, the good old Man, perform'd alone, Nor spar'd his Pains; for Curate he had none. Nor durst he trust another with his Care; Nor rode himself to Pauls, the publick Fair, To chaffer for Preferment with his Gold, Where Bishopricks, and fine Cures are fold. But duly watch'd his Flock, by Night and Day; And from the prowling Wolf, redeem'd the Prey; And hungry fent the wily Fox away.

The Proud he tam'd, the Penitent he chear'd: Nor to rebuke the rich Offender fear'd. His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought; (A living Sermon of the Truths he taught;) For this by Rules severe his Life he squar'd: That all might fee the Doctrin which they heard. For Priests, he said, are Patterns for the rest: (The Gold of Heav'n, who bear the God Impress'd:) But when the precious Coin is kept unclean, The Soveraign's Image is no longer feen. If they be foul, on whom the People trust, Well may the baser Brass, contract a Rust. He judg'd bimfelf

The less he fought his Off rings, pinch'd the more;

The Prelate, for his Holy Life he priz'd; The worldly Pomp of Prelacy despis'd. His Saviour came not with a gawdy Show; Nor was his Kingdom of the World below.

I empting,

Patience

To ferve the Sick

Patience in Want, and Poverty of Mind,
These Marks of Church and Churchmen he design'd,
And living taught; and dying lest behind.
The Crown he wore was of the pointed Thorn:
In Purple he was Crucify'd, not born.
They who contend for Place and high Degree,
Are not his Sons, but those of Zebadee.

Not, but he knew the Signs of Earthly Pow'r
Might well become St. Peter's Successor:
The Holy Father holds a double Reign,
The Prince may keep his Pomp; the Fisher must be plain.

Such was the Saint; who shone with every Grace:
Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's Face.
God, saw his Image lively was express'd;
And his own Work, as in Creation bless'd.

The Tempter saw him too, with envious Eye;
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.

He took the time when Richard was depos'd:
And High and Low, with happy Harry clos'd.

This Prince, tho' great in Arms, the Priest withstood:

Near tho' he was, yet not the next of Blood.

Had Richard unconstrain'd, resign'd the Throne:

A King can give no more than is his own:

The Title stood entail'd, had Richard had a Son.

Conquest, an odious Name, was laid aside, on about Mhere all submitted; none the Battle try'd,

The

The senseless Plea of Right by Providence, may an example I Was, by a flatt'ring Priest, invented since in the advantage and and lasts no longer than the present sway; ingust guivil but But justifies the next who comes in play. How and how of a longer than the present sway is the next who comes in play.

The People's Right remains; let those who dare only year Dispute their Pow'r, when they the Judges are of aid son on A

He join'd not in their Choice; because he knewed to M Worse might, and often did from Change ensue. I low addim Much to himself he thought; but little spoke: To your entire of T And, Undepriv'd, his Benefice forsook, good van entire of T

Now, through the Land, his Cure of Souls he stretch'd:

And like a Primitive Apostle preach'd.

Still Chearful; ever Constant to his Call;

By many follow'd; Lov'd by most, Admir'd by All.

With what he beg'd, his Brethren he reliev'd;

And gave the Charities himself receiv'd.

Gave, while he Taught; and Edify'd the more,

Because he shew'd by Proof, 'twas easy to be Poor.

And High and Low, with bappy Horry closic

He went not, with the Crowd, to fee a Shrine; But fed us by the way, with Food divine.

In deference to his Virtues, I forbear
To shew you, what the rest in Orders were:
This Brillant, is so Spotless, and so Bright,
He needs no Foyl: But shines by his own proper Light.

Where all fubmitted; none the Battle try'd.

And Heav'n did this man art Til provide,

As through a Cryfal Cale, the figur'd Hours are feen.

Because the had no guilty Thought to hide.

High the' her Wit, yet Humble was her Mind :

For human Thoughts, but was confin'd to Pray'r.

The Monument of a Pair Maiden Lady.

MONUMENT

As if the could not, or the A of Ot and

Fair Maiden Lady,

Whody'dat Bath, and is there Interr'd.

All that Heav'n wants of this Celeftial Maid.

Preferve, O facred Tomb, thy Trust consign'd:

The Mold was made on purpose for the Mind:

And she wou'd lose, if at the latter Day

One Atom cou'd be mix'd, of other Clay.

Such were the Features of her heav'nly Face,

Her Limbs were form'd with such harmonious Grace,

So faultless was the Frame, as if the Whole

Had been an Emanation of the Soul;

Which her own inward Symmetry reveal'd;

And like a Picture shone, in Glass Anneal'd.

Or like the Sun eclips'd, with shaded Light:

Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by Sight,

Each Thought was visible that rowl'd within: As through a Crystal Case, the figur'd Hours are seen. And Heav'n did this transparent Veil provide, Because she had no guilty Thought to hide. All white, a Virgin-Saint, she fought the Skies: For Marriage, tho' it fullies not, it dies. High tho' her Wit, yet Humble was her Mind; As if she cou'd not, or she wou'd not find How much her Worth transcended all her Kind. Yet she had learn'd so much of Heav'n below, That when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know: But only to refresh the former Hint; And read her Maker in a fairer Print. So Pious, as she had no time to spare For human Thoughts, but was confin'd to Pray'r. Yet in fuch Charities she pass'd the Day, 'Twas wond'rous how she found an Hour to Pray. A Soul fo calm, it knew not Ebbs or Flows, Which Passion cou'd but curl; not discompose. A Female Softness, with a manly Mind: A Daughter duteous, and a Sifter kind: In Sickness patient; and in Death resign'd.

CYMON

CYMON

AND

IPHIGENIA.

FROM

BOCCACE.

* * * *

CYMON

AND AND ASSESSED

IPHIGENIA

FROM

BOCCACE

* * * *

The now arraign'd, he read with tome

Because he seems to chew the Cud again.

And teaches more in one explaining

What needs he Paraphrafe on what we mean? We were at work but MO A Tolling

Tale of only dry lathruckion view

Poeta loquitur,

LD as I am, for Ladies Love unfit, The Pow'r of Beauty I remember yet, Which once inflam'd my Soul, and still inspires my If Love be Folly, the severe Divine (Wit. Has felt that Folly, tho' he censures mine; Pollutes the Pleasures of a chast Embrace, and a land of Acts what I write, and propagates in Grace With riotous Excess, a Priestly Race: When he was all Suppose him free, and that I forge th' Offence, and that I He shew'd the way, perverting first my Sense: and brown In Malice witty, and with Venom fraught, negotiano aids al He makes me speak the Things I never thought, Com-

Compute the Gains of his ungovern'd Zeal;
Ill futes his Cloth the Praise of Railing well!
The World will think that what we loosly write,
Tho' now arraign'd, he read with some delight;
Because he seems to chew the Cud again,
When his broad Comment makes the Text too plain:
And teaches more in one explaining Page,
Than all the double Meanings of the Stage.

What needs he Paraphrase on what we mean? We were at worst but Wanton; he's Obscene. I, nor my Fellows, nor my Self excuse; But Love's the Subject of the Comick Muse: Nor can we write without it, nor would you A Tale of only dry Instruction view; Nor Love is always of a vicious Kind, But oft to virtuous Acts inflames the Mind. Awakes the fleepy Vigour of the Soul, And, brushing o'er, adds Motion to the Pool. Love, studious how to please, improves our Parts, With polish'd Manners, and adorns with Arts. Love first invented Verse, and form'd the Rhime, The Motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the Chime; To lib'ral Acts inlarg'd the narrow-Soul'd: Soften'd the Fierce, and made the Coward Bold: The World when wast, he Peopled with increase, And warring Nations reconcil'd in Peace. Ormond, the first, and all the Fair may find In this one Legend to their Fame defign'd, When Beauty fires the Blood, how Love exalts the Mind. And ev'ry Grace, and all the Loves refort;
Where either Sex is form'd of softer Earth,
And takes the bent of Pleasure from their Birth;
There liv'd a Cyprian Lord, above the rest,
Wise, Wealthy, with a num'rous Issue blest.

But as no Gift of Fortune is fincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy Heir:
His eldest Born a goodly Youth to view
Excell'd the rest in Shape, and outward Shew;
Fair, Tall, his Limbs with due Proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate Mind.
His Soul bely'd the Features of his Face;
Beauty was there, but Beauty in disgrace.
A clownish Mien, a Voice with rustick sound,
And stupid Eyes, that ever lov'd the Ground.
He look'd like Nature's Error; as the Mind
And Body were not of a Piece design'd,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were join'd.

The ruling Rod, the Father's forming Care,
Were exercis'd in vain, on Wit's despair;
The more inform'd the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the Mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the publick Shame,
The People from Galesus chang'd his Name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a Brute;
So well his Name did with his Nature sute.

His Father, when he found his Labour loft,
And Care employ'd, that answer'd not the Cost,
Chose an ungrateful Object to remove,
And loath'd to see what Nature made him love;
So to his Country-Farm the Fool confin'd:
Rude Work well suted with a rustick Mind.
Thus to the Wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A Squire among the Swains, and pleas'd with Banishment.
His Corn, and Cattle, were his only Care,
And his supreme Delight a Country-Fair.

It happen'd on a Summers Holiday,
That to the Greenwood-shade he took his way;
For Cymon shun'd the Church, and us'd not much to Pray.
His Quarter-Staff, which he cou'd ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his Back.
He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of Thought.

By Chance conducted, or by Thirst constrain'd,
The deep Recesses of the Grove he gain'd;
Where in a Plain, defended by the Wood,
Crept through the matted Grass a Chrystal Flood,
By which an Alablaster Fountain stood:
And on the Margin of the Fount was laid
(Attended by her Slaves) a sleeping Maid.
Like Dian, and her Nymphs, when tir'd with Sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:

The

The Dame herfelf the Goddess well express'd, and a long of the More distinguish'd by her Purple Vest,

Than by the charming Features of her Face,

And ev'n in Slumber a superiour Grace:

Her comely Limbs compos'd with decent Care,

Her Body shaded with a slight Cymarr;

Her Bosom to the view was only bare:

Where two beginning Paps were scarcely spy'd,

For yet their Places were but signify'd:

The fanning Wind upon her Bosom blows,

To meet the fanning Wind the Bosom rose;

The fanning Wind, and purling Streams continue her repose.

The Fool of Nature, stood with stupid Eyes

And gaping Mouth, that testify'd Surprize,

Fix'd on her Face, nor cou'd remove his Sight,

New as he was to Love, and Novice in Delight;

Long mute he stood, and leaning on his Staff,

His Wonder witness'd with an Ideot laugh;

Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering Sense

First found his want of Words, and fear'd Offence:

Doubted for what he was he should be known,

By his Clown-Accent, and his Country-Tone.

Through the rude Chaos thus the running Light A Shot the first Ray that pierc'd the Native Night:

Then Day and Darkness in the Mass were mix'd, and and Till gather'd in a Globe, the Beams were fix'd:

Last shon the Sun who radiant in his Sphere

Illumin'd Heav'n, and Earth, and rowl'd around the Year.

So

Love made him first suspect he was a Man; gained and Love made him doubt his broad barbarian Sound, and That sense of want prepar'd the suture way don't be a Day. To Knowledge, and discols'd the promise of a Day.

What not his Father's Care, nor Tutor's Art of own and W Cou'd plant with Pains in his unpolish'd Heart, and the same of The best Instructor Love at once inspir'd, but I mind of T As barren Grounds to Fruitfulness are fir'd: Love taught him Shame, and Shame with Love at Strife Soon taught the sweet Civilities of Life; His gross material Soul at once could find male look of the look o Somewhat in her excelling all her Kind: dwoM onique bak Exciting a Defire till then unknown, on some real no bail Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone. of asw ad as well This made the first Impression in his Mind, on an atom and Above, but just above the Brutal Kind. Daleniw rebnow aiH For Beafts can like, but not diffinguish too, aven bluow and I Nor their own liking by reflection know; and bound fail Nor why they like or this, or t'other Face, they so beid of Or judge of this or that peculiar Grace, those A-mwold air ve But love in gross, and stupidly admire; As Flies allur'd by Light, approach the Fire. Thus our Man-Beaft advancing by degrees was find sold and First likes the whole, than sep'rates what he sees; On fev'ral Parts a fev'ral Praise bestows, old and historian The ruby Lips, the well-proportion'd Nofe, and and the I Illumin'd Heav'n, and Earth, and rowl'd around the Year.

BEBA

The snowy Skin, the Raven-glossy Hair,

The dimpled Cheek, the Forehead rising fair,

And ev'n in Sleep it self a smiling Air.

From thence his Eyes descending view'd the rest,

Her plump round Arms, white Hands, and heaving Breast.

Long on the last he dwelt, though ev'ry part

A pointed Arrow sped to pierce his Heart.

Thus in a trice a Judge of Beauty grown, Ill had a roll had (A Judge erected from a Country-Clown) He long'd to fee her Eyes in Slumber hid; And wish'd his own cou'd pierce within the Lid: The And Mill He wou'd have wak'd her, but restrain'd his Thought, at ball And Love new-born the first good Manners taught. An awful Fear his ardent Wish withstood, and to anoismos and Nor durst disturb the Goddess of the Wood; And and was and For fuch she seem'd by her celestial Face, Excelling all the rest of human Race: A slow what police back And Things divine by common Sense he knew, Must be devoutly seen at distant view: and shad near a men's So checking his Defire, with trembling Heart? Many drill Gazing he stood, nor would, nor could depart; Fix'd as a Pilgrim wilder'd in his way, Who dares not stir by Night for fear to stray, But stands with awful Eyes to watch the dawn of Day. But fought his Father's House with better Mind.

At length awaking, Iphigene the Fair
(So was the Beauty call'd who caus'd his Care)
Unclos'd her Eyes, and double Day reveal'd,
While those of all her Slaves in Sleep were feal'd.

The

The flowy Skin, the Raven-gloffy Hair

(A Judge efected from a Country Clown)

The flavering Cudden prop'd upon his Staff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning Laugh,
To welcome her awake, nor durft begin
To fpeak, but wifely kept the Fool within.
Then fhe; What make you Cymon here alone?
(For Cymon's Name was round the Country known
Because descended of a noble Race,
And for a Soul ill sorted with his Face.)

But still the Sot stood silent with Surprize,
With fix'd regard on her new open'd Eyes,
And in his Breast receiv'd th' invenom'd Dart,
A tickling Pain that pleas'd amid the Smart.
But conscious of her Form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling Eyes, and fear'd his brutal List:
This to prevent she wak'd her sleepy Crew,
And rising hasty took a short Adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustick Voice essay'd,
With proffer'd Service to the parting Maid
To see her safe; his Hand she long deny'd,
But took at length, asham'd of such a Guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there
No more wou'd to his Country Clowns repair,
But sought his Father's House with better Mind,
Refusing in the Farm to be confin'd.

The Father wonder'd at the Son's return,

And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;

But

And liked an error of the better Hand:

But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still To learn the fecret Caufes of his alter'd Will. Nor was he long delay'd; the first Request He made, was, like his Brothers to be dress'd, And, as his Birth requir'd, above the rest.

With ease his Sute was granted by his Syre, Distinguishing his Heir by rich Attire: His Body thus adorn'd, he next defign'd With lib'ral Arts to cultivate his Mind: bas ab vol augusting He fought a Tutor of his own accord, as the wolld set and the And fludy'd Lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the Man-Child advanc'd, and learn'd fo faft, That in short time his Equals he surpass'd: His brutal Manners from his Breast exil'd, His Mien he fashion'd, and his Tongue he fil'd; In ev'ry Exercise of all admir'd, mot all ballo says and ballo He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd: Inspir'd by Love, whose Business is to please; He Rode, he Fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful Ease, More fam'd for Sense, for courtly Carriage more, Than for his brutal Folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say, But that the Fire which choak'd in Ashes lay, A Load too heavy for his Soul to move, Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by Love? Love made an active Progress through his Mind, The dusky Parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd;

The drowfy wak'd; and as he went impress'd when do not the Maker's Image on the human Beast.

Thus was the Man amended by Desire,
And tho' he lov'd perhaps with too much Fire,
His Father all his Faults with Reason scan'd,
And lik'd an error of the better Hand;
Excus'd th' excess of Passion in his Mind,
By Flames too sierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, since his Sire indulg'd his Will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still;
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear
The Name of Fool confirm'd, and Bishop'd by the Fair.

To Cipseus by his Friends his Sute he mov'd,

Cipseus the Father of the Fair he lov'd:

But he was pre-ingag'd by former Ties,

While Cymon was endeav'ring to be wife:

And Iphigene oblig'd by former Vows,

Had giv'n her Faith to wed a Foreign Spouse:

Her Sire and She to Rhodian Pasimond,

Tho' both repenting, were by Promise bound,

Nor could retract; and thus, as Fate decreed,

Tho' better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

The Doom was past, the Ship already sent,

Did all his tardy Diligence prevent:

Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy Maid,

While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:

The time is come for Iphigene to find

The Miracle she wrought upon my Mind:

Her Charms have made me Man, her ravish'd Love In rank shall place me with the Bless'd above. The shall place me with the Bless'd above. The shall be mine, Or Death, if Force should fail, shall finish my Design.

A Veffel strong, and well equipp'd for War.

The secret Ship with chosen Friends he stor'd;

And bent to die, or conquer, went aboard.

Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian Shore,

Waiting the Sail that all his Wishes bore;

Nor long expected, for the following Tide

Sent out the hostile Ship and beauteous Bride.

To Rhodes the Rival Bark directly steer'd, When Cymon fudden at her Back appear'd, a standard and A standard And stop'd her Flight: Then standing on his Prow In haughty Terms he thus defy'd the Foe, and the standy to y Or strike your Sails at Summons, or prepare of the made back To prove the last Extremities of War. Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the Fight provide; Already were the Vessels Side by Side, These obstinate to save, and those to seize the Bride. But Cymon foon his crooked Grapples cast, Which with tenacious hold his Foes embrac'd, And arm'd with Sword and Shield, amid the Press he pass'd. Fierce was the Fight, but hast'ning to his Prey, By force the furious Lover freed his way: Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian Crew, and the leave to The Weak disdain'd, the Valiant overthrew; Cheap

Cheap Conquest for his following Friends remain'd, He reap'd the Field, and they but only glean'd.

For mine by Love, by Force the thall be mine, His Victory confess'd the Foes retreat, And cast their Weapons at the Victor's Feet. Whom thus he chear'd: O Rhodian Youth, I fought For Love alone, nor other Booty fought; Your Lives are fafe; your Veffel I refign, Yours be your own, restoring what is mine: sib of mad bak In Iphigene I claim my rightful Due, baided val ed b'dudmA Rob'd by my Rival, and detain'd by you : and had only and Your Pasimond a lawless Bargain drove, to be Book and to M The Parent could not fell the Daughters Love; Or if he cou'd, my Love disdains the Laws, And like a King by Conquest gains his Cause : And like a King by Conquest gains his Cause ga Where Arms take place, all other Pleas are vain, Love taught me Force, and Force shall Love maintain. You, what by Strength you could not keep, release, ideased all And at an eafy Ranfom buy your Peace? to allow move and to To prove the last Extremities of War.

Fear on the conquer'd Side foon fign'd th' Accord, And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd : Zalsho V and answ when A While to his Arms the blushing Bride he took; To feeming Sadness she compos'd her Look; As if by Force subjected to his Will, Tho' pleas'd, diffembling, and a Woman still. And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling Tears, And pray'd her to dismiss her empty Fears; For yours I am, he faid, and have deferv'd Your Love much better whom fo long I ferv'd,

Than

Than he to whom your formal Father ty'd Your Vows; and fold a Slave, not fent a Bride. Thus while he fpoke he feiz'd the willing Prey, As Paris bore the Spartan Spoule away: Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her Eyes confess'd She rather would be thought, than was Diffres'd.

Who now exults but Cymon in his Mind, Vain hopes, and empty Joys of human Kind, and and and and Proud of the present, to the future blind! Secure of Fate while Cymon plows the Sea, And steers to Candy with his conquer'd Prey. Scarce the third Glass of measur'd Hours was run, When like a fiery Meteor funk the Sun; The Promise of a Storm; the shifting Gales and availand Forfake by Fits, and fill the flagging Sails: Hoarse Murmurs of the Main from far were heard, as about And Night came on, not by degrees prepar'd, But all at once; at once the Winds arise, and observe both The Thunders roul, the forky Lightning flies: In vain the Mafter iffues out Commands, In vain the trembling Sailors ply their Hands: The Tempest unforeseen prevents their Care, And from the first they labour in despair. The giddy Ship betwixt the Winds and Tides Forc'd back, and forwards in a Circle rides, Stun'd with the diff'rent Blows; then shoots amain Till counterbuff'd she stops, and sleeps again. Not more aghast the proud Archangel fell, Plung'd from the height of Heav'n to deepest Hell, Bbbb

Than

Than stood the Lover of his Love posses'd Now curs'd, the more, the more he had been blefs'd, More anxious for her Danger than his own, Death he defies; but would be loft alone.

Sad Iphigene to Womanish Complaints Adds pious Pray'rs, and wearies all the Saints; Ev'n if she could, her Love she would repent, But fince she cannot, dreads the Punishment: Her forfeit Faith, and Pasimond betray'd, Are ever present, and her Crime upbraid. She blames herfelf, nor blames her Lover lefs, Augments her Anger as her Fears increase; From her own Back the Burden would remove, And lays the Load on his ungovern'd Love, Which interposing durst in Heav'n's despight Invade, and violate another's Right: The Pow'rs incens'd awhile deferr'd his Pain, And made him Mafter of his Vows in vain: But soon they punish'd his presumptuous Pride; That for his daring Enterprize she dy'd, Who rather not refifted, than comply'd.

Then impotent of Mind, with alter'd Sense, She hugg'd th' Offender, and forgave th' Offence, Sex to the last: Mean time with Sails declin'd The wand'ring Veffel drove before the Wind: Toss'd, and retoss'd, alost, and then alow; Nor Port they feek, nor certain Course they know, But ev'ry moment wait the coming Blow.

Thus

Thus blindly driv'n, by breaking Day they view'd The Land before 'em, and their Fears renew'd; The Land was welcome, but the Tempest bore The threaten'd Ship against a rocky Shore.

A winding Bay was near; to this they bent,
And just escap'd; their Force already spent:
Secure from Storms and panting from the Sea,
The Land unknown at leisure they survey;
And saw (but soon their sickly Sight withdrew)
The rising Tow'rs of Rhodes at distant view;
And curs'd the hostile Shoar of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the Seas, and shipwreck'd on the Ground.

The frighted Sailors try'd their Strength in vain
To turn the Stern, and tempt the flormy Main;
But the stiff Wind withstood the lab'ring Oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal Shoar!
The crooked Keel now bites the Rhodian Strand,
And the Ship moor'd, constrains the Crew to land:
Yet still they might be safe because unknown,
But as ill Fortune seldom comes alone,
The Vessel they dismis'd was driv'n before,
Already shelter'd on their Native Shoar;
Known each, they know: But each with change of Chear;
The vanquish'd side exults; the Victors sear;
Not them but theirs, made Pris'ners e'er they Fight,
Despairing Conquest, and depriv'd of Flight.

The

Hindly drivin, by breaking Day they v

And cites of the holvide Shoun of Pafin

The Country rings around with loud Alarms,
And raw in Fields the rude Militia fwarms;
Mouths without Hands; maintain'd at vast Expence,
In Peace a Charge, in War a weak Defence:
Stout once a Month they march a blust'ring Band,
And ever, but in times of Need, at hand:
This was the Morn when issuing on the Guard,
Drawn up in Rank and File they stood prepar'd
Of seeming Arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be Drunk, the Business of the Day.

The Cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themselves so many, and their Foes so sew;
But crowding on, the last the first impel;
Till overborn with weight the Cyprians fell.

Cymon inslav'd, who first the War begun,
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.

Deep in a Dungeon was the Captive cast,
Depriv'd of Day, and held in Fetters fast:
His Life was only spar'd at their Request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd:
But Iphigenia was the Ladies Care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the Fair;
While Pasimond and his, the Nuptial Feast prepare.

Her fecret Soul to Cymon was inclin'd, But she must suffer what her Fates assign'd; So passive is the Church of Womankind.

3

What

What worse to Cymon could his Fortune deal, a value of the said of the lowest Spoke of all her Wheel? Spoke of all her Wheel? The Magistrate of the downward weight, a said of the latter pleas'd; and Love (concern'd the most) of the latter pleas'd; and Love (concern'd the most) of the latter pleas'd; and Love (concern'd the most) of the latter pleas'd the what by Love he lost of the most of the latter pleas'd the most of the latter pleas'd the most of the latter pleas'd the lost of the lost of the lost of the lost of the latter pleas'd the lost of the lost

The Sire of Pasimond had left a Son, and some of souls A Though younger, yet for Courage early known, to gninist and Ormisda call'd; to whom by Promise ty'd, I do the regard and a solid many was the destin'd Bride: give and solid mod Cassandra was her Name, above the rest do blissed man and I Renown'd for Birth, with Fortune amply bless'd,

Lysymachus who rul'd the Rhodian State, or slish a seriou and He lov'd Cassandra too with equal Fire, and slish as allow and He lov'd Cassandra too with equal Fire, and slish as allow and Cross'd by her Friends, by her not disapprov'd, and mi mage Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormisda lov'd: and you be simple. So shood th' Affair: Some little Hope remain'd, A suoiqui na That should his Rival chance to lose, he gain'd.

Mean time young Pasimond his Marriage press'd, it I shall all Ordain'd the Nuptial Day, prepar'd the Feast; it of diald be I And frugally resolv'd (the Charge to shun, and shall be some Which would be double should he wed alone)

To join his Brother's Bridal with his own.

Lysymachus oppress'd with mortal Grief, bruodal an gnol 10/1
Receiv'd the News, and study'd quick Relief 100000 avitation II

The

The fatal Day approach'd: If Force were us'd,

The Magistrate his publick Trust abus'd;

To Justice, liable as Law requir'd;

To Justice, liable as Law requir'd;

For when his Office ceas'd, his Pow'r expir'd:

While Pow'r remain'd, the Means were in his Hand

By Force to seize, and then forsake the Land:

Betwixt Extreams he knew not how to move,

A Slave to Fame, but more a Slave to Love:

Restraining others, yet himself not free,

Made impotent by Pow'r, debas'd by Dignity!

Made impotent by Pow'r, debas'd by Dignity!

Made impotent by Pow'r, debas'd by Dignity!

The Man prevail'd above the Magistrate.

Made impotent by Pow'r, debas'd by Dignity!

But works a different way in different Minds,
The Fool enlightens, and the Wife he blinds.
This Youth proposing to possess, and scape,
Began in Murder, to conclude in Rape:
Unprais'd by me, tho' Heav'n sometime may bless.
An impious Act with undeserv'd Success:
The Great, it seems, are priviledg'd alone.
To punish all Injustice but their own.
But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
Yet blush to slatter an unrighteous Deed:
For Crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Which would be double flouid he wed alone)

Resolv'd on Force, his Wit the Pretor bent, and and To find the Means that might secure th' event;

Not long he labour'd, for his lucky Thought and the Friend he sought;

In Captive Cymon sound the Friend he sought;

Th' Example pleas'd: The Cause and Crime the same;
An injur'd Lover, and a ravish'd Dame.
How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
The less he had to lose, the less he car'd
To menage loathsom Life when Love was the Reward.

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his Intent, In depth of Night he for the Pris'ner fent; In fecret fent, the publick View to shun, Then with a fober Smile he thus begun. The Pow'rs above who bounteously bestow Their Gifts and Graces on Mankind below, Yet prove our Merit first, nor blindly give To fuch as are not worthy to receive: For Valour and for Virtue they provide, Their due Reward, but first they must be try'd: These fruitful Seeds within your Mind they sow'd; 'Twas yours t'improve the Talent they bestow'd: They gave you to be born of noble Kind, They gave you Love to lighten up your Mind, And purge the groffer Parts; they gave you Care To please, and Courage to deserve the Fair.

Thus far they try'd you, and by Proof they found
The Grain intrusted in a grateful Ground:
But still the great Experiment remain'd,
They suffer'd you to lose the Prize you gain'd;
That you might learn the Gift was theirs alone:
And when restor'd, to them the Blessing own.

Reftor'd

Restor'd it soon will be; the Means prepar'd,
The Dissiculty smooth'd, the Danger shar'd:
Be but your self, the Care to me resign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.
Your Rival Passmond pursues your Life,
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd Wife,
But yet not his; to Morrow is behind,
And Love our Fortunes in one Band has join'd:
Two Brothers are our Foes; Ormisda mine,
As much declar'd, as Passmond is thine:
To Morrow must their common Vows be ty'd;
With Love to Friend and Fortune for our Guide,
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a Bride.

Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;
'Tis Force when done must justify the Deed:
Our Task perform'd we next prepare for Flight;
And let the Losers talk in vain of Right:
We with the Fair will sail before the Wind,
If they are griev'd, I leave the Laws behind.
Speak thy Resolves; if now thy Courage droop,
Despair in Prison, and abandon Hope;
But if thou dar'st in Arms thy Love regain,
(For Liberty without thy Love were vain:)
Then second my Design to seize the Prey,
Or lead to second Rape, for well thou know'st the way.

Said Cymon overjoy'd, do Thou propose
The Means to Fight, and only shew the Foes;

For from the first, when Love had fir'd my Mind, Resolv'd I left the Care of Life behind.

To this the bold Lysymachus reply'd,

Let Heav'n be neuter, and the Sword decide:

The Spousals are prepar'd, already play

The Minstrels, and provoke the tardy Day:

By this the Brides are wak'd, their Grooms are dress'd;

All Rhodes is summon'd to the Nuptial Feast,

All but my self the sole unbidden Guest.

Unbidden though I am, I will be there,

And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the Fair.

Now hear the rest; when Day resigns the Light,
And chearful Torches guild the jolly Night;
Be ready at my Call, my chosen sew
With Arms administer'd shall aid thy Crew.
Then entring unexpected will we seize
Our destin'd Prey, from Men dissolv'd in ease;
By Wine disabled, unprepar'd for Fight;
And hast'ning to the Seas suborn our Flight:
The Seas are ours, for I command the Fort,
A Ship well man'd, expects us in the Port:
If they, or if their Friends the Prize contest,
Death shall attend the Man who dares resist.

It pleas'd! The Pris'ner to his Hold retir'd,
His Troop with equal Emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to Fight, and all their wonted Work requir'd,

3

For from the firft, when I ove had fir'd my Mind,

Unbidden though A a.m. I will be the

SiT

The Sun arole; the Streets were throng'd around,
The Palace open'd, and the Posts were crown'd:
The double Bridegroom at the Door attends,
Th' expected Spoule, and entertains the Friends:
They meet, they lead to Church; the Priests invoke
The Pow'rs, and feed the Flames with fragrant Smoke:
This done they Feast, and at the close of Night
By kindled Torches vary their Delight,
(invite.)
These lead the lively Dance, and those the brimming Bowls

Now at th' appointed Place and Hour affign'd, build but With Souls refolv'd the Ravishers were join'd:

Three Bands are form'd: The first is sent before and wolf To favour the Retreat, and guard the Shore: The first is sent before and wolf The second at the Palace-gate is plac'd, the last is plac'd, and up the lofty Stairs ascend the last is placing and Adill A peaceful Troop they seem with shining Vests, gained and But Coats of Male beneath secure their Breasts. The first and the last is placed and

Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their Head,
And find the Feast renew'd, the Table spread:
Sweet Voices mix'd with instrumental Sounds
Ascend the vaulted Roof, the vaulted Roof rebounds.
When like the Harpies rushing through the Hall
The suddain Troop appears, the Tables fall,
Their smoaking Load is on the Pavement thrown;
Each Ravisher prepares to seize his own:
The Brides invaded with a rude Embrace
Shreek out for Aid, Consusion fills the Place:

Quick

Quick to redeem the Prey their plighted Lords

Advance, the Palace gleams with shining Swords.

But late is all Defence; and Succour vain,
The Rape is made, the Ravishers remain:
Two sturdy Slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd Prize in Safety to the Shore.
The Troop retires, the Lovers close the rear,
With forward Faces not confessing Fear:
Backward they move, but scorn their Pace to mend,
Then seek the Stairs, and with slow hast descend.

Fierce Pasimond their passage to prevent,

Thrust full on Cymon's Back in his descent,

The Blade return'd unbath'd, and to the Handle bent:

Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two

His Rival's Head with one descending Blow:

And as the next in rank Ormisda stood,

He turn'd the Point: The Sword inur'd to Blood,

Bor'd his unguarded Breast, which pour'd a purple Flood.

With vow'd Revenge the gath'ring Crowd purfues,

The Ravishers turn Head, the Fight renews;

The Hall is heap'd with Corps; the sprinkled Gore

Besmears the Walls, and floats the Marble Floor.

Dispers'd at length the drunken Squadron flies,

The Victors to their Vessel bear the Prize;

And hear behind loud Groans, and lamentable Cries.

odT happy each at Home, enjoys his Love.

The Crew with merry Shouts their Anchors weigh Then ply their Oars, and brush the buxom Sea, While Troops of gather'd Rhodians croud the Key. What should the People do, when left alone? The Governor, and Government are gone. The publick Wealth to Foreign Parts convey'd; Some Troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid. Rhodes is the Soveraign of the Sea no more; Their Ships unrigg'd, and spent their Naval Store; They neither could defend, nor can pursue, But grin'd their Teeth, and cast a helpless view: In vain with Darts a distant War they try, Short, and more short the missive Weapons sly. Mean while the Ravishers their Crimes enjoy, And flying Sails, and fweeping Oars employ; The Cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost, Fove's Isle they seek; nor Fove denies his Coast.

In fafety landed on the Candian Shore,
With generous Wines their Spirits they reftore;
There Cymon with his Rhodian Friend refides,
Both Court, and Wed at once the willing Brides.
A War enfues, the Cretans own their Caufe,
Stiff to defend their hospitable Laws:
Both Parties lose by turns; and neither wins,
'Till Peace propounded by a Truce begins.
The Kindred of the Slain forgive the Deed,
But a short Exile must for Show precede;
The Term expir'd, from Candia they remove;
And happy each at Home, enjoys his Love.

THE

KNIGHT'S TALE,

As it was Written

ВУ

GEFFREY CHAUCER.

Dddd

Lymon and Ipplication

KNIGHT'S TALE.

As it was Written

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The Governor, and the Horizon

GEFFREY CHAUCER

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THE

KNIGHT'S TALE,

BY

GEFFREY CHAUCER.

Hylom, as old Stories tellen us, There was a Duke that hight Thefeus; Of Athens he was Lord and Governour, And in his time fuch a Conquerour,

That greater was non vnder the Son; who best and sold Full many a rich countrie had he won a sabos mobily What with his Wisdome, and his Chiualrie disuore anguota He conquered all the reigne of Feminy: That whylom was icleped Cithea: 100 to construct the And wedded the Queen Ipolita: 100 to 100 And brought her home with him into his countrie With mikell glorie and folemnitic, woods but some to and eke her young fifter Emely.

And thus with victorie and melody

Let I this worthy duke to Athens ride,

And all his host in armes him beside.

And certes, if it nere to long to here, a supply of the would have told fully the manere How wonnen has the reigne of Feminy By Thefeus, and by his chiualrie:

And of the great Battaile for the nones Between Athenes and Amasones: De again and librar W

And how besieged was Ipolita, the yong hardie queene of Cithea.

And of the feast, that was at her wedding,
And of the tempest at her home comming:
But all that thing I mote as now forbere;

I have, God wot, a large field to ere; and out the same And weked bene the oxen in the plowe: afo add any but The remnant of my tale is long ynow. I will nat letten eke non of this rout, but any to believe Let every fellow tell his tale about, the bus being to be And let se now who shall the supper win,
And there I lest, I will again begin.
This duke, of whom I make mencioune,

Whon he was come almost to the town In all his wele and his most pride, He was ware, as he cast his eye aside, Dddd 2 Where

Where that there kneled in the high wey A companie of ladies, twey and twey; Eche after other clad in clothes blacke, But fuch a crie and fuch a woe they make, That in this world nys creature living That ever heard fuch a waimenting: And of this crie they nold never stenten, Till they the reins of his bridell henten.

What folk be ye that at myn home comming
Perturben so my feast with crieing
Quod Theseus? Have ye so great enuy
Of mine honour, that thus complaine and cry?
Or who hath you misbode, or offended?
Now telleth me, if it may be amended,
And why that ye be clothed thus in blacke?

The oldest ladie of them all spake,
Whan she had sowned with a deedly chere,
That it was ruth for to see and here:
She said, lord to whom fortune hath yeue
Victory, and as a conqueror to liue;
Nought greueth vs your glory and honour,
But we beseke you of mercy and socour.
And haue mercy on our wo and distresse, and so and the second of the second of

Now certes, lord, to abyde your presence,
Here in this temple of the goddesse Clemence,
We have be waiting all this fourtenight:
Help us, lord, fyth it lieth in thy might.

Wretch, that wepe and waile thus Whylem wife to king Campaneus, bogodod wod bad. That starfe at Thebes, cursed be the day, a shard grow and And all we that ben in this aray, and all only to but And maken all this lamentacion and as frequent ed to but We losten all our husbondes at that town, as a seed to seed Whyle that the fiege there about laie; And yet the old Creon, (wel awaie) and below both That Lorde is nowe of Thebes cite, Fulfilled of yre and of iniquite, to non and manifest the I He for dispite and for his tiranny To done the deed bodies villany Of all our lords, which that ben slawe, Hath all the bodies on an heap ydrawe; And will nat fuffer hem by none affent Neither to be buried, ne to be brent in and shall have But maketh hounds to eat hem in dispite. And with that word without more respite

They fallen grossy, and crien pitously,
Haue on vs wretched wymen some mercy,
And let our sorowe sinke in thine hert:

This gentle duke downe from his horse stert,
With hert pitous, whan he herd hem speke,
Him thought that his hert wolde breke,
Whan he saw hem so pitous and so mate
That whylom were of so great estate:
And in his armes, he hem all vp hent,
And hem comforted in full good entent:
And swore his othe, as he was true knight
He wolde don so ferforthly his might
Upon the tirant Creon hem to wreake,
That all the people of Grece shulde speake
How Creon was of Thesens yserued;
As he that hath his deth full well deserved.

And right anon withouten more abode

His baner he displayed, and forth rode

To Thebes warde, and all his hoost beside,

No nere Athens nolde he go ne ride,

Ne take his ease fully halte a daye,

But onward on his way that night he laye:

And sent anone Ipolita the quene,

And Emely her yong sister shene,

Unto the towne of Athenes to dwell:

And forth he rideth, there nys no more to tel.

He red statu of Mars with spere and targe So shineth in his white baner large, That all the feldes glyttern up and doun; And by his baner borne is his penon, Of golde ful riche, in which there was ybete The mynotaure, that he wan in Crete. Thus rideth this duke, this conquerour, And in his hoste of chiualrie the flour, would all the Till that he came to Thebes, and alight Fayre in a felde ther as he thought to fight: But shortly for to speken of this thing, With Creon, which was of Thebes king, He faught and slewe him manly as a knight and sold wood In plaine battaile, and put his folke to flight: And at a faute he wan the cite after, And rent adowne wall, sparre, and rafter, And to the ladies he restored againe The bodies of her husbandes that were flain, To done obsequies, as tho was the gife.

But it were all to long for to deuile
The great clamour, and the weymenting
That the ladies made at the brenning
Of the bodies, and the great honour
That Theseus, the noble conquerour,
Doth to the ladies when they from him went;
But shortly to tellen is mine entent.

When

When that this worthy duke this Thefeus Hath Creon flaine, and wan Thebes thus, Still in the felde he toke all night his rest, And did with all the countre as hem left; To ransake in the taas of bodies dede, (Hem for to stripe of harneys and of wede) The pillours did her businesse and cure After the bataile and the discomfiture: And so befell, that in the taas they founde Though girt with many a greuous wound, Two yong knightes lyeng by and by Both in armes fame, wrought full richely: Of which two, Arcite hight that one, And that other hight Palamon, Not fully quicke, ne fully deed they were, But by her cote armours, and by her gere The Heraudes knew him best in speciall, As the that weren of the bloode riall Of Thebes, and of fistren two yborne: Out of the Taas the pillours hath hem torne, And han hem caried fofte into the tent Of Theseus, and he full some hem sent To Athenes, to dwellen there in prison and anomalies but Perpetuell he nolde hem not raunson:
And whan this worthy duke had thus idon, He toke his hooste, and home he gothe anon With Laurel crowned as a conquerour; And there he liueth in joye and honour, Terme of his life, what needeth words mo? And in a toure, anguish and in wo Dwelleth Palamon, and his fellowe Arcite For evermore, there may no gold hem quite.

Hus passeth yere by yere, and day by day,
Till it fell ones in a morrowe of May
That Emely, that fayrer was to sene
Than is the lylly upon the stalke grene,
And fresher than May with sloures newe,
For with the Rose colour strose her hewe;
Inot which was the fayrer of them two:

Er it was day, as was her won to do,
She was arisen, and all redy dight;
For May wool have no slogardy a night:
The season pricketh every gentell herte,
And maketh it out of ther slepe sterte,
And saith arise, and do May observaunce.

This maketh *Emely* to have remembraunce
To done honour to *May*, and for to rife,
Iclothed was fhe fresh for to deuise;
Her yellow heare was broided in a tresse
Bahindeher backe, a yerde long I gesse,
And in the gardyn at sunne uprist
She walketh up and downe as her list;

She gathereth floures, party white and reed,
To make a fubtell garland for her heed;
And as an angel, heuenly she fong:
The great toure that was so thicke and strong,
Which of the castell was the chefe dungeon
Wherein the knightes were in prison,
Of which I tolde you, and tell shall,
Was even joynant to the garden wall:
There as this *Emely* had her playeing
Bright was the sonne, and clere the morning,

Bright was the fonne, and clere the morning,
And Palamon, this wofull prifoner,
As was his wont, by leave of his gayler
Was rifen, and romed in a chambre on highe
In which he all the noble cite fighe,
And eke the gardyn full of braunches greene,
There as this fresh Emely the shene
Was in her walke, and romed vp and down;

This forowful prisoner, this Palamon,
Gothe in his chambre roming to and fro,
And to himselfe complaining of his wo
That he was borne full ofte said alas:
And so befell my auenture or caas,

And so befell my auenture or caas,
That through a window thick of many a bar
Of yren great, and square as any spar
He cast his eyen vpon *Emilia*,
And therewith he blent, and cried, ha,
As though he stongen were to the herte.

And with that crie Arcite anon vp sterte,
And sayd, cosyn myne, what eyleth the
That art so pale and deedly for to se?
Why criest thou? who hath do the offence?
For Goddes loue, take all in pacience
Our prison, for it maie none other be,
Fortune hath yeuen vs this aduersitie,
Some wicked aspect or disposicion
Of Saturne, by some constellacion
Hath yeuen vs this, altho we had it sworn,
So stode the heuen, when that we were born,
We mote endure; this is short and playn.

This Palamon answered, and sayde agayn,
Cosyn forsoth, of this opinion
Thou hast a vaine imaginacion;
This prison caused me not to crye,
But I was hurt right now through myn eye
Into myn hert, that woll my bane be,
The fayreness of a lady that I se
Yonde in the gardyn, roming to and fro
Is cause of all my cryeng and wo:

I not where she be woman or goddesse,
But Venus it is, sothly as I gesse.
And therwithall on knees down he fyll,
And said: Venus, if it be thy wyll

You in this garden thus to transfigure
Beforne me forrowfull wretched creature,
Out of this prison helpe that we may scape,
And if our desteny be so ishape
By eterne worde, to dyen in prison,
Of our lynage haue some compassion
That is so lowe ybrought by tyranny.

And with that worde Arcite gan efpy
Where as the lady romed to and fro,
And with that fight her bewte hurt him fo,
That if that Palamon was wounded fore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more:
And with a figh he faid pitoufly.

And with a figh he faid pitoufly,

The fresh beutie sleeth me fodenly,

Of her that rometh in yonder place,

And but I haue her mercy and her grace,

That I may seen her at the leste way,

I nam but deed, there nys no more to say:

This Palamon, whan he these words herd,
Dispitously he loked, and answerd:
Whether sayest thou this in ernest or in play?

Nay quod Arcite, in ernest by my fay, God helpe me fo, me lift full yuell to pley: dong nony 10 This Palamon gan knit his browes twey, they and flas old It were (quod he) to the no great honour To be false, ne for to be traytour was another demonstrate. To me, that am thy cofyn and thy brother;
I sworne full depe, and eche of vs to other That neuer for to dyen in the payne has a log of the send Till that the deth departe vs twayne: sould here vitw Neither of vs in loue to hindre other, and and abbot to ! Ne in none other case my leue brother, But that thou shuldest truly further me and and a line of In eury case, as I shulde further the: This was thine othe, and mine also certain, I wote it well thou darft it not withfayn, all a money dialet Thus art thou of my counfell out of doubte, doubted of And now thou woldest falsly ben aboute and a some work To love my lady, whom I love and ferue, And ever shall, till that myn herte sterue:

Now certes, false Arcite, thou shalt not so; flash word? I loued her first, and tolde the my wo, a sound aid. As to my counsell, and to my brother sworne words. To further me, as I have tolde beforne, For which thou art ibounden as a knight. To helpen me, if it lye in thy might; the same all members of the lowest false, I dare well saine.

This Arcite full proudly spake againe,
Thou shalt (quod he) be rather false than I,
And thou art false I tell the vtterly.
For paramount I loued her first, or thou,
What wilt thou sain, thou wist it nat or now

Whe-

Whether she be woman or goddesse,
Thine is affection of holinesse,
And mine is love as to a creature,
For which I tolde the mine aventure.
As to my cosyn, and my brother sworne,

Suppose that thou loueds her beforne,
Wost thou not well the olde clerks sawe?
That who shall give a louer any lawe.
Loue is a gretter lawe by my pan
Than may be yeuen to any erthly man,
And therfore posityse lawe, and such decre
Is broken all day for loue in eche degre.
A man mote nedes loue, maugre his heed,
He may nat sleen it though he shuld be deed,
All be she maide, widowe, or wife.

And eke it is not likely all thy life
To stonden in her grace, no more shall I,
For well thou wost thy selfe verely,
That thou and I be dampned to prison
Perpetuell, vs gaineth no raunson.

We striuen, as did the houndes for the bone
That foughten al day, and yet her part was non;
Ther cam a cur, whil that they wer so wroth,
And bare away the bone from hem both:
And therfore, at kings court, my brother,
Eche man for him selfe, there is none other.
Loue if thou list, for I loue and ay shall,
And sothly lefe brother this is all,
Here in this prison mote we endure,
And euerich of vs taken his auenture.

Great was the strife betwix hem twey,

If that I had leyfer for to sey:
But to thessect; it happed on a dey,
To tell it you shortly as I may,
A worthy duke that hight Perithous,

That felowe was to duke Thefeus
Sith thilke day that they were children lite
Was come to Athenes, his felowe to vifite,
And for to play, as he was wont to do,
For in this world he loued no man so;
And he loued him as tenderly againe,
So wel they loued, as old bokes sayne,
That when that one was deed, sothly to tell
His fellow went and sought him down in hell;
But of that story list me not to write.

Duke Perithous loued well Arcite,
And had him know at Thebes yere by yere,
And finally at request and prayere
Of Perithous, withouten any raunson
Duke Theseus let him out of prison
Frely to gon whither him list ouer all
In such a gyse as I you tellen shall.

Reee

This was the forwarde, plainly to endite
Betwixt duke Thefeus and him Arcite,
That if fo were, that Arcite were yfounde
Ever in his life, by day, night or ftounde
In any countre of this duke Thefeus
And he were caught, it was accorded thus,
That with a fwerd he should lese his heed,
There was none other remedy, ne reed,
Buttaketh his leue, and homward him sped,
Let him beware, his necke lieth to wedd.

How great forowe fuffereth now Arcite?

The dethe he feleth through his hert smite;
He wepeth, waileth, and crieth pitously,
To sleen him felfe he waiteth priuely
And said, alas the day that I was borne;
Now is my prison worse than beforne,
Now is me shapen eternally to dwell
Nought in purgatory, but in hell.

Alas! that euer I knew Perithous,

For els had I dwelt with Thefeus

Ifetered in his prison euermo,

Then had I be in blisse, and nat in wo,

Only the fight of her, whom that I serue,

Though that I neuer her grace may deserue,

Wolde haue suffised right ynough for me.

O dere cofyn Palamon (quod he)
Thine is the victorie of this auenture,
Ful blisful in prison mayst thou endure:
In prison, Nay certes but in paradife,
Well hath fortune to the turned the dise,
That hast the sight of her, and I thabsence:
For possible is, sithens thou hast her presence,
And art a knight, a worthie man and able
That by sum case, syn fortune is changeable,
Thou maist somtime to thy desire attaine:

But I that am exiled, and baraine
Of all grace, and in fo great dispeyre,
That there nys water, erthe, fyre, ne eyre,
Ne creature that of him maked is
That may me heale, or done comfort in this,
Wel ought I sterue in wan hope and distresse,
Farewell my life, my lust, and my gladnesse.

Alas, why playnen men fo in commune
Of purveyance of God, or of fortune,
That yeueth him full oft in many agife
Well bette than hem felf can deuife;
Some man defireth to haue richeffe
That cause is of her murdre or sicknesse,
And some man wold out of his prison faine
That in his house, is of his meyne slaine.
Infinite harmes beene in this mattere,
We wote not what thing we prayen here:

We

We faren as he that dronke is as a mouse:
A dronken man woten well he hath an house,
But he wot not which the right way thider,
And to a dronken man the way is slider;
And certes in this world so faren we:

We feken fast after felicite,
But we go wrong full ofte truely:
Thus we may fay all, and namely I,
That wenden, and had a great opinion,
That if I might scape fro prison,
Than had I ben in ioye and partite hele,
There now I am exiled fro my wele,
Sith that I may nat seen you, Emely,
I nam but deed, there nys no remedy.

Whan that he wist Arcite was gon,
Such sorow he maketh, that the great tour
Resowned of his yelling and clamour;
The pure setters on his shinnes grete
Were of his bitter salt teares wete.

Alas (quoth he) Arcite, cofyn mine, Of all our strife, God wot, the frute is thine. Thou walkest now in Thebes at large And of my wo, thou yeuest littell charge: Thou mailt, fith thou hast wisedom and manhed, Assemble all the folke of our kinrede, And make warre fo sharpe in this countre That by some auenture, or by some treate Thou maist have her to lady and to wife, For whom I must nedes lese my life: For as by way of possibilite, Sithe thou art at thy large of prison fre, And art a Lord, great is thine advantage, More than is myne, that sterue her in a cage; For I may wepe and wayle, whiles that I live, With all the wo that prison may me yeue, And eke with paine that love yeaeth me also, That doubleth all my tourment and my wo:

Therewith the fire of ieloune vp flert
Within his breft, and hent him by the hert
So woodly that he likely was to behold
The boxe tree, or the affen deed and cold:
Than faid he, O cruell goddes, that gouerne
This worlde with your word eterne,
And written in the table of Athamant,
Your parliament, and eterne graunt;
What is mankind more unto you yholde
Than is the shepe, that rouketh in the folde?
For slain is man, right as another beest,
And dwelleth eke in prison, and in arrest,
And hath sicknesse, and great adversite,
And oft time giltlesse parde.

No A

Eeee 2

What governance is in this prescience, of a month of that giltlesse turmenteth innocence, of the month of the And encreaseth thus all my penaunce, in a common of the And encreaseth thus all my penaunce, in a common of the That man is bounden to his observance, in a common of the And There as a beest may all his lustes fulfill:

And whan a beest is deed, he hath no payne, and the But after his death, man mote wepe and plain:

Though in this world he have care and wo, without doute it may stonden so.

The answer of this lete, I to divines, and and I

But well, I wote, in this world great pine is,
Alas I se a serpent or a these,
That many a true man hath do mischiefe,
Gon at his large, and where him list may turn:
But I mote ben in prison through Saturn,
And eke through Juno jalous and eke wood,
That hath stroyed well nigh all the blood
Of Thebes, with his wast walles wide;
And Venus sleeth me on that other side
For ielousie and fear of him, Arcite.

Now will I stinte of Palamon alite,

Now will I stinte of Palamon alite, And let him in his prison still dwell: Wood Balance and I And of Arcite forth woll I you tell.

The former passeth, and the nights long
Encreseth double wise the paines strong
Both of the louer and of the prisoner,
I not which hath the wosuller mister:
For shortly to say, this Palamon
Perpetuell is damned to prison
In chaines and seters to the deed;
And Arcite is exiled on his heed
For euermore as out of that countre,
Ne neuermore shall his lady se.

You louers aske I now this question,
Who hath the worse, Arcite, or Palamon?
That one may se his lady day by day,
But in prison mote he dwell alway,
That other where him list may ride or go,
But sene his lady shall he neuer mo:

Now deemeth as ye lift, ye that can,
For I woll tell forth my tale, as I began.

¶ Whan that Arcite to Thebes comen was,
Full ofte a day he fwelte, and faid alas,
For fene his lady shall he neuer mo;
And shortely to conclude all his wo,
So mikell forowe made neuer creature
That is or shal be while the world may dure:
His slepe, his meat, his drinke is him byraft,
That lean he waxeth, and drye as a shaft:
His eyen hollow, and grisly to behold,
His bewe pale, and salowe as asshen colde:

And folitary he was, and euer alone,
And wailing all the night, making mone;
And if he heard fong or instrument,
Then would he wepe, he might not stent:
So feble were his spirites, and so lowe,
And chaunged so, that no man coude him know:
His speech, ne his voice, though men it herde,
As in his gyre, for all the world it ferde.
Nought comly like to louers malady

Of heroes, but rather like many Engendred of humours melancholike, Beforne his fell fantastike:
And shortely was turned all vp so down Bothe habite and disposicion:
Of him, this woful louer Arcite,

What shulde I all day of his wo endite?
Whan he endured had a yere or two
This cruel torment, and this paine and wo
At Thebes in his countre, as I saide,
Upon a night in slepe as he him laide,
Him thought how that the winged Mercury
Beforne him stode, and bad him be mery:
His slepy yerde in hande he bare vpright,
An hatte he wered upon his heares bright,
Irayed was this god, as he toke kepe
As he was, whan Argus toke his slepe:

And faid him thus, To Athens shalt thou wend,
There is the shapen of thy wo an end.
And with that word Arcite awoke and stert;

Now truly how fore that me fmert, Quod he: to Athens right now woll I fare, Ne for no drede of death shall I spare To se my lady, that I loue and serue, In her presence recke I not to sterue. And with that word he caught a great mirror,
And fawe that chaunged was all his colour,
And faw his vifage all in another kinde: And faw his vifage all in another kinde; And right anon it ran him in his mind, That fith his face was fo disfigured Of malady, the which he had indured,
He might well, if that he bare him low He might well, if that he bare him low Liue in Athenes euermore vnknow, And sene his lady welnigh day by day. And right anon he chaunged his aray, And clad him as a poore labourer, It beled that in the fei And all alone (faue only a squier The third night, as That knew his privitie and all his caas, Which was disgised porely as he was) Were it by aduenture To Athenes is he gon the next way,
And to the court he went upon a day,
And at the gate he profered his feruice, (As when a thing is

To drugge and draw what men would deuise:

bne

And

And shortly of this matter for to fayne, He fell in office with a chamberlayne, The which was dwelling with Emely; For he was wife, and foon couth efpye Of every fervaunt which that ferved here, Well couth he hewen wood, and water bere, For he was yong and mighty for the nones, And, therto he was strong and bigge of bones To done that any wight gan him deuise: A yere or two he was in this feruice, Page of the chamber of Emelye the bright, And Philostrate he saied that he hight: But halfe so welbeloued man as he Ne was there none in court of his degre He was so gentill of condition, That through all the court was his renon: Thei faid that it were a charitie That Thefeus wold enhauncen his degre, And put him in a wurshipfull service, There as he might his vertue exercise: And thus within a while his name is fprong Both of his dedes, and of his good tong; That Thefeus hath taken him so nere, That of his chamber he made him squiere; And yaue him gold to maintain his degre; And eke men brought him out of his contre Fro yere to yere full priuely his rent; But honestly and slyly he it spent, That no man wondered how he it had, And thre yere in this wife his life he lade; And bare him so in peace and eke in were, There was no man that Thefeus hath der. And in this bliffe let I now Arcite, And speke I woll of Palamon alite; In darknesse horrible and strong prison This seuen yere hath sitten this Palamon, Forpined, what for wo and distresse: Who feleth double fore and heuinesse But Palamon? that love distraineth so That wode out of his withe goeth for wo, And eke therto he is a prisonere Perpetuel, and not only for a yere. Who could rime in English properly

His martyrdome? forfoth it am nat I:

Therfore I passe as lightly as I may Therfore I passe as lightly as I may. It befel that in the feuenth yere in May,

The third night as olde bokes favne The third night, as olde bokes fayne, (That all this story tellen more playne)
Were it by adventure or by destine Were it by aduenture or by destine, Were it by aduenture or by deltine,

(As when a thing is shapen, it shalbe)

That soon after midnight Palamon

Pur helping of a frende brake his prison By helping of a frende brake his prison, and bas symbol

And fleeth the cite as fast as he may go,
For he hath yeuen the gailer drinke so
Of a clarrie, made of certain wine
With Narcotise and Opie, of Thebes sine,
That all the night though men wold him shake,
The gailer slept, he nugh not awake;
And thus he fleeth as fast as he maie.

The night was thort, and fast by the daie,
That nedes cost he mote himselfe hide,
And to a groue fast there beside,
With dredfull foote than stalketh Palamon,
For shortly this was his opinion,
That in the groue he would him hide al daie,
And in the night than wold he take his waie
To Thebes ward his friendes for to prie
On Theseus to helpe him to warrie:
And shortly, either he would lese his life,
Or winne Emelye vnto his wife:
This is the effect, and his intent plain.

Now will I tourne to Arcite again, That little wist how nie was his care, Till that fortune had brought him in her fnare: The merie larke, messanger of the daie Saleweth in her fong on the morrow graie, And firie Phebus rifeth vp fo bright, That all the orifont laugheth of the fight; And with his stremes drieth in the greues The filuer droppes hanging in the leues. And Arcite, that in the court reall With Theseus, his squier principall, Is rifen, and looketh on the merie daie, And for to doen his observances to Maie, Remembring on the poinct of his Defire, He on his courser startlyng as the fire, Is riden into the fieldes him to plaie Out of the court, were it a mile or tweie, And to the groue of whyche I you tolde, By aduenture, his way he gan holde; To maken him a garlonde of the greues, Were it of Wodbind or Hauthorn leues, And loud he fong ayenft the Sonne shene:

Maie, with all thy floures and thy grene,
Welcome be thou, faire freshe Maie,
I hope that I some grene get maie:
And from his courser, with a lustie hert
Into the groue full hastily he stert,
And in a pathe he romed vp and down.
There, as by adventure this Palamon
Was in a bushe, that no man might hym se,
For sore asraied of death was he:
Nothing ne knew he that it was Arcite,
God wote he would have trowed full lite.

A

Both foth is faied, go fighen many yeres
That field hath jyen, and wodde hath eres,
It is full fair a man to beare him euin,
For all daie men mete at vnset steuin:
Full little wote Arcite of his felawe,
That was so nigh to herken of his sawe:
For in the bushe sitteth he now full still.

When that Arcite had romed all his fill, And fongen all the roundell lustely, Into a studie he fell sodenly; Is doen these louers in their queint gires, Now in the crop, and now down in the brires, Now vp, now doune, as boket in a well; Right as the Fridaie, sothly for to tell, Now it raineth, now it shineth fast: Right so gan gerie Venus ouercast The hartes of her folke right as her daie, As gerifull, right fo chaungeth she araie; Selde is the Friday all the weke alike. When that Arcite had fong, he gan to fike And fet him doun withouten any more, Alas (quoth he) the daie that I was bore! How long, Juno, with thy cruelte Wilt thou warren Thebes the citee? Alas ibrought is to confusion The blood reall of Cadmus and Amphion:

Of Cadmus, which was the first man That Thebes builte, or first the toun began, And of the citee first was crouned king, Of his linage am I, and of his spring By very line as of the stocke reall, And now I am so caitisfe and so thrall; That he that is my mortall enemie I ferue him as his fquire poorely, And yet doeth me Juno well more shame. For I dare nat be knowe myne owne name, But there, as I was wont to hight Arcite, Now hight I Philostrat nat worth a mite: Alas, thou fell Mars! alas, thou fell Juno, Thus hath your ire our linage all for do, Saue only me, and wretched Palamon, That Theseus martireth in prison; And ouer all this, to flean me vtterly, Loue hath his firie dart fo brennyngly Isticked through my true carefull hert, That shapen was my dearh erst my shert; Ye slean me with your iven Emelie, Ye been the cause wherefore I die, Of all the remenaunt of mine other care Ne let I nat the mountaunce of a Tare; So that I cou'd do ought to your pleasaunce: And with that word he fel down in a traunce

A long time, and afterward he vp stert. This Palamon thought that through his hart He felt a colde fworde fodenly glide, For ire he quoke, no lenger could he abide, And when that he had heard Arcite's tale, As he were wode, with face dedde and pale He stert him vp out of the bushes thicke, And faied, Arcite, false traitour wicke, Now art thou hent, that louest my ladie fo For whom that I have this pain and wo, And art my blood, and to my counfell fworn, As I have full oft tolde thee here beforn: And hast be iaped here duke Theseus, And falfely hast chaunged thy name thus, I will be dedde, or els thou shalt die. Thou shalt not loue my ladie Emelie, But I woll loue her only and no mo, For I am Palamon thy mortall fo. Though that I have no weapen in this place, But out of prison am aftert by grace, I dred nat that either thou shalt die Or thou ne shalt nat louen Emelye: These which thou wilt, or thou shalt not aftert.

This Arcite, with full dispitous hert When he hym knewe, and had his tale herd, As fers as a Lion, pulled out his sweard, And faied, By God, that fitteth aboue Ne wer that thou art ficke, and wod for loue, And eke that thou no weapen hast in this place, Thou shouldest neuer out this groue pace, That thou ne shouldest dien of mine honde: For I defie the fuertie and the bonde Which that thou faift that I have made to thee, What very foole, thinke wel that loue is free? And I will loue her maugre all thy might: But for asmoch as thou art a knight, And wilnest to daren here by battaile, Haue here mi truth, to morrow I will not fail Without wittyng of any other wight, That here I will be founden as a knight, And bringen harneis right inough for thee, And chefe the best, and leave the worst for me, And meate and drinke this night will I bring, Inough for thee, and clothes for thy bedding; And if so be that thou my ladie win, And slea me in this wodde there I am in, . Thou maiest well have thy ladie as for me.

This Palamon answered, I grant it thee.

And thus thei been departed till a morrow,
When ech of hem had laied his faith to borow.

O Cupide, out of all charitee,
O reigne, that wouldest have no felow with thee,

Full foth is faied, that love ne lordship Woll nat his thankes have any feliship: We finde that of Arcite and Palamon.

Arcite is ridden anon into the toun, And on the morow or it were daie light, Full priuely twoo harneis had he dight, Bothe sufficient and mete to darreigne The battail in the field betwixt hem tweine; And on his horse, alone as he was borne, He carrieth all his harneis him beforne, And in the groue, at time and place ifet, That Arcite and this Palamon been met, To changen gan the colour in her face, Right as the hunter in the royume of Trace That standeth at a gappe, with a speare When hunted is the lion or the beare; And hereth him rushing in the leues, And breaketh the bowes in the greues, And thinketh, here cometh my mortal enemy, Without faile he must be dede, or I: For either I mote slea him at the gap, Or he mote slea me, if me mishap. So ferden thei, in chaunging of her hewe, As far as eueriche of other knewe; There was no good daie, ne no faluing, But streight without word or reherfing Eueriche of hem helped for to arme other As friendly as he were his own brother; And after that, with sharpe speares strong Thei foinen eche at other wonder long: Thou mightest wenen, that this Palamon In his fighting were a wodde Lion, And as a cruel Tigre was Arcite, As wild Bores gan they fight and fmite, That frothen white as fome for ire woode; Vp to the ancle foughten they in her bloode. And in this wife I let hem fighting dwell, As foorth I woll of Thefeus you tell:

The destinie, and the minister generall,
That executeth in the worlde over all
The purveyance that God hath said beforme,
So strong it is, that though the world had sworne
The contrary of thing be ye and naie,
Yet sometime it sholl fall on a daie
That fell never yet in a thousand yere:
For certainly our appetites here,
Be it of warre, peace, hate or love,
All is ruled by the sight above;
This meane I now by mightie Theseus
That for to hunt is so desirous,
And namely at the great Hart in Maie,
That in his bed there daweth him day

That he nys clad, and ready for to ride With hunt and horne, and houndes him beside, For in his hunting hath he soche delit, That it is all his joie and appetite To been himselfe the greate hartes bane; For after Mars he serueth now Diane: Clere was the day, as I haue tolde or this, And Theseus with all ioy and blis, With his Ipolita, the faire quene, And Emely, iclothen all in grene, An hunting been thei ridden rially, And to the groue, that stood there fast by, In which ther was an Hart, as men hun told, Duke Thefeus the streight way hath holde, And to the land he rideth him full right, For thither was the hart wont to have his flight, And ouer a broke, and so foorth on his weie This duke wol haue a cours at him or twey With houndes, foch as him lift commaunde: And when the duke was comen into the launde, Under the foone he looked, and that anon He was ware of Arcite and Palamon,
That foughten breme as it were bulles two, The bright swordes wenten to and fro So hodiously, that with the lest stroke It semed that it would have fellen an oke: But what thei weren nothing he ne wote, This Duke with his sporrs his courser smote, And at a start he was betwixt hem two, And pulled out his fworde, and cried, ho: No more, on pain of lefing your hedde, By mightie Mars, he shall anone be dedde That smiteth any stroke that I may seen, But telleth me what mister men ye been That been so hardie for to fighten here Without judge or other officere, As though it were in liftes rially? This Palamon answered hastely, And faid, Sir, what nedeth words mo? We have the death deserved bothe two, Two woful wretches been we and caitiues, That been encombred of our own lives; And as thou art a rightful lorde and judge Ne yeue us neither mercie ne refuge, But flea me first for sainct charitee, But slea my felowe as well as me: Or slea him first, for though thou knowe it lite; This is thy mortall foe, this is Arcite, That fro thy land is banished on his hedde, For which he hath deferued to be dedde; For this is he that came unto thy yate And faied that he hight Philostrate, Ffff 2

Thus hath he iaped full many a yere
And thou hast made him thy chiefe squiere:
And this is he that loueth *Emelye*.

For fith the daie is come that I shall die,
I make plainly my confession,
I am thilke wofull Palamon
That hath thy prison broke wickedly,
I am thy mortall soe, and he am I
That loueth so hote Emelye the bright,
That I woll die here present in her sight;
Therefore I aske death and my iewise,
But slea my felowe in the same wise;
For both we have deserved to be slain.

This worthy duke answered anon again
And faied, this is a short conclusion,
Your owne mouth, by your confession
Hath damned you, and I woll it recorde,
It nedeth not to pine you with a corde:
Ye shall be dedde by mighty Mars the redde.

The quene anon for very woman hedde
Gan for to wepe and fo did Emelye, And all the ladies in the companie; Great pitie was it, as thought hem all, That euer foch a chaunce was befall, For gentilmen thei were of great estate,
And nothing but for loue was this debate And faw her bloody woundes wide and fore, And all criden both leffe and more: Haue mercie, lord, upon us wemen all, And on her bare knees doune thei fall; And would have kist his fete there he stode: Till at the last, aslaked was his mode, For pitie renneth fone in gentle hert, And though he first for ire quoke and stert, He hath concluded shortly in a clause: The Trespasses of hem both, and eke the cause And although his ire her gilt accused, Yet in his reason he hem both excused: As thus: he thought well that euery man Woll helpe himselfe in loue all that he can, And eke deliuer himself out of prison; And eke his heart had compassion Of wemen, for they wepen euery in one, And in his gentle hert he thought anone And foft vnto himselfe he faied, fie Upon a lorde that woll have no mercie, But be a Lion both in worde and deede To hem that been in repentance and dreede, As well as to a proud dispitous man That will maintain that he first began: That lorde hath little of discrecion and the state of That in foch case can no diffinicion,

But waieth pride and humblenesse after one; And shortly when his ire was thus agone, He gan to looken up with iyen light, And spake these wordes all one hight:

The God of loue, ah benedicite! How mighty, and how great a lorde is he! Again his might there gaineth no obstacles, He may be cleaped a God for his miracles: For he can maken at his owne gife

Of euerich heart, as him list deuise.

Loe here this Arcite, and this Palamon, That quietly were out of my prison gon, And might have lived in Thebes rially, And knowen I am her mortall enemie, And that her death is in my power also, And yet hath love maugre her iyen two, Brought hem hither both for to die. Now loketh, is not this a great follie? Who may be a fool, but if he love, Behold for Goddes fake, that fitteth aboue, See how they blede; be they nat wel araied?
Thus hath her lord, the god of loue, him paied Her wager, and her fees for her feruice, The Authorit And yet thei wenen to be full wife That serue loue, for ought that may befall. But yet is this the best game of all, That she, for whom they have this jolitie, Cen hem therefore as moch thanke as me: She wote no more of all this hote fare By God, than wote a Cokowe or an Hare; But all mote been assaied hote and cold. A man mote been a foole, other young or old, I wotte it by my selfe full yore agone; For in my time a feruant was I one, And therefore fith I knowe of loues pain I wote how fore it can a man distrain; As he that oft hath be caught in her laas I you foryeue all hooly this trespaas At the request of the quene, that kneleth here, And eke of Emelye, my fister dere. And ye shall both anon unto me swere That ye shall neuer more my countre dere; Ne make warre upon me night ne daie, But been my friends in all that ye maie. I you foryeue this trespas every dele, And thei hem fware his asking faire and wele; And him of lordship and of mercie praied, And he hem graunted grace, and thus he faied:

To speake of worthie linage and richesse, Though that the were a quene or a princesse, Ilke of you both is worthy doubtles To wed when time is; but netheles I speake, as for my sister Emelye,
For whom ye have this strief and ielousy,
Ye wote your selfe, she maie not wedde two
At ones, though ye sighten ever mo;
But one of you, all be him lothe or lefe,
He mote go pipe in an Iue lefe;
This is to saie, she maie not have both
Ne been ye never so ielous, ne so wroth:
And therefore I you put in this degre,
That ech of you shall have his destine
As him is shape, and herken in what wise,
Lo here your end, of that I shall devise.

My will is this, for plat conclusion, Without any replication: If that you liketh, taketh it for the best, That euerich of you shall go where him lest, Frely, without ransom or danger: And this day fiftie wekes, ferre ne nere: Euerich of you shall bring an C. knights Armed for the lestes vpon all rightes, Alredy to darrein here by battaile: And this behote I you withouten faile, Upon my truthe, as I am true knight; That whether of you bothe hath that might; That is to faie, that whether he or thou May with his hundred, as I spake of now, Slea his contrary, or out of listes drive, Him shall I yeue Emelye to wive; To whom that fortune yeueth so fair a grace. The lestes shall I make in this place; And God fo wifely on my foul rewe, As I shall even judge be, and trewe: Ye shal non other ende with me make, That one of you shall be dedde or take; And ye thinken this is well isaied, Saith your aduife, and hold you well apaid.

Who loketh lightly now but Palamon?
Who springeth vp for ioie but Arcite?
Who could tell, or who could endite
The ioye that is made in this place,
When Theseus had doen so faire a grace?
But down on knees went every maner wight,
And thanked him, with all her hert and might,
And namely these Thebanes many asithe.

This is your end, and your conclusion:

And namely these Thebanes many asithe.

And thus with good hope and hert blithe
They taken her leue, and homeward gan they ride
To Thebes ward, with old walles wide.

I trawe men would deme it negligence
If I foryetten to tell the dispence
Of Theseus, that goeth busely
To maken up the lestes rially,

That fuch a noble Theatre as it was, I dare well faie in this world there has. The circute a mile was about, Walled with stone, and diched all about; Round was the shape in maner of a compas, Full of degrees, the hight of fixtie paas; That when a man was fet on one degree He letted not his felowe for to fee. Eastward there stode a gate of marble wite; Westward right such another in the opposite: And shortly to conclude, such a place Was none in yearth, as in so litell space: For in the londe there has no craftes man That Geometrie or Arithmetike can, Ne purtreiture, ne caruer of Images, That Thefeus ne gaue him mete and wages, That Theatre to make and deuise:

And for to do his Rite and Sacrifice
He Eastward hath vpon the yate aboue,
In worship of Venus, the Goddesse of loue,
Doe make an auter, and an oratorie;
And on the West-side, in memorie
Of Mars he maked such an other
That cost of golde largely a fother:
And Northward, in a turret in the wall
Of Alabaster white, and redde Corall,
An oratorie rich for to see,
In worship of Diane, the Goddes of chastite
Hath Theseus doe wrought in noble wise:

But yet had I foryetten to deuise The noble caruings, and the purtreitures, The shape, the countnaunce, and the figures That were in the oratories three. First, in the temple of Venus thou maist se Wrought on the wall, full pitoufly to behold, The broken flepes and the fighes cold, The fault teares, and the weymenting, The fire strokes, and the defiring That loues servauntes in this life enduren; The othes that her couenauntes assuren, Pleafaunce and hope, defire, foolehardinesse, Beautie and youth, baudrie and richesse, Charmes and forcerie, leekings and flatterie, Dispence, bufinesse, and ielousie, That weared of yelowe goldes agarlande, And a Cokow fitting on her hande; Feastes, instruments, carolles and daunces, Justes and araie, and all the circumstaunces Of loue, which I reken, and reken shall, By order were painted on the wall, And more than I can make mencion: For fothly all the mount of Citheron, Where Venus hath her principal dwelling, Was shewed on the wall in purtreing With all the joy, and the lustinesse: Nought was foryetten the portresse idlenesse, Ne Narcissus the fair, of yore agone, Ne yet the folie of king Salomon, Ne yet the great strength of Hercules, Th enchauntment of Medea and Circes, Ne of Turnus, with his hardie fers corage, The rich Cresus, caitife in servage. Thus may you sen, that wisedom ne richesse, Beuty ne sleight, strength ne hardinesse, Ne maie with Venus hold champartie; For as her lift, the world may she gie. Lo, all these folke so cought were in her laas, Till thei for wofull oft saied alas: Sufficeth here one example or two; And though I could reken a thousand mo.

The statue of Venus, glorious to se, Was maked sleting in the large see, And fro the nauell doune all couered was With waves grene, and bright as any glas: A citriole in her right hand had she, And on her hedde full seemely for to se A rose garland fresh, and wel smelling, Aboue her hedde doues flittering, Before her stood her sonne Cupido, Upon his shoulders winges had he two, And blind he was, as it is oft sene; A bow he had, and arrowes bright and kene. Why should I not as well tellen all The purgatory that was ther about ouer all. Within the temple of mightie Mars the rede, All painted was the wal in length and in brede, Like to the Estris of the grisly place,
That hight the great Temple of Mars in Irace: In thilke cold frosty region, There Mars hath his foueraine mancion.

First, on the wall was painted a forest,
In which there wonneth nother man ne best,
With knottie and knarie trees old,
Of stubbes sharpe, and hidous to behold,
In which there was a romble and a shwow,
As though a storme should breake every bow,
And dounward vnder a hill, vnder a bent,
There stode the temple of Mars armipotent,
Wrought all of burned stele, of which th'entre
Was long and streight, and gastly for to se,
And therout came soch a rage and soch a vise,
That it made all the gates for to rise.
The northern light in at the dores shone;
For window on the wall was there none,

Through which men might any light discern. The dores were all of athamant eterne, Yelenched ouerthwart and hedlong, With Iron tough, for to maken it strong; Euery piller, the temple to susteine, Was tonne great, of yren bright and shene.

There faw I first the darke imagining
Of felonie, and eke the compassing:
The cruell ire, redde as any glede,
The pick-purse, and eke the pale drede;
The smiler, with the knife vnder the cloke;
The shepen brenning with the blacke smoke;
The treason of the murdring in the bedde,
The open warre, with woundes all be bledde;
Conteke with blody kniues, and sharpe manace:
All full of chirking was that sory place.

The flear of himself yet saw I there; His hart blode hath bathed all his here; The naile ydriuen in the shode on hight, With colde death, with mouth gaping vpright.

A middes of the temple fate Mischaunce With discomfort, and sory countenaunce: Yet saw I Wodnesse laghing in his rage, Armed complaint on thest, and siers courage; The carraine in the bush, with throt yeorue; A thousand slain, and nat of qualme istorue; The tiraunt with the praie by sorce irast; The toune destroied, there was nothing ilast:

Yet faw I brent the shippes hoppesteres; The hunter istrangled with the wilde beres; The Sow fretting the child in cradell; The coke is scalded for all his long ladell: Nought was foryetten the infortune of Mart, The Carter ouer-ridden by his own cart, Vnder the whele full low he lay a doun.

There were also of Martes deuision, The Barbour, the Botcher and the Smith That forgeth sharp swordes on the flith; And all aboue depainted in a toure, Saw I conquest sitting in great honour, With the sharpe sword ouer his hedde Hanging by a fubtill twined thredde: Depainted was there the flaughter of Julius, Of great Nero, and of Antonius: All be that thilke time they were vnborne; Yet was her death depainted there beforne; By manacing of Mars right by figure: So was it shewed in that portreiture As is depainted in the certes aboue, Who shall be dead, or els flain for loue, Sufficeth one ensample in stories old; I may not reken them all though I would.

Gggg

The

The statue of Mars upon a carte stode, Armed, and loked grim as he were wode; And ouer his head there shinen two sigures Of sterres that been cleped in Scriptures, That one (Puella) hight, that other (Rubeus.) This God of armes was arraied thus: A wolfe there stode beforne him at his sete, With iyen redde, and of a man he ete. With subtell pensill was painted this story, In redouting of Marce and of his glory.

Now to the temple of Diane the chaft
As shortly as I can, I woll me hast,
To tell you all the description
Depainted been the walles up and doune,
Of hunting and of shamfast chassite.
There saw I how wofull Calistope
When that Diane greued was with her,
Was tourned fro a woman to a bere;
And afterward was she made the lode sterre:
Thus was it painted: I can say no ferre:
Her soone is eke a sterre, as men may see.

There faw I Diane tourned vnto a tree; I meane not the goddesse Diane;

But Venus doughter, which that hight Dane. There faw I Atheon an hert ymaked, For vengeance that he faw Diane all naked: I faw how that his hounds have him cought, And freten him, for they knew him nought; Yet ypainted was a litell ferthermore, How Athalant hunted the wilde bore; And Meliager, and many other mo, For which Diane wrought him care and wo: There faw I many another wonder storie Which me list not to draw in memorie. This goddesse full well vpon an hert shete, With small houndes all about her fete, And vnderneth her fete she had a Moone, Wexing it was, and should wane soone. In gaudie greene her statue clothed was, With bow in hand and arrowes in caas. Her eine she cast full low adoun, There Pluto hath his darke region: A woman trauelling was her before; But for her child fo long was vnbore Full pitoufly, Lucina gan she call: And saide, helpe, for thou maist best of all. Well could he paint liuely that it wrought; With many a florein he the hewes bought.

Now bene these listes made, and Theseus That at his great cost hath araied thus, The temples and the theatre enerydel, Whan it was done, it liked him wonder wel. But stint I wol of Theseus alite,
And speake of Palamon and Arcite.

The day approcheth of her returning That euerich shuld an C. knights bring The battaile to darraine, as I you told, And to Athenes her couenauntes to hold, Hath euerich of hem brought an C. knights Well armed for the warre at all rights; And fikerly there trowed many a man That neuer fithens the world began: As for to speake of knighthood of her hond As far as God hath made fee or lond; Nas of fo few fo noble a company: For every wight that loued chivalrie, And wold his thanks have a passing name Hath praied that he might be of that game; And wel was him that therto chosen was: For if there fell to morowe fuch a caas, Ye know well that euery lustie knight, That loueth paramours, and hath his might, Were it in England or elsewhere, They wold faine willen to be there To fight for a lady; ah benedicite, It were a lusty fight for to se.

And right so farden they with Palamon,
With him there went knights many on;
Some wold ben armed in an habergeon;
And in a brest-plate, with a light gippion;
And some wold haue a paire of plates large,
And some would haue a pruce, shield or a targe;
Some would be armed on his legs wele,
And haue an axe, and some a mace of stele:
There has none new gyse, that it has olde;
Armed were they, as I haue you tolde,

Ther maist thou se coming with Palamon;
Licurge himselfe, the great king of Trace.

Black was his berd, and manly was his face:
The fercles of his eyen in his heed
They glouden betwixt yelow and reed;
And like a lion, loked he aboute,

With kemped heares on his browes floute; His limmes grete, his brawnes flrong, His shoulders brode, his armes round and long:

And as the gife was in his countre, Full hie upon a chare of gold flode he,

With foure white bulles in the trayes,
Instede of a cote armure, ouer his harnayes,
With nayles yelow and bright as any gold,
He hath a bear's skin, cole black for olde:

His long heare was kemped behind his back, As any rauens fether it shone for blacke.

Gggg 2

A wreth of gold arme gret, of huge weight
Upon his heed, fet full of flones bright
Of fine rubies and diamandes.
About his chare there went white allaundes
Twentie and mo, as grete as any flere
To hunten at the lion, or at the wilde bere;
And folowed him, with mofell fast ybounde;
Colers of gold, and torrettes yfiled rounde;
An hundred lords had he in his route,
Armed ful well, with hertes sterne and stoute.

With Arcite, in stories, as men fynde, The great Emetrius, the king of Inde, Upon a stede bay, trapped in stele, Couered with a cloth of gold, diapred wele, Came riding like the god of Armes, Mars: His cote armure was of clothe of Trace, Cauched with perle, white, round and gret; His fadle was of brent golde newe ybet, A mantel vpon his shouldershonging; Brette full of rubies, redde as fire sparkling, His crifpe hear, like rings, was yronne: And that was yelow, and glitering as the fonne; His nose was hie, his eyen bright cytryn, His lippes ruddy, his colour was sanguyne; A few frekles in his face yspente, Betwixt yelow, and fomdele black ymente; And as a lyon, he his eyen keste; Of fiue and twenty yere his age I geste; His berde was wel begonne for to fpring; His voyce was as a trompet fowning; Vpon his heed he wered of laurel grene

A garlande fresh and hear A garlande fresh and lusty for to sene; Vpon his hande he bare for his delite An Egle tame, as any lylly white:
An hundred lordes had he with him there, All armed faue her heades in her gere, Full richely in all maner thinges: For trusteth wel, that erles, dukes and kinges, Were gathered in this noble company, For loue, and for increase of chiualry. About this king there ran on every parte

Ful many a tame Lion and libarte.

And in this wife, these lords all and some
Ben on the Sonday to the cite come
About prime, and in the toune alight.

This Theseus, this duke, this worthy kniht,
When he had brought hem into his cite,
And inned hem, euerich after his degre,
He sesteth hem, and doth so great laboure
To easen hem, and don hem all honoure,
That yet men wenen that no mans wit
Of none estate coude amende it:

The minstracie, the service at the seest;
The great yestes, to the most and leest;
The rich aray, throughout Theseus palays,
Ne who sate first ne last upon the deys;
What ladies sayrest ben, or best dauncing;
Or which of hem can best daunce or sing;
Ne who most felingly speketh of loue;
Ne what haukes sitten on perchen aboue,
Ne what hounds liggen on the flour adoun.
Of all this now make I no mencion;
But all the effect, that thinketh me the beste;

The fonday at night or day began to spring,
Whan Palamon the larke herde sing;
Although it were nat day by houres two;
Yet song the larke, and Palamon right tho
With holy hert, and with an hie corage,
He rose vp, to wenden on his pilgrimage
Vnto the blissful Cithere a beninge:
I meane Venus, honourable and digne;
And in her hour he walketh forth a paas
Vnto the listes, there the temple was;
And doune he kneleth, and with humble chere,
And herte fore he said, as ye shall here:

Now cometh the point, herkeneth if you left.

Fairest of faire: O lady mine Venus,
Doughter of Joue, and spoule to Vulcanus,
Thou glader of the mount of Citheron
For thilke loue thou haddest to Adon,
Haue pite of my bitter teares smerte,
And take my humble praier at thine herte.

Alas, I ne haue no language to tel The effect, ne the turment of mine hel: Mine herte may not mine harmes bewraie; I am so confused that I cannot saie: But mercy lady bright, that woste wele
My thought, and seest what harmes that I fele:
Consider al this, and rue vpon my fore
As wisly as I shal for euermore. Emforth my might, thy true servaunt be, And holde warre alway with chastitie; That make I myn auowe, so ye me helpe; I kepe not of armes for to yelpe: Ne I ne aske to morowe to haue victory, Ne renome in this case, ne vaine glory Of prise of armes, to blowen vp and down, But wolde haue fully poffessioun Of Emelye, and die in her feruice: Finde thou the maner howe, and in what wife I retche not, but it may better be To have victory of hem, or they of me; and month of So that I have my lady in mine armes For though so be that Mars is god of Armes, Your vertue is so great in heaven above,
That if you liste, I shall well have my love;
Thy temple shall I worship ever mo:
And on thine aulter, where I ride or go
I woll done facrifice, and fires bete;
And if ye woll not so, my lady swete,
Than pray I you to morowe with a spere
That Arcite me through the hert bere.
Than recke I not whan I have lost my life,
Though Arcite winne her to wife.
This is the effecte and ende of my prayere;
Yeue me my lady, thou blissful lady dere.

Whan the orifon was done of Palamon,
His facrifice he did, and that anon.
Full pitoufly with all circumftaunces
All tell I nat as now his observaunces.

But at the last the statue of Venus shoke,
And made a signe, whereby that he toke,
That his prayer accepted was that day;
For though the signe shewed a delay,
Yet wish he well, that graunted was his bone,
And with glad hert he went him home full sone.

The third hour in equal that Palamon Began to Venus temple for to gon, Vp rose the sunne, and vp rose Emelye,
And vnto the temple of Diane gan hie: Her maidens, the which thider were lad, Full redily with hem the fyre they had: The encense, the clothes, and the remenaunt all That to the facrifice longen shall, The hornes full of meeth, as was the gife, There lacked naught to don her facrifice, Smoking the temple, full of clothes fayre: This Emelye with herte debonayre Her body wishe with water of a well: But how she did, right I dare not tell; But it be any thing in generall, And yet it were a game to here it all: To him that meaneth wel it were no charge, But it is good a man be at his large. Her bright heare was unkempt and vntressed all, A crowne of a grene oke vnferiall, Vpon her hed fet ful fayre and mete; Two fyres on the aulter gan she bete, And did her things, as men may beholde, In Stace of Thebes, and these bokes olde.

Whan kendled was the fire, with pitous chere,
Vnto Diane she spake, as ye may here.
O chaste goddesse of the woddes grene,
To whom both heuen, and yearth, and see is sene,
Quene of the reigne of Pluto, derke and low,
Goddesse of maidens, that myn hert hath know;

Full many a yere, and woste what I desire, As kepe me fro the vengeance of thine yre That Acteon abought cruelly, Chaste Goddesse, well woste thou that I Defyre to ben a mayde all my life, Ne neuer woll I be loue ne wife. I am (thou woste well) of thy company A mayde, and loue hunting and venery, And for to walken in the woddes wilde, And not for to ben a wife, and ben with childe: Nought will I know company of man; Now helpe me lady, fith you may and can: For tho thre formes that thou hast in thee, And Palamon, that hath fuch a loue to me, And eke Arcite that loueth me fo fore, This grace I pray thee, withouten more; And fend loue and peace betwixt hem two; And fro me turne away her hertes fo, That all her hot loue and her defire, And all her busy turment, and all her fire Be queint, or turned in another place:
And if so be thou wolte not do me that grace;
Or if so be my destiny be shapen so, That I shall nedes have one of hem two; As sende me him that most desireth me.

Beholde, goddesse of clene chastite, The bitter teares, that on my chekes fall, Syn thou art a mayde, and keper of vs all; My maidenhede thou kepe, and wel conserue, And while I liue a maiden woll I thee serue.

The fyres brenne upon the auter clere,
While Emelye was thus in her prayere;
But fodenly she sawe a thing queynte:
For right anon one of the fyres queynte,
And quicked again; and after that anon
That other fyre was queynte, and all agon;
And as it queynte it made a whiftling
As done these wete brondes in her brenning;
And at the brondes ende out ran anone
As it were bloddy droppes many a one:
For which so fore agaste was Emelye
That she was well nye madde, and gan to crye:
For she ne wiste what it signified;
But onely for the feare thus she cried,
And wept, that it was pite for to here.

And therewithal Diane gan to appere With bow in honde, right as an hunteresse, And said, doughter, stint thine heuinesse; Among the goddes hie it is affirmed, And by eterne word written and confirmed, Thou shalt ben wedded to one of tho That haue for thee so moch care and wo;

But vnto which of hem I may not tell: Farewell; for I may no lenger dwell: The fires which on mine auter brenne. Shall declaren er that thou gon henne, This auenture of loue, as in this case:

And with that word, the arrows in the case Of the goddesse clatteren fast and ring; And forth she went, and made vaneshing: For which this *Emely* astonied was, And said, what mounteth this? alas, I put me vnder thy protection, Diane, and under thy disposicion; And home she goeth the next way: This is the effect, there is no more to say.

The next houre of Mars following this, Arcite unto the temple walked is Of fiers Mars to done his facrifice With all the might of his paynem wife; With piteous hert and hie devocion, Right thus to Mars he faid his orifon.

O stronge God, that in the reignes cold Of Trace, honoured art, and lord yhold; And hast in every reigne and every lond Of armes, all the bridle in thine hond, And hem fortunest as the list deuise: Accept of me my pitous facrifice, It so be my thought may deserve; And that my might be worthy for to ferue Thy godhead, that I may bene one of thine; Than pray I thee that thou rue on my pine: For thilke paine, and thilke hot fire In which thou brentest whylom for desire; Whan thou vsedest the faire beaute Of faire yong fresh Venus fre, And haddest her in thine armes at thy will, Although thou ones on a time misfill; Whan Vulcanus had caught thee in his laas, And found thee ligging by his wife, alas, For thilke forrowe, that was in thine herte, Haue ruthe as well on my pains smerte.

I am yong and vnconning as thou wost;
And as I trow, with loue offended most
That euer was any liues creature;
For she that doth me al this wo endure,
Ne retcheth neuer where I sinke or slete;
And well I wote, or she me mercy hete,
I mote with strength win her in this place;
And well I wote, without helpe or grace
Of thee, ne may my strength not auaile:
Than help me lord to morrow in my battaile,
For thilke fire that whilom brent thee
As well as the fire now brenneth me:

And do, that I to morrow have the victorie:

Mine be the trauell, and thine be the glorie; Thy fouereign temple wol I most honouren Of any place, and alway most labouren In thy pleasaunce, and in thy crafts strong, And in thy temple I woll my banner hong; And all the armes of my companie, And euermore vntil the day I die : god to gnillat at I Eterne fyre I wol beforne the finde;
And eke to this auow I wol me binde. My berd, my heare, that hongeth low adoun, That neuer yet felt offensioun, at bas another which at I Of rajour ne of shere, I wol the yeue, and a good with And ben thy true feruant while I live. Now lord haue ruth vpon my forows fore: Yeue me the victorie; I aske the no more. The praier stint of Arcite the strong; The ringes on the temple dore they rong: And eke the dores clatren ful fast;
Of which Arcite somewhat him agast.
The fires brennen vpon the auter bright, That it gan all the temple light.

A swete smel anon the ground vp yase: And Arcite anon his hond vp hafe; And more ensence into the fire he cast, With other rites mo; and at the last The statu of Mars began his hauberke ring; And with that found he herd a murmuring Full low and dym, that faied thus, victory:

For which he yaue to Mars honor and glory. And thus with ioy, and hope well to fare, Arcite anon into his inne is fare; As faine as foule is of the bright fonne: And right anon fuch a strife is begonne: For thilke graunting in the heuen about Bytwixt Venus, the goddesse of love, And Mars the sterne god armipotent,
That Jupiter was busic it to stent; Till that the pale Saturnus the colde, That knew fo many auentures olde, Found in his experience and art, That he full sone hath pleased enery part: And foth is faid, eld hath grete auantage; In elde is both wisdome and vsage. Men may the old out ren, but not out rede. Saturne anon, to stinten strife and drede: All be it that it be again his kind; Of all this strife he can remedy find. My dere daughter Venus, quod Saturn My course that hath so wide for to turne, and animal of T Hath more power than wote any man, Myne is the drenching in the fee fo wan: Hhhh

St Co

	A REAL PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT
	Myne is the prison in the derke cote; arot I toda ob bnA
	Myne is the firangling and the honging by the throte,
	The murmure, and the churles rebelling,
	The groning and the priny enpoysoning :
	I do vengeaunce and plain correction
	While I dwell in the figne of the Lion. Some with his bala
	Mine is the ruine of the hie halles,
	The falling of the toures and of the walles
	Vpon the mynor, or vpon the carpenters.
	I flew Sampson shaking the pillers; wound and on the born
	And mine ben the maladies colde, dr. aned yen bed yen
	The derke treasons and the castels olded by some and
	My loking is the father of peftilence:
	Now wepe no more; I shall do my diligence
	That Palamon, that is thin owne knight, would be the
	Shall have his lady as thou him behight; we are sup Y
	Though Mars shal help his knight natheles;
	Betwixt you it mote fomtime be pees:
	All be ye not of one complection unio earth bank'
	That causeth all day such devision.
	I am thine ayle, redy at thy will:
	Wepe no more; I woll thy luft fulfill. I am a line and i and I
	Now woll I stinten of these goddes about.
	Of Mars and of Venus, goddesse of love ; one man bal
	And plainly I woll tellen you as I can, some bonA
	The great effect, of which that I began. 2011 1900 day
	Great was the feast in Athenes that day,
	And eke that lufty feafon in May,
	Made every wight to ben in such pleasaunce, and woll live
	That all that day insten they and daunce;
	And spenten it in Venus hie service: 101 division both
	But bicause that they shulden arise
	Erly, for to fe the great fight,
	Erly, for to fe the great fight, Vnto her rest went they at night:
	And on the morow, whan day gan fpring,
	Of horse and harneys, noise and clatering,
	There was in the hoftelries all about.
	And to the palve rode there many a rout
	There was in the hostelries all about; And to the palys rode there many a rout Of lordes vpon stedes and palfreys.
	There mainly then less devices of heresis
	There maiest thou see densiting of harners, of word and I
	So uncouth, fo rich, and wrought fo wele, we will be to the standard of the st
	Of goldsmythry, of braudry, and of stele;
	The shildes bright, testers and trappers, bill a dot bnA
	Gold hewen helmes, hauberkes and cot armers,
	Lordes in paramentes, on her courfers, blo and vam naM
	Knightes of retenue, and eke iquiers,
-	Knightes of retenue, and eke squiers, Nayling the speres, and helmes bokeling, Gigging of sheldes, with lainers lacing: There, as nede is, they were nothing ydell;
-	Gigging of theldes, with lainers lacing:
-	There, as nede is, they were nothing ydell ; Dobby M
	The forming fledes on the golden bridell, and states when
1	Gnawing, and fast the armurers also all 19 wood 910 miles
1	With file and hammer riding to and fro and ai oneM
	A 1 L TO THE PARTY

Ye-

With short staues, thicke as they may gone, below of Pipes, Trompes, nakoners and clarions,
That in the battel blowen bloody sowns;
The palais full of people vp and doun;
Here three, there ten, holding her question,
Deuining of these Theban knights two;
Some said thus, some said it should be so.
Som held with him with the black berde:
Som with the bald, som with the thick herde:
Some said, he loked grim and would sight;
He hath a sparth of twenty pound of weight.
Thus was the hall full of diuining,

Long after the sonne gan to spring.

The great Theseus of his slepe gan wake
With minstralcie and noise that they make,
Held yet the chamber of his palais rich,
Till that the Theban knights both yliche
Honoured weren, and into the place ifette.
Duke Theseus is at the window set,
Araied right as he were a god in trone:
The people preased thiderward ful sone,
Him for to sene, and done him hie reuerence,
And eke for to here his hest and his sentence.

An heraude on a scaffold made on oo,
Til al the noise of the people was ydo:
And whan he saw the people of noise still;
Thus shewed he the mightie dukes will.

The lorde hath of his hie difcrecion

Considered that it were destruction

To gentle blood to sighten in this gise

Of mortall battaile now in this emprise:

Wherefore to shapen that they shall not die,

He wol his first purpose modifie.

No man therfore vp paine of losse of life, No maner shotte, polax, ne short knife Into the liftes fend, or thyder bring;
Ne short sword to slick with point biring; No man ne draw, ne beare it by his fide, Ne no man shal to his felow ride: But one course with a sharp grounden spere Foine if him list on foot himselfe to were: And he that is at mischief shal be take, some all show in And not flain, but brought to the stake: I would be stall That shal ben ordained on either side; But thider he shal by force, and there abide: And if so fall that the chieftain be take On either fide, or else sleen his make, No lenger shal the turnament last: God speede you; gothe, and laieth on fast; and much with swords and long maces fighten your fill: Goth now your way, this is the lord's will, and a government Hhhh 2

There

The

The voice of the people touched heuen: 00 no name So loud cried they with mery steuen, God faue fuch a lorde that is fo good an assument assument He willeth no distruction of blood : old leaded and mi tad I Vp gothe trompes and the melody, and to the sailing of And to the liftes rideth fo the company, and sould entire By ordinaunce throughout the cite large, and annual Hangel with clark and the cite large, and annual beautiful and the cite large. Honged with cloth of gold, and not with farge.

Ful like a lord this noble duke gan ride, These two Thebans on every side; And after rode the quene and Emely; borlol of bist smooth And after that another companye with to drive a died off.

Of one and other after her degre: will like advise and I And thus they passen throughout the cite;
And to the listes comen they be by time;
It nas not of the day yet fully prime,
Whan sat was Theseus ful riche and hye, and and say bloth
Ipolita the quene, and Emelye, And other ladies in degrees aboute: bus no us be wond Vnto the feates preafeth all the route; I say and the And westward, thrugh the yates vnder Mart and beista Arcite, and eke an hundred of his parte and signed and With baner reed is entred right anon; me and of mile And in the selue moment entred Palamon of the bala bala Is vnder Venus, estwarde in that place With baner white, and hardy chere and face. And in al the world, to feken vp and doun, So euen without variacion There has fuch companies twey: and lo dead should be For there has none so wise that coude sey that any had of other auantage of books hing of Of worthines, ne of estate, ne age; So even were they chose to gesse, and magent of stolers were And into the renges fayre they hem dreffe, Whan that her names red were euerich one That in her nombre gue were there none, Tho were the gates thit, and cried was loude and and only Do nowe your deuer yong knightes proude. The heraudes left her pricking vp and doun: Now ryngen trompes loude and clarioun: There is no more to fay; este and west In goth the sharpe speres tadly in the arrest; In goth the sharpe spurres into the side: There se men who can iust and who can ride: There shiueren shaftes upon sheldes thicke; He feleth through the hert spoune the pricke. Vp springeth the speres, twenty fote on hight, Out goth the fwordes as the filuer bright. The helmes they to hewe and to shrede, Out burst the blood with sterne stremes rede. With mighty maces, the bones they to breke; He through the thickest of the throng gan threke

There stomblen stedes strong, and doungon all,
He rolled vnder the soote as dothe a ball,
He soyneth on his seete with a tronchoun:
And he hurleth with his horse adoun.
He through the body is hurte, and sith ytake
Maugre his heed, and brought vnto the stake,
As forward was, right there he must abide;
An other is ladde on that other side:
And somtime doeth hem Theseus to reste,
Hem to refreshe, and drinke if hem leste.

Full ofte a day haue these Thebans two,
Togither met, and don eche other wo:
Vnhorsed hath ech other of hem twey:
Ther was no tigre in the vale of Galaphey,
Whan her whelpe is stole, whan it is lite
So cruell on the hunt, as is Arcite
For ielous herte upon this Palamon;
Ne in Belmarye there is no fell Lion
That hunted is, or for his hunger woode,
Ne of his prey desireth so the bloode,
As Palamon to see his soe Arcite,
The ielous strokes on her helmes bite.
Out renneth the blood on both her sides rede:

Sometime an end there is of every dede: For er the funne vnto the rest wente, The strong King Emetrius gan hente. This Palamon as he faught with this Arcite, And made his fworde depe in his flesh bite; And by force of twenty is he take, Vn yolden, and drawen to the stake: And in the rescous of this Palamon The strong king Ligurge is borne adoun; And king Emetrius, for all his strength Is borne out of his faddle a fwordes length; So hurt him Palamon or he were take; But al for naught he was broght to the stake: His hardy herte might him helpe naught; He must abide, when that he was caught By force, and eke by composicion: Who foroweth now but woful Palamon? That mote no more gon againe to fight. And whan that Thefeus had fene that fight He cried, hoe: no more; for it is don; Ne none shall lenger to his felowe gon. I woll be true iudge, and not party. Arcite of Thebes shall have Emely, That by his fortune hath her fayre ywonne.

Anon there is a noyfe of people bygonne,
For ioye of this, so loude and hie withall,
It semed that the listes should fall.
What can now faire Venus done aboue?
What faith she now? what doth the quene of loue,

But wepeth fo for wanting of her wil, Till that her teares on the liftes fell? She faid, I am ashamed doutles.

Saturne saide, doughter holde thy pees;
Mars hath al his wil, his knizt hath his bone;
And by mine heed, thou shalt be eased sone.

The Trompes with the loude minstralcye,
The heraudes that so loude yel and crye,
Ben in her wele, for loue of dan Arcite;
But herkeneth me, and stinteth noise a lite,
Which a minute there history

Which a miracle there bifell anon.

The fiers Arcite hath his helme of ydon; And on a courser for to shewe his face, He pricketh endlong the large place, Loking vpward vpon Emelye; And she ayen him cast a friendly eye: (For women, as to speke in commune, They followen all the fauour of fortune) And was al his chere, as in his herte, Out of the ground a fyre infernall sterte, From Pluto sent, at the request of Saturne; For which his horse for feare gan to turne, And lepe aside, and foundred as he lepe, And er that Arcite may taken kepe, He pight him of on the pomel of his heed, That in the place he lay as he were deed; His brest to brosten with his sadel bowe; As blacke he lay as any cole or crowe: So was the blood yronne in his face. Anon he was brought out of the place, With hert fore, to Theseus paleis, Tho was he coruen out of his harneis, And in a bedde ybrought ful faire and bliue: For he was yet in memory, and on liue, And alway cryeng after Emely.

Duke Theseus with al his company With all bliffe and great solempnite:

Al be it that this auenture was fall Al be it that this auenture was fall, He would not discomfort hem all. Men said, eke, that Arcite should not die; He should ben yhealed of his maladie: And of another thing they were as faine, That of hem al there was none flaine: All were they fore hurt, and namely one, That with a sper was thronled his brest bone: Two other woundes, and two broken armes; Some had falues, and some had charmes, Fermaces of herbes, and eke faue They dronken; for they would her lives have; For which this noble duke, as he well can, Comforteth and honoureth euery man, And made reuel al the long night Vnto the straunge lordes, as it was right;

Ne

Ne there has holde no discomforting; all owners. A
But at justes or at turneying: bereine and now foll said. For fothly there has no discomfiture: a sale sales and a sale For falling is holde but an auenture; mo to gaineque asla Ne to be lood by force vnto a stake, sup ested nym asiA Vnyolden, and with twenty knightes take bal and many One person alone, withouten any mo, briow and a said And haried forth by arme, fore and too, not aid drive work And eke his stede driven forth with staves, moday and a With fotemen, both yemen and knaues. The was aretted him no vilanie: 18 1800 ni omoder flor bnA There may no man cleap it cowardie; od lo suol sit 107 For which anon duke Thefeus did cry in diw and a sush I. To stinten all rancour and enuy, in mooner bus a number of the state of the st The grete as well of one fide as of other, woy to sucl to ! And either fide ylke, as others brother;
And yaue hem rightes after her degre,
And fully helde a fest daies thre, And fully helde a fest daies thre, And conueyed the knightes worthely wort vision a real Out of his toune, a daies iorney largely, and smobol w And home went every man the right waie; bus smobered Ther nas no more, but fare wel, and have good daie. Of this battaile I wol no more endite, an brow and nich.
But speake of Palamon and Arcite. But speake of Palamon and Arcite. Swelleth the brest of Arcite, and the fore Encreaseth at his hert more and more: 1 100 1811 H bnA The clotered blode, for any liche crafte with I ton 19410] Corrumped, and is in his body lafte, how and driwbnA Corrumped, and is in his body latte,
That neither veineblode, ne ventouling,
Ne drinke of herbes, may be helping, By vertue expulsed or anymall, it to 1: 1910 910m 194 bn A For thilke vertue cleaped naturall; of a digneral leave of I Ne may the venim void, ne expell; The pipes of his longes began to fwell; ni diellewh tad I And every lacerte in his brett adoun, and nod we mailen no Is shent with venim and corrupcion, owney is in bestered Him gaineth neither for to get his life,
Vomite upwarde, ne dounward laxatife;
All is to brust thilke region;
Nature hath no dominacion: And certainly ther, as nature wol nat wirch; Farwel phisike, go beare the corfe to chirch. This is all and some, that Arcite must die; on and am all For which he fendeth after Emelye, Arcire is cold. And Palamon, his cofyn dere: Then said he thus, as ye shall after here. More I llow woll Nought may my wofull spirite in my here A inginite Declare a point of all my forowes fmert To you, my lady, that I love most; But I bequeth the feruice of my goft and disorded and W To you abouen any creature, Sin that my life may no lenger dure. Alas

the state of the s	-
Alas the wo, alas my paines strong, ablod son aradia	M
I hat I for you have funered, and to long:	03
Alastine derne, alas myn emely.	Line -
Alas departing of our company; and a lod a guillar to Alas myn hertes quene, alas my lives wife, hoof ed or e	Fic
Alas myn hertes quene, alas my lines wife, Lool ed or e	N
Myn hertes lady, ender of my life; What is the world? what asken men to haue? Now with his love, nowin his cold grave.	V
What is the world? what asken men to haue?	0
I VIIIV WILLI IIID I UUCA IIU WILLI IIID COLG E LAMEA	-
Alone, withouten any company. nour best side ale bu	A
Farwel my fwete foe, myn Emely, oy dood namerol dail	W
And ton take the in vour attrest wev:	- 10
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And Thinter to wilely the lone of	-
10 incaken of a fernant bronefile.	-
With circumstances, all trulie; That is to say, trouth, honour, and knighthede,	A
Wisedome humbles of the and king ninede,	A.
Wisedome, humblesse, estate, and hie kinrede, Fredome, and all that longeth to that art;	0
So Tuniter have of my foule nart	A
So Jupiter have of my soule part, As in this world right now knowe I non solution and a least and a least a le	T
So worth to be loved as Ralamon	0
So worth to be loued as Palamon, That ferueth you, and woll doen all his life;	B
And if that you shall ener been a wife	
And if that you shall ever been a wife, and a design of Foryet not Palamon, the gentle man:	H
And with that worde his speche fail began	I
For from his feete vnto his brest was come)
The colde death that hath hym nome: and lo share s	T
And yet more ouer: for in his armes two	1
The vital strength is lost, and all ago, all ago, all ago all ago	El .
Saue onely the intellect, without more, moved your of	H
That dwelleth in his hert ficke and fore, and to some of	1
Gan failen, when the hert felt death, a stream of the bound with t	I
Dusked his iven two, and tailed breath:	- 2
but on his Ladie yet cart he his ive:	
ris fait worde was, mercie emelve.	17
rns idirite chaunged, and out went there.	W.
whetherwarde I cannot tell, he where:	4
incretore illum lam no dimnutre.	
On foures finder from the this reomine.	Service .
Ne me leste not thilke opinion to tell Of hem, though they writen where thei dwell.	T
Of hem, though they writen where thei dwell.	1
Arche is colu. Illai mars ills idille die	
TYOW WOLL I IDENC TOOLLI OF LINELYE	n.
DITIETIL EMELVE, AND HOUSEL I GLAMON	
And I beleas his fuller virtoke anon	7
owouling, and parefice to inscorie aware.	THE PERSON NAMED IN
" Hat helpeth it to tary lord the date	ET.
To couch flow the west pottie enen and morotive	1975
For in such case women have much sorowe, I ver said on	2
28IA Wh	en
THE PART OF THE PA	7

When that her husbands been fro hem go, That for the more partie they forowen fo, Or els fallen in fuch maladie, That at the last, certainly they die.

Infinite been the forowe and the teres
Of old folke, and folke of tender yeres,
In all the toune, for death of this *Theban*;
For hym there wepeth bothe child and man:
So great wepyng was there not certain,
When *Hector* was brought, all fresh islain,
To *Troie*: Alas! the pite that was there,
Cratching of chekes, rentyng eke here!
Why woldest thou be dedde, thus women crie,
And haddest gold inough, and *Emelye*?

No man maie glad Theseus,
Sauing his old father Egeus,
That knewe this worlds transmutacion,
As he had seen it, bothe up and doun,
Joie after wo, and wo after gladnesse,
And shewed him ensamples and likenesse,

Right as there died neuer man, quod he,
That he ne liued in yearth in fome degree;
Right fo there liued neuer man, he faied,
In this world, that fometime he ne deied:
This world is but a throughfare, full of wo,
And we been pilgrimes, passing to and fro:
Death is an end of euery worldes fore.

And over all this, yet faied he moche more, To this effect, full wifely to exhort The people, that they should hem recomfort.

Duke Theseus, with all his busie cure, Casteth now, where that the sepulture
O good Arcite shall best imaked bee, And eke moste honourable of degree: And at the last he tooke conclusion, That there as Arcite and Palamon Had for love the battaile hem between,
That in the fame selue groue, swete and grene, There, as he had his amerous defires, There, as he had his amerous delires,
His complaint, and for loue his hote fires, He would make a fire, in which the offis Funerall he might hem all accomplis. He hath anon commaunded to hack and hew The okes old, and laie hem all on a rew In culpons, well arraied for to brenne: His officers with swift foote they renne, And right anon at his commaundement. After a beare, and it all oversprad With cloth of gold, the richest that he had; And of the same sute he clothed Arcite, Upon his handes his gloues white, in to being the

Eke on his hedde a croune of Laurell grene,
And in his hand a fworde full bright and kene.
He laied hym bare the vifage on the bere,
Therewith he wept that pite was to here;
And for the people should seen hym all,
When it was daie, he brought him to the hall,
That rorreth of the crie, and of the sorowes soun.

Then gan this woful *Theban*, *Palamon*, With glittering beard, and ruddie shining heres, In clothes blacke, dropped all with teres, And passing other of wepyng *Emelye*, The rufullest of all the companie.

And in as much as the fervice should bee
The more noble, and riche in his degree,
Duke Theseus let foorth the stedes bring,
That trapped were in stele all glitering,
And couered with the armes of Dan Arcite;
Upon these stedes, great and white,
Ther saten solk, of which one bare his sheld,
Another his speare in his hand held,
The third bare with him a bowe Turkes,
Of brent gold was the case, and eke the harnes;
And ridden foorth apace with sorie chere,
Toward the groue, as ye shall after here:

The noblest of the Grekes that there were
Upon her shoulders carried the bere,
With slake pace, and iyen redde and white,
Throughout the cite, by the maister strete,
That sprad was al with blake, and that wonder hie,
Right of the same is the strete iwrie.
Upon the right hand went Egeus,
And on the other side, Duke Theseus,
With vessels in her hand of gold full sine,
All full of honie, milke, blode, and wine:
Eke Palamon, with sull great companie,
And after that came wosul Emelye,
With fire in hand, as was that time the gife,
To doen the office of sunerall service.

Hie labour, and full great apparailyng
Was at fervice, and at fire makyng,
That with his grene top the heauen raught,
And twentie fadome of bred armes straught;
This is to sain, the bowes were so brode,
Of strawe first there was laied many a lode.

But how the fire was maken up on height,
And eke the names how the trees height,
As oke, firre, beche, afpe, elder, elme, popelere,
Willow, Holm, Plane, Boxe, Cheften, Laure,
Maple, thorne, beche, ewe, hafel, Whipultre,
How they were felde, shall not be tolde for me,
Ne how the goddes ronne up and doune,
Disherited of her habitation,

In which they wonned in rest and pees, Nimphes, Faunie and Amadriades; Ne how the beaftes, ne the birdes all Fledden for feare when the trees fall; Ne how the ground agast was of the light, That was not wont to fee the funne bright; Ne how the fire was couched first with stre, And than with drie stickes clouen a thre, And than with grene wodde and spicerie, And than with cloth of gold and perrie; And garlonds hanging with many a floure, The mirre, the ensence, with swete odoure; Ne how Arcite laie emong all this, Ne what richesse about his bodie is; Ne how that Emelye, as was the gife, Put in the fire of funerall feruice; Ne how she founed, whan maked was the fire, Ne what she spake, ne what was her desire; Ne what jewels men in the fire cast Whan that the fire was great, and brent fast; Ne how some cast her shield, and some her spere, And of her vestments, which that they were; And cuppes full of wine, milke and blood Into the fire that brent as it were wood; Ne how the Grekes with a huge route Thrife ridden all the fire aboute. Vpon the left hande, with a loude shouting, And thrife with her speres clattering, And thrife how the ladies gan crie; Ne how that ladde was homward Emelye, Ne how that Arcite is brent to alhen cold, Ne how the liche wake was hold All that night, ne how the Grekes plaie, The wake plaies kepe I nat to faie, Who wrestled best naked, with oile anoint, Ne who bare him best in every poinct. I woll nat tellen how they gone Whom to Athenes, whan the plaie is doen: But shortly to the poinct than woll I wend, And make of my long tale an ende.

By processe and by length of yeres,
All stinten is the murning and the teres
Of Grekes, by one generall assent,
Than semed me there was a Parlement
At Athenes, upon a certain poinct and caas;
Emong the which poincts is poken was
To have with certain countres aliaunce,
And have of Thebans fullie obeisaunce;
For which this noble Theseus anon
Let sende after this gentle Palamon,
Vnwiste of him what was the cause, and why:
But in his blacke clothes forowfully,

He came at his commaundement on hie, Tho fent Thefeus after Emelye. When they were fet, and husht was the place, And Theseus abidden hath a space, Or any worde came from his wife breft, His iyen fette he there as was his left; And with a fad visage he fiked stil; And after that, right thus he faied his will. The first mouer of the cause aboue, Whan he first made the faire chaine of loue; Great was theffect, and hie was his entente; Wel wist he why, and what therof he mente: For with that faire chaine of loue he bonde The fire, the aire, the water and the londe, In certain bondes, that they may nat flee The fame prince and that mouer, quod he, Hath stablish'd in this wretched world adoun Certen of daies and duracioun To all that are engendred in this place, Ouer the which daie they may nat pace: All mowe they yet tho' daies abredge, There needeth non auchhorite to ledge: For it is proued by experience, But that me list declare my sentence: Then may men by this order discerne, That thilke mouer stable is and eterne. Well may men know but he be a foole That every part is derived from his hoole: For nature hath nat taken his beginning Of one part or cantell of a thing; But of a thing that perfit is and stable, Discending so till it be corrumpable: And therefore of his wife purueiaunce, He hath fo well befet his ordinaunce, That spaces of things and progressions Shullen endure by fuccessions, And not eterne, without any lie; Thus maist thou vnderstand, and see at ive. Lo the oke, that hath fo long a norishing, Fro the time that it beginneth fyrst to spring, And hath so long a life, as ye may see, Yet at the last wasted is the tree: Confidereth eke, how that the hard stone Vnder our feete, on which we tread and gone; Yet wasteth it, as it lieth in the weie, The brode river fomtime wexeth drie; The great touns fe we wane and wend; Than ye fee that all this thing hath end; And man and woman fee shall we also, That endeth in one of the terms two: That is to fain, in youth or els in age; He mote be dedde a king as well as a page.

Some in his bed, some in the deepe see, Some in the large field, as ye may fee; It helpeth not, al goeth that ilke weie; Than maie you see that al thing more deie. What maketh this but Jupiter the king, That is prince, and cause of al thing, Converting al to his proper will; From which it is deriued foth to tell: And here againe no creature on liue, Of no degree availeth for to strive; Than is it wisedome, as thinketh me, To make vertue of necessite: And take it wel that we may not eschewe, And namely that to vs all is dewe; And who fo grutcheth aught he doth follie, And rebell is to him, that all may gie; And certainly a man hath most honour To dien in his excellence and flour, When he is fiker of his good name, Than hath he don his frends ne him no shame, And glader ought his frends be of his death, When with honour iyold is vp the breath, Than when his name apaled is for age: For all foryetten in his vassellage; Than it is best as for a worthie fame, To dien when he is of best name. The contrarie of all this is wilfulnesse: Why grutchen we? why have we heuinesse That good Arcite, of cheualrie the flour, Departed is with dutie and with honour Out of this foule prison of this life? Why grutchen here his cosin and his wife Of his welfare, that loueth him so wele? Can he hem thank? nay, god wot, neuer a dele, That both his foule, and eke hem offende, And yet they move not her lustes amende.

What may conclude of this long storie,
But after forow, I rede vs be merie;
And thank Jupiter of all his grace;
And er we departen from this place,
I rede we maken of forowes two,
One parfite ioie, lasting euer mo:
And looke now where most forrow is herein,
Ther wol I first amend and begin.

Suster, qd. he, this is my full assent, With al the people of my parlement, That gentle Palamon, your own knight, That serveth you with wil, hert, and might, And ever hath done, fith ye first him knew; That ye shal of your grace vpon him rew, And take him for husbonde and for lord. Lene me your hand: for this is our accord.

Let see now of your womanly pite; He is a king's brother's sonne parde: And though he were a poore bachelere, Sin he hath ferued you so many a yere, And had for you so great adversite, It must been considered, leueth me: For gentle mercie ought to passen right.

Than faid he thus to Palamon the knight, I trow ther need little farmoning To make you affenten to this thing: Cometh nere, and taketh your lady by the hond.
Betwixt hem was maked anon the bond. That hight Matrimonie or Marriage By al the counfail of the baronage: And thus with al bliffe and melodie Hath Palamon iwedded Emelye.

And God, that al this world hath wrought, Send him his loue that it hath so dere bought: For now is Palamon in al wele, Liuing in bliffe, in riches and in hele; And Emelye him loueth fo tenderly, And he her ferueth fo gentelly, That neuer was ther no word hem bitween Of ielousie, or of any other tene.

Thus endeth Palamon and Emelye,

And God faue al this faire company.

THE

TALE

OFTHE

Nun's Priest.

As it was written by

GEFFREY CHAUCER.

The COCK and the FOX.

The Moral whereof is, To embrace True Friends, and to beware of Flatterers.

Pore wedowe, fomedele iftept in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a poore cotage,
Befide a groue, flonding in a dale.
This wedowe, of which I tell you my tale,
Sens the day that the was last a wife,
In pacience led a full simple life:
For litell was her catell and her rent;
By husbondry, of such as God her sent,
She fond her self, and eke her daughters two:
Thre large sowes had she, and no mo;
Thre kine, and eke a shepe that hight Mall;
Well sooty was her boure, and eke her hall,
In which she ete many a slender mele,
Of poinant sauce he knew she never a dele,
Ne deinty morcell passed through her throte, san but
Her diet was accordant to her cote:
Replection ne made her never sike,
A temperate diete was her Phisike,

And exercise, and hertes suffisaunce;
The gout let her nothing for to daunce,
Ne apoplexy shent nat her heed,
No wine ne dranke she, white ne reed:
Her bord was most served with white and black,
Milk and brounbreed, in which she found no lack;
Seind bakon, and somtime an eye or twey,
For she was as it were a maner dey.

A yerde she had, enclosed all about With stickes, and dry diched without, In which she had a cocke hight Chaunteclere, In all the land, of crowing nas his pere; His voice was merier than the mery orgon On masse daies, that in the churches gon; Well sikerer was his crowing in his loge, Than is a clocke, or in an abbey an orloge; By nature he knew ech assencion Of the equinoctiall in the toun; For when degrees xv. were assended, Than crew he, that it might not be amended.

His come was redder than the fine corall,
And battelled, as it had be a castell wall;
His bill was blacke; as any iet it shone,
Like asure were his legges and his tone;
His nailes whiter than the lilly floure,
And like the burned gold was his colour.

This gentel cocke had in governaunce Seuen hennes, to done his plefaunce, Which were his fusters and his paramours, Inc And wonder like to him, as of colours; Of which the fayrest hewed in the throte or now Isrom ad T Was called faire Damosell Pertelote: He fethered her a hundred times a day, and the him he hundred times a day, And she him pleseth all that euer she may: Curteis she was, discrete, and debonaire, And compenable, and bare her felf to faire Sens the time that she was sevenight old, That truelich, she hath the hert in hold Of Chaunteclere, looking in every lith, and yeb and enach He loueth her fo, that well was him therwith; maining no But fuch a joy it was to here him fing, and any listil to I Whan the bright funne gan to spring, to vibrode vel In swete acord, my lese is ferre in lond. In and bright brode of

She

She was agast, and said, hert dere,
What eyleth you to grone in this manere to have
Ye be a very sleper, sie for shame.

And he answered thus: by God madame,
I pray you that ye take it not in grefe:
By God I mette, I was in such mischiefe
Right now, that yet mine hert is fore a fright:
Now God (qd he) my sweuen retch a right;
And kepe my body out of foule prisoun,
Me mette, that I romed vp and doun
Within our yerd, where I saw a beest
Was like an hound, and would have made areest
Vpon my body, and would have had me deed.
His colour was betwixt yelow and reed;
And tipped was his taile, and both his eeres,
With black, vnlike the remnant of his heeres:
His snout sinall, with glowing eyen twey;
Yet for his loke, almost for feare I dey.
This causeth me my groning doutlesse.

Away (qd. she) fie for shame, hertlesse:

Alas (qd. she) for by God aboue,

Now have ye lost my hert and all my love.

I cannot love a coward, by my faith:

For certes, what so any woman saith,

We all desire, if that it might be,

To have husbondes hardie, wise and fre,

And secrete, and no nigard, ne no fole;

Ne him that is agast of every tole;

Ne none avantour, by that God aboue:

How durst ye say for shame vnto your love,

That any sweven might make you aferd?

Have you no mannes hert, and have a berd?

Alas, and con ye be aferd of swevenis?

Nothing but vanite, God wotte in sweuen is.

Swens ben engendred of replections,
And of sume, and of commplections;
When humours ben to habundant in a wight,
Certes this dreme which ye haue met to night;
I tell you trouth, ye may trust me:
Cometh of superfluite, and reed colour parde;
Which cause folke to drede in her dremes,
Of arowes, and of fire with reed lemes,
Of reed bestes that woll hem bite,
Of conteke and of waspes great and lite;
Right as the humour of melancoly
Causeth many a man in slepe to cry,
For fere of great bulles and beres blake;

Of boundary of boundary of boundary of boundary and some context of great bulles and beres blake;

Of boundary of boundary

Or els that blake diuels wol hem take.

Of other humours could I tell also, and bus, algory of That werke a man in slepe much wo: bound an valuable But I wol passe as lightly as I can.

Lo, Caton, which that was so wise a man, on solved a

Kkkk

Said he not thus, do not force of dremes. Now fir (qd. she) when we flie fro the bemes, For Goddes loue, as taketh some laxative, Vp perill of my foule, and of my life, I counfaile you the best, I woll not lye, That both of colour and of melancolie Ye purge you; and for ye shul not tary, Though in this toune be none apotecary: I shall my selfe two herbes techen you, body and aged bank That shall be for your heale and for your prow: And in our yerde, the herbes shall I finde, The which have her propertie by kinde, To purge you bineth, and eke aboue: Foryet not this; for goddes owne loue: Ye be right colerike of complexion, Where the funne is in his afcention, Ne finde you not replete of humours hote: For if ye do, I dare well lay a grote,
That ye shall have a feuer terciane, Or els an ague that may be your bane. A day or two ye shall have digestives

Of wormes, or ye take your laxatives, Of laurel, centorie, and of femetere, Or els of elder-beries, that growe there, Of Catapuce, or of gaitres bereis, Of yue, growing in our yerde, that merie is. Pluck em vp as they growe, and eat hem in: Be mery husbond, for your father kin, Dredeth no dreme, I can say no more.

Madame (qd. he) gramercy of your lore. But nathelesse, as touching dan Caton, 1313 Von Jan L. That of wisdome hath so great renoun, Though he bade no dremes for to drede, By God, men may in olde bookes rede, Of many a man, more of auctoritie Than euer Caton was, fo mote I thee. That all the revers faith of his fentence, And have well founde by experience, That dremes ben significations, As wel of ioye, as of tribulacions, That folke endure, in this life present: There nedeth to make of this none argument: The very prefe sheweth it in dede. One of the greatest auctours that men rede, Saith thus: that whilem two felowes went Saith thus: that whilom two felowes went On pilgrimage, in full good entent, And haped so, they came into a toun, who start to a white was fuch congregacioun. Of people, and eke of fraite herbigage,
That they ne founde, as much as a cotage,
In which they both might vloged be In which they both might yloged be. Wherefore they more of necessitie and domination with the state of the st

Said

As for that night, departe company, And eche of hem goeth to his holtelry, And tooke his lodging as it would fall. That one of hem was lodged in a stall, bird or a stall, Farre in a yerde, with oxen of the plough. That other man was lodged well ynough, As was his auenture, or his fortune, That vs gouerneth all, as in comune. And so befel, long er it were day This man mette in his bedde, there as he lay, How that his felowe gan vpon him call, low on or and and And faid (alas) for in an oxes stall and a solide miles of I This night shal I be murdered, there I lie : 100 low shands Now helpe me dere brother er I die; it nous alga bas In al haste, come to me (he faid.) This man out of his slepe for feare abraid : of the blank But when he was waked of his slepe, of wonded verbased He turned him, and tooke of this no kepe, Him thought his dreme was but a vanite: Thus twife in his slepe dremed he. and odd an approximate And at third time yet his felawe, Cam as him thouzt, and faid I now am flawe: Beholde my bloody woundes, depe and wide, Arise vp early, in the morow tide, omi And at the west gate of the toun (qd. he) on about add A carte full of dong there shalt thou see, a mid sham and I In which my body is hid ful prively, view list about and I Do thou that carte arest boldly as no finers was a no tud My golde caused my deth, soth to saine, to may obne and And told him euery point how he was flaine; balg bas vool With a full petous face, pale of hewel: Hut med flee both And trust wel, his dreme he found right trewe, For on the morow, as sone as it was day, and lo ago of To his felowes Inne he toke the way roch arobnow a room off And when that he came to the oxes stall, on a triguods mail After his felowe he began to call. It belong mind bak The hosteler answerde him anon, it is and mid bist but And said sir, your selowe is gon, you amon ed that won't As fone as it was day, he went out of the toun: Now of This man gan fall in suspeccion, you aid mid being bnA Remembring of his dremes that he mette, yab tall to A And forth he goeth, no lenger would he lette, a wolst all Vnto the west gate of the toun, and fonde gual of the

A dong carte, as it were to dong londe; (ad .bp) amaib over That was arayed in the fame wife ab or not tal flow I and I As ye have herd the deed man devise : of own if a son is I And with hardie herte he gan to crysev and ned answer to Vengeaunce and iustice of this felonie: yab lls notom naM My felowe murdred is this fame night, a vnam to sale bal And in this carte he lyeth, gaping vprights to noment bank I cry out on the ministers (adding) north and self left the That should kepe and rule this citie: liviliw odwolf and bak Kkkk 2

Harowe alas, here lyeth my felowe flain. doin and and and and and and and and and an
What should I more of this tale faine?
The people out start, and cast the cart to ground,
And in the middle of the dong they found
The deed man that murdred was al newe.
O blisful God, that art io good and trewe,
Lo, how thou bewravest murdre alway.
Murdre wol out, that ice we day by day:
Murdre is to waltiome and abhominable
To God, that to juite is and realonable, ni arram mem aid
That he ne wol it fuffre healed to be:
Though it abide a yere, two or three, and (and his head
Murdre wol out, this is my conclusion, ad I led admin aid
And right anon, the ministers of the toung and wow
Haue hent the carter, and fore him pyned, and last
And eke the holteler to lore engyned, to mo name and
I hat they beknow her wickednesse anone was north and
And were honged by the necke bone, but min benun all
Here may ye fee that dremes ben to drede.
And certes in the same lefe I rede, gold and missing sun!
Right in the next chapter after this, y built bride is but
I gabbe not, fo haue I ioye and blish as and as mid as mid
Two men would have passed over the sold ym shlodes
For certaine causes, into a ferre countre, in which are
If the winde ne had be contrarie, to star flow out to bank
That made him in a citie to tarrie, old good lo llot otres A
That stoode full mery vpon an hauen fide:
But on a day, ayenst an euen tide. The orne July world off
The winde gan chaunge, and blewe as hem left, allow with
loly and glad they went to rest, and or was mid blot bank
And call hem full erly for to faile, some another list a ritil
But herken to one man fell a great meruaile.
To one of hem in fleping as he lay, worom end no roll
the met a wonders dreme again the day: and seviolated of
thin thought a man itoode by his beddes fide, and who ha
And him commaunded that he should abide, wolst ein rentA
And faid him thus, If thou to morow wende, all and T
Thou shalt be dreint, my tale is at an ende ov an bist bal
He woke, and tolde his felowe what he mette, as ono a
And praied him his voyage for to lette, all need man aid?
As for that day, he prayd him for to abide to anidmems A
His felowe that lay by his beddes fide roop and drol bnA
Gan for to laugh, and icorned him full fafte: went only
No dreme (qd. he) may so my herte agaste, otros good A
That I woll let for to do my thinges : I he bevere sew and T
I let not a strawe for thy dreminges, both brod suad sy aA
For sweuens ben but vanities and iapes end sibrad driw bank
Men meten all day of oules and of apes, i but some some of
And eke of many a male therewithally benefit would will
And dremen of a thing that never was ne shall and a half
but little that thou wolf here abidem and no mo via
And thus flouthe wilfully thy tide, olar bas agod blood and T
God . God

God wote it rueth me, and have good day, And thus he toke his leve, and went his way.

But er he had half his course ysailed,
I not why, ne what mischaunce it ayled,
But casuelly the shippes botome to rent,
And ship and men under the water went
In sight of other shippes beside,
That with hem sailed at the same tide.

And therefore, fair Pertelot so dere,
By such ensamples olde maist thou lere
That no man should be to rechelesse
Of dremes, for I say thee doutlesse,
That many a dreme full fore is for to drede.

Lo, in the life of Saint Kenelme, we rede,
That was Kenelphus fonne, the noble king
Of Mereturike, how Kenelm mette a thing,
A little er he were murdred on a day:
His murder in this vision he say:
His norice him expouned it every dele
His sweven, and badde him kepe him wele
Fro trayson, but he was but seven yere olde,
And therefore little tale he thereof tolde
Of any dreme, so holy was his herte:
By God, I had rather than my sherte,
That ye have herde his legend, as have I.

Dame Pertelot, I fay to you truely,

Macrobius, that writeth the auifion
In Afrike, of the worthy Scipion,
Affirmeth dremes, and faith that they been
Warning of things that we after feen.

And ferthermore I pray you loketh well and no but In the olde Testament, of Daniel; and some beneath the Helde dremes for vanitie.

If he helde dremes for vanitie.

Rede eke of Joseph, and there shal ye se word was all, was lavour as Warning of things that after shall fall.

Lo of Egypt the king, that hight Pharao, who had his butteler also, who had been and his butteler also, who had been also who fo woll seke actes in sundrie remes, who had also wonder thing, and also would have a wonder thing, and a sundrie remes as wonder thing,

Lo Cresus, which was of Lide king,
Mette he not that he sat vpon a tree,
Which signified he should honged bee.

Lo Andromeda, that was Hector's Wife, and the same of the state of the

Chaucer's Tale of the Nun's Priest. But that tale is to long to tell, And eke it is nigh day, I may nat dwell. Jour ti stow bod Shortly I fay, as for conclusion, and short and but but but and short and sh That I shall have of this authon Aduerlite: and I fay farthermore, un Janwon , vilw Jon I That I ne tell of laxatives no store, quid ed villeur suff For they ben venemous, I wete it wele: I has gidl ba A I hem defie, I loue hem neuer a dele, ich undio lo urbit ni But let vs speke of mirthe, and stinte all this, in and I Madame Pertelot, fo have I blis, and probable bnA Of one thing God hath me fent large grace: she down va For when I fee the beautie of your face, of a monomore Ye ben fo scarlet reed about your eyen, I would be something. It maketh al my drede for to dien. I small a vnam and I For also siker, as In principio Mulier est hominis confusio. In onno suddens X 200 July Madame, the fentence of this latin is Woman is mannes ioye and his blis am any on realistil A For when I fele on night your foft fide, zidt ni rebrum ziH Albeit that I may not on you ride, among a min on on a H For that our parche is made so narowe alas, monow all I am fo full of ioye and of folas and and individual of me I That I defie both sweuen and dreme: sittil erolered bak And with that word he flewe down fro the beme, by as 10 For it was day, and eke the hennes all that bad I bod va And with a chuck he gan hem for to call, a sund ey sail For he had found a corne lay in the yerde: the formal Royall he was, and no more aferde: He feddred Pertelot twentie time, stow and to skint ni And tradde her eke as oft er it was prime. He loketh as it were a grimme lioun, a spaint to grims W And on his toes he romed vp and down, our other bnA

And to him than ran his wives all. As royal as a prince in his hall, Leave I this Chaunteclere in this pasture: and to grow W. And after woll I tell of his adventure.

Him deened not to set his sete to the ground: eblo ent not the chucked, whan he had a corne yound, whether a deeple ent a least of the ground.

When the moneth in which the world began, world all That hight March that God first made man was about Was complete, and passed were also, as and so world world Sith March began twenty daies and two, world begins that Chaunteclere in all his pride, world begins on an analy His seven wives walking tim beside, and seven to the bright sunne, of an bening in the figure of Taurus was yrunne. That in the signe of Taurus was yrunne to be tall. He knew by kinde, and by none other lore, in bemade and That it was prime, and crew with a blissful steven; do wolf The sunne he saide is clombe vp to the heuen wolf and Madame Pertelot, my worldes blisse, in the said of the world Madame Pertelot, my worldes blisse, in the said of the world Madame Pertelot, my worldes blisse, in the said of the world Madame Pertelot, my worldes blisse, in the said of the world Madame Pertelot, my worldes blisse, in the said of the world Madame Pertelot, my worldes blisse, in the said of the world Madame Pertelot, my worldes blisse, in the said of the world Madame Pertelot, my worldes blisse, in the said of the world Madame Pertelot, my worldes blisse, in the said of the world Madame Pertelot, my worldes blisse, in the said of the world Madame Pertelot, my worldes blisse, in the said of the world world madame Pertelot, my worldes blisse, in the said of the world world world world made world wo

Herken how these blisful birdes sing,
And see the fresh floures how they gan spring:
Full is mine hert of reuel, and solas.
But sodainly him fell a forowful caas:
For euer the latter ende of ioy is wo,
God wote, worldly ioye is soone ago:
And if a rethore coud faire endite,
He in a chronicle might safely write
As for a soueraine notabilitie.

Nowe every wife man herken to me,
This flory is al fo true I vndertake,
As is the booke of Launcelot du lake,
That women holden in full great reverence:
Now woll I turne ayen to my fentence.

A col fox (ful of fleight and iniquitie)
That in the groue had wonned yeres three,
By high imagination aforne caste,
The same night, through the hedge braste
Into the yerde there Chaunteclere the faire
Was wont and eke his wives to repaire:
And in a bedde of wortes still he lay,
Til it was passed vndren of the day,
Waiting his time, on Chaunteclere to fall:
As gladly done these homicides all,
That in a waite lie to murdre men.

O false murdrer, rucking in thy den: O new Scariot, and new Gauilion, O False diffimuler, O greke Sinon That broughtest Troy vtterly to forowe, O Chaunteclere, accurfed be the morowe, That thou in thy yerde flew from the bemes : I blow of Thou were ful wel warned by thy dremes, That ilke day was perillous to thee. But what that God afore wote, must nedes bee, After the opinion of certain clerkes, who would be with the opinion of certain clerkes, who would be with the control of the c In this matter, and great disputacion of such or vino as M And hath ben of an hundred thousand men,
But I ne can nat boulte it to the bren,
As can the holy doctour faint Austin,
Or Boece, or the bishop Bradwardin, Whether that goddes worthy foreweting,
Straineth me nedely to do a thing:

(Nedely clepe I fimple necessite) Or if the free choice be graunted me and and an entre To do the same thing, or do it nought, don't nem roll and Though God forewore it, or it was wrought and otom of Or of his weting straineth neuer a dele, and an adult moy his at I wol not have to done of fuch mattere, it to sen it some My tale is of a cocke, cas ye shall here, modern or not but

That toke his counsaile of his wife with sorow,
To walk in the yerde vpon the morow,
That he had met the dreme, as I you tolde.
Womens counsailes ben oft ful colde:
Womens counsailes brought vs first to wo,
And made Adam fro Paradise to go,
There as he was ful mery, and well at ease.
But for I not whom I might displease,
If I counsaile of wemen should blame,
Passe ouer, I said it in my game.
Redeth authors, where they trete of such mattere,
And what they say of women, ye mowe here.
These ben the cockes wordes, ond not mine;
I can of women no harm deuine.
Faire in the sonde to bathe her merely,

Lieth Pertelot and all her fusters by,
Ayenst the sunne, and Chaunteclere so fre,
Song merier than the Marmaide in the se,
For Phisiologus, saith veterly,
How that they singen well and merely.

And so befell, as he cast his eye now looked an base Among the wortes on a butterflie, no both below that He was ware of the foxe that laie full lowe, he was a ware of the foxe that laie full lowe, he was a ware of the foxe that laie full lowe, he was a ware of the foxe that laie full lowe, he was a ware of the foxe, and who he start a war of the was a fraide in his hert.

As one that was afraide in his hert.

For naturally beastes desireth to flie has been of the world with the eye.

Tho he neuer erst had seen it with his eye.

This Chaunteclere, when he gan him espie, he would have fled, but the foxe anone was a war of the world was a war of the world.

Said: gentle sir, alas, what wol ye done?

Be ye atrayd of me, that am your frende?

Now certes I were worse than a food.

Now certes I were worse than a fende, If I to you would harme, or villanie: to not go all raffA I am not come your counfaile to espie. I am not come your counfaile to espie. But truely the cause of my comminging at alord in tent Was only to here howe ye fing : not bus and all For fothly ye have as mery a tteuen, this to ned that both As any angel hath, that is in heuen, enludd ten resen I tud Therewith ye have of musicke more feling, vocal and an anal Than had Boece or any that can sing. Indeed to the control of the My lorde your father, God his foule bleffe, and red and well And eke your mother of her gentlenesse ben am disnierts Haue in my house ben, to my great ease: I squis visbol)
And certes sir, full faine would I you please. But for men speken of singing, I woll sey, and the set So mote I broken wel mine eyen twey, wood boo depond I Saue you, ne herde I never man fo fing, game and to so As did your father in the morning. sibnos sind soon vo tool Certes it was of herte, all that he fong, b or sund son low And for to make his voice more strong too a to a cles vM

That

He would so paine him, that with both his eyen He must winke, so loude he must crien, And stonden on his tiptoes therwithall, And stretch forth his neck, long and small. And eke he was of fuch discrecion, That there was no man in no region, That him in songe or wisdome might passe. I haue wel redde dan Burnel the affe Among his verses, how that there was a Cocke, For that a priestes sonne yaue him a knocke Vpon his legges, while he was yong and nice, He made him for to lese his benefice. But certaine there is no comparison Betwixt the wifedome and diferecion Of your father, and of his fubtiltie. Now fingeth fir, for faint charitie, Let se, can ye your father counterfete? This Chaunteclere his winges gan to bete,

This Chaunteclere his winges gan to bete As a man that could not his treson aspie, So was he rauished with his flaterie.

Alas ye lordes, many a false flatterour
Is in your courte, and many a false lesingour,
That please you wel more by my faith,
Than he that sothsastnesse vnto you faith.
Redeth Ecclesiast of flatterie,
Beware ye lordes of her trecherie.
This Chaunteclere stode hie vpon his toos
Stretchin his necke, and held his eyen cloos,
And gan to crowe loud for the nones:
And dan Russel the Foxe start vp at ones,
And by the gorget hent Chaunteclere,
And on his backe, toward the wood him bere.
For yet was there no man that him sued.

O destinie, that maist not be eschued. Alas that Chaunteclere slewe fro the bemes, Alas his wife rought not of dremes: And on a Friday fell all this mischaunce.

O Venus, that art goddesse of pleasaunce, Sithens that thy servant was this Chaunteclere, And in thy service did all his powere, More for delite than the worlde to multiplie, Why woldst thou suffer him on thy dai to die:

O Gaulfride, dere maister, soueraine,
That whan that worthy king Richard was slain
With shot, complaindst his deth so fore,
Why ne had I now thy science and thy lore,
The Friday for to chide, as did ye:
For on a Friday shortly slaine was he.
Than wold I shew you how that I coud plaine,
For Chaunteclere's drede and for his paine.

Certes such cry ne lamentacion
Nas neuer of Ladies made, whan that Ilion
LIII

Was

Was won, and Pirrus with his bright swerde
Whan he hent King Priam by the berde,
And slough him, (as saieth Eneidos)
As made all the hennes in the cloos,
Whan they had loste of Chaunteclere the sight:
But souerainly dame Pertelot shright
Well louder than did Hasdruballes wise,
Whan that her husbond hath lost his life,
And that the Romaines had brent Cartage.
She was so full of torment and of rage,
That wilfully into the fire she sterte,
And brent her self with a stedsast herte.

O wofull hennes, right fo cryed he,
As whan that Nero brent the citie
Of Rome, cried the Senatours wives,
For that her husbondes should lese her lives,
Withouten gilte Nero hath hem slaine.

Now wol I turne to my tale againe. The fely widowe, and her doughters two Herde the hennes crie and make wo, And at the dore sterte they anon, And faw the foxe towarde the wood gon, And bare vpon his backe the Cocke away: And cried out harow and well away: Aha the Foxe, and after hem they ran, And eke with staues many another man: Ran, Coll our dogge, Talbot, and eke garlonde, And Malkin, with her distasse in her honde: Ran Cowe and Calfe, and eke the verie hogges, For they fo fore aferde were of the dogges, And shouting of men and of women eke, They ran so, her hert thought to breke. They yellen as fendes do in hell: The Duckes cried as men would them quell: The Geese for seare slewe ouer the trees, Out of the Hiues came the swarme of Bees, So hidous was the noise, a benedicite: Certes Jacke Strawe, ne his meine, Ne made neuer shoutes halfe so shrill, Whan that they would any Flemming kill, As that daie was made vpon the Foxe. Of brasse they blewe the trompes and of boxe, Of horne and bone, in which they blew and pouped And therwith they shriked and shouted: It feemed as though heaven should fall, Now good men, I pray you herken all.

Lo how fortune tourneth sodainly
The hope and the pride of her enemy.
This Cocke that laie vpon the Foxe backe,
In all his drede vnto the Foxe he spake,
And saied, sir, if I were as ye,
Yet should I saie, as wise God help me,

Tourneth ayen, ye proud churles all: A very pestilence ypon you fall. Now am I come vnto this woods side, Maugre your hed, the Cocke shall here abide, I woll him eate in faith, and that anon.

The Foxe answred, in faith it shal be don: And as he spake the word, all sodainly This Cock brake from his mouth deliuerly, And high upon a tree he flewe anon: And whan the Foxe faw that he was gon,

Alas (qd. he) O Chaunteclere, alas, I haue (qd. he) doe to you trespas, In as much as I made you aferde, Whan I you hent, and brought out of your yerde. But fir, I did it not in no wicked entent : Come doun, and I shal tel you what I ment,

I shall you say sothe, God helpe me so.

Nay than (qd. he) I shrewe vs both two, And first I shrewe my felf, both blood and bones, If thou begyle me ofter than ones: Thou shalt no more with thy flaterie Doe me fing with a winking eye.

For he that winketh when he should see, All wilfully, God let him neuer thee. Naie (qd. the foxe) but God yeue him mischance,

That is so indiscrete of gouernaunce That iangleth, whan that he should have pees. Lo, such it is for to be recheles

And negligent, and trust on flatterie. But ye that holde this tale a lie As of a foxe, of a Cocke, and of a Hen, Taketh the moralitie good men. For Saint Poule faieth, all that written is,
To our doctrine it is written ywis.

Taketh the fruit, and let the chaffe be still. Now good God, if that it be thy will, As faieth my Lorde, fo make vs all good men:
And bring vs to the high bleffe. Amen.

which follow Forms and during Qualities, without regard of wouldly

And in the Call or raine descended of white the sterne sky aloft, And in the Call or raine descended of author or against the stound felo times and off, or to give master an alcohome are,

HE what Phylus his chaire of gold to his

THE

FLOURE

AND THE

LEAFE.

As it was written by

GEFFREY CHAUCER.

The ARGUMENT.

A Gentlewoman out of an Arbor in a Grove, seeth a great company of Knights and Ladies in a Dance upon the green Grass: the which being ended, they all kneel down, and do honour to the Daisie, some to the Flower, and some to the Leaf. Afterward this Gentlewoman learneth by one of these Ladies the meaning hereof, which is this: They which honour the Flower, a thing fading with every Blast, are such as look after Beauty and worldly Pleasure: But they that honour the Leaf, which abideth with the Root, notwithstanding the Frosts and Winter Storms, are they which follow Vertue and during Qualities, without regard of worldly Respects.

HEN that Phebus his chaire of gold so hie Had whirled vp the sterrie sky alost, And in the Boole was entred certainly, When shoures sweet of raine descended oft, Causing the ground fele times and oft, Vp for to give many an wholsome aire, And every plaine was clothed faire

With new grene, and maketh small flours
To springen here, and there in field and in mede,
So very good and wholsome be the shoures,
That it reneueth that was old and deede,
In winter time and out of every seede
Springeth the hearbe, so that every wight
Of this season wexeth glad and light.

And I so glad of the season swete,
Was happed thus vpon a certain night,
As I lay in my bed, sleepe sul vnmete
Was vnto me, but why that I ne might
Rest, I ne wist, for there nas earthly wight,
As I suppose, had more hearts ease
Then I, for I nad sicknesse nor disease.

Wherefore I meruaile greatly of my felfe,
That I fo long withouten fleepe lay,
And vp I rose three houres after twelfe,
About the springing of the day,
And on I put my geare and mine array,
And to a pleasaunt groue I gan passe,
Long or the bright sonne vp risen was.

id i

pall

In which were Okes great, fireight as a line,
Vnder the which, the graffe fo fresh of hew,
Was newly sprong, and an eight foot or nine
Euery tree well fro his felow grew,
With braunches brode, lade with leues new,
That sprongen out ayen the sonne shene,
Some very red, and some a glad light grene.

Which, as me thought, was right a pleafaunt fight,
And eke the birddes fong fort here,
Would have reioifed any earthly wight,
And I that couth not yet in no manere,
Heare the Nightingale of all the yere,
Full bufily herkened with hert and with eare,
If I her voice perceive could any where.

And at the last a path of little breade

I found, that greatly had not vsed be,
For it forgrowen was with grasse and weede,
That well vnneth a wight might it se:
Thought I this path some whider goth parde,
And so I followed, till it me brought
To right a pleasaunt herber well ywrought,

That benched was, and with turfes new
Freshly turned, whereof the greene gras,
So small, so thicke, so short, so fresh of hew,

That most like vnto green wel wot I it was,
The hegge also that yede in compas,
And closed in all the green herbere,
With sicamour was set and eglatere.

Wrethen in fere so wel and cunningly,
That every branch and lease grew by mesure,
Plain as a bord, of an height by and by,
I see neuer thing I you ensure,
So wel done, for he that tooke the cure
It to make ytrow, did all his peine
To make it passe, all tho that men have seyne.

And shapen was this herber roofe and all
As a prety parlour, and also
The hegge, as thicke as a castel wall,
That who that list without to stond or go,
Though he would all day prien to and fro,
He should not see if there were any wight
Within or no, but one within well might

Perceiue all tho that yeden there without
In the field that was on euery fide
Couered with corne and graffe, that out of doubt,
Though one would feeke all the world wide,
So rich a field could not be espide
On no coast, as of the quantity,
For of all good thing there was plenty.

And I that all this pleasaunt fight sie,
Thought sodainly I felt so sweet an aire
Of the eglentere, that certainly
There is no heart I deme in such dispaire.
Ne with thoughts froward and contraire,
So ouerlaid, but it should soone haue bote,
If it had ones felt this sauour soote.

And as I stood and cast aside mine eie,

I was ware of the fairest Medle tre

That ever yet in all my life I sie,

As ful of blosomes as it might be,

Therein a goldsinch leaping pretile

Fro bough to bough, and as him list he eet

Here and there of buds and floures sweet.

And to the herber fide was joyning
This faire tree, of which I have you told,
And at the last the brid began to sing,
Whan he had eaten what he eat wold,
So passing sweetly, that by manifold
It was more pleasaunt than I could deuise,
And when his song was ended in this wise,

The Nightingale with fo merry a note
Answred him, that all the wood rong
So sodainly, that as it were a sote,
I stood associated, so was I with the song
Thorow rauished, that till late and long,
I ne wist in what place I was, ne where,
And ayen me thought she song even by mine ere.

Wherefore I waited about bufily
On euery fide, if I her might fee,
And at the last I gan full well aspy
Where she sat in a fresh greene laurey tree,
On the further side euen right by me,
That gaue so passing a delicious smell,
According to the eglentere full well.

Whereof I had so inly great pleasure,
That as me thought I surely rauished was
Into Paradise, where my desire
Was for to be, and no ferther passe
As for that day, and on the sote grasse
I sat me downe for as for mine entent,
The birds song was more convenient,

And more pleasaunt to me by manyfold,
Than meat or drinke, or any other thing,
Thereto the herber was so fresh and cold,
The wholsome sauours eke so comforting,
That as I deemed, sith the beginning
Of the world was neuer seen or than
So pleasant a ground of none earthly man.

And as I fat, the birds harkening thus, Me thought that I heard voices fodainly, The most sweetest and most delicious That euer any wight I trow trewly Heard in their life, for the armony And sweet accord was in so good musike, That the voice to Angels most was like.

At the last, out of a groue euen by,
That was right goodly, and pleasant to sight,
I sie where there came singing lustily
A world of ladies, but to tell aright
Their great beauty, it lieth not in my might
Ne their aray neuerthelesse I shall
Tell you a part, though I speake not of all.

The furcotes white of veluet wele fitting,
They were clad, and the semes ech one,
As it were a maner garnishing,

Was fet with Emerauds one and one,
By and by, but many a rich stone
Was set on the pursiles out of dout
Of colors, sleues, and traines round about.

As great pearles round, and orient,
Diamonds fine, and rubies red,
And many another stone, of which I went
The names now, and euerich on her head,
A rich fret of gold, which without dread
Was full of stately rich stones set,
And euery lady had a chapelet

On her head of fresh and grene,
So wele wrought, and so meruelously, the of suggested T
That it was a noble sight to sene,
Some of laurer, and some ful pleasauntly
Had chaplets of woodbind, and sadly
Some of Agnus castus were also
Chapelets fresh, but there were many of the

That daunced, and eke fong ful foberly,
But all they yede in maner of compace,
But one there yede in mid the company
Soole by her felfe, but all followed the pace
That she kept, whose heauenly figured face
So pleasaunt was, and her wele shape person,
That of beauty she past hem euerichon.

And more richly befeene by manyfold
She was also in every maner thing,
On her head ful pleasaunt to behold,
A crowne of gold rich for any king,
A braunch of Agnus castus eke bearing
In her hand, and to my sight trewly,
She lady was of the company.

And she began a roundell lustely,
That Suse le foyle de vert moy, men call,
Seen & mon ioly cuer en dormy,
And than the company answered all,
With voice sweet entuned, and so small,
That me thought it the sweetest melody
That euer I heard in my life soothly.

And thus they came dauncing and finging
Into the middes of the mede echone,
Before the herber where I was fitting,
And God wot my thought I was wel bigone,
For than I might auife hem one by one,
Who fairest was, who coud best dance or sing,
Or who most womanly was in all thing.

They

They had not daunced but a little throw,
When that I heard not fer of fodainly,
Sogreat a noise of thundering trumps blow,
As though it should have departed the skie,
And after that within a while I sie,
From the same grove where the ladies come out,
Of men of armes comming such a rout,

As all ye men on earth had ben assembled
In that place, wele horsed for the nones,
Stering so fast, that all the earth trembled:
But for to speake of riches and stones,
And men and horse I trow ye large wones,
Of Pretir John, ne all his tresory,
Might not vnneth haue bouzt the tenth party.

Of their array who so list heare more,
I shal rehearse so as I can a lite:
Out of the groue that I spake of before,
I sie come first all in their clokes white,
A company that were for their delite,
Chapelets fresh of okes feriall,
Newly sprong, and trumpets they were all.

On every trumpe hanging a broad banere
Of fine Tartarium were ful richely bete,
Every trumpet his lordes armes here
About their necks with great pearles fete,
Colers brode for cost they would not lete,
As it would feeme for their scochones echone,
Were set about with many a precious stone.

Their horse harneis was all white also,
And after them next in one company,
Came kings of armes and no mo,
In clokes of white cloth of gold richely,
Chapelets of greene on their heads on hye,
The crownes that they on their scochones bere,
Were set with pearle, ruby, and Saphere.

And eke great Diamonds many one,
But all their horse harneis and other geare
Was in a fute according euerichone,
As ye haue heard the foresaid trumpets were,
And by seeming they were nothing to lere,
And there guiding, they did so manerely,
And after hem came a great company

Of heraudes and purseuants eke,
Arraied in clothes of white veluet,
And hardily they were nothing to seke,
M m m m

How they on hem should the harneis set,
And every man had on a chapelet
Scochones and eke horse harneis in dede,
They had in sute of hem that before hem yede.

Next after hem came in armour bright
All faue their heads, feemely knights nine,
And euery claspe and naile as to my fight
Of their harneis were of red gold fine,
With cloth of gold, and furred with ermine
Were the trappours of their stedes strong,
Wide and large, that to the ground did hong.

And every boose of bridle and paitrell
That they had, was worth as I would wene,
A thousand pound, and on their heads well
Dressed were crownes of laurer grene,
The best made that ever I had sene,
And every knight had after him riding
Three hensh men on him awaiting.

Of which every on a short tronchoun
His lords helme bare so richly dight,
That the worst was worth the raunsoun
Of a king, the second a shield bright
Bare at his neck, the thred bare vpright
A mighty spheare, ful sharpe ground and kene,
And every child ware of leaves grene

A fresh chapelet vpon his haires bright,
And clokes white of fine veluet they were,
Their steeds trapped and raied right
Without difference as their lords were,
And after hem on many a fresh corsere,
There came of armed knights such a rout,
That they besprad the large field about.

And all they ware after their Degree
Chapelets new, made of laurer grene,
Some of oke, and fome of other trees.
Some in their honds bare boughes shene,
Some of laurer, and some of okes kene,
Some of hauthorne, and some of woodbind,
And many mo, which I had not in mind.

And fo they came their horses freshly stering
With bloody sownes of her trompes loud,
There sie I many an vncouth disguising
In the array of these knights proud,
And at the last as euenly as they coud,
They took their places in middes of the mede,
And euery knight turned his horse hede

To his fellow, and lightly laid a speare
In the rest, and so sustess began
On every part about here and there,
Some brake his spere, som drew down hors and man,
About the field aftray the steeds ran
And to behold their rule and governaunce,
I you ensure it was a great pleasaunce

And fo the iustes last and hour and more,
But tho that crowned were in laurer grene,
Wan the prife, their dints were so fore,
That there was none ayenst hem might sustene,
And the iusting all was left of clene,
And fro their horse the ninth alight anon,
And so did all the remnant everichon.

And forth they yede togider twain and twain,
That to behold it was a worldly fight
Toward the ladies on the green plain,
That fong and daunced as I faid now right:
The ladies as foone as they goodly might,
They brake of both the fong and dance,
And yede to meet hem with full glad femblance.

And every lady took full womanly
By the hond a knight, and forth they yede
Unto a fair laurer that flood fast by,
With leues laid the boughes of great brede,
And to my dome there neuer was indede
Man, that had seen halfe so faire a tre,
For vnderneath there might it wel have be

An hundred persons at their own plesance of Shadowed fro the heat of Phebus bright, So that they should have selt no greuance. Of raine ne haile that hem hurt might, The sauour eke reioice would any wight, That had be sick or melancolius, It was so very good and vertuous.

And with great reverence they enclining low of the tree fo foot and faire of hew,
And after that within a little throw
They began to fing and daunce of new,
Some fong of love, fome plaining of vntrew,
Environing the tree that flood vpright,
And ever yede a lady and a knight.

And at the last I cast mine eie aside, and an arithmeter And was ware of a lusty company of mode no company. That came roming out of the field wide,

Hond in hond a knight and a lady, and and a lady, and a lady, and a lady of the ladies all in surcotes that richly and a Money man a Put

Purfiled were with many a rich stone, And euery knight of greene ware mantels on.

Embrouded well fo as the furcotes were,
And euerich had a chaplet on her hed,
Which did right well upon the shining here,
Made of goodly floures white and red,
The knights eke that they in hond led
In sue of hem ware chapelets euerichone;
And before hem went minstrels many one.

As Harpes, Pipes, Lutes, and Sautry
All in greene, and on their heads bare
Of divers floures made full craftely
All in a fute goodly chapelets they ware,
And fo dauncing into the mede they fare,
In mid the which they found a tuft that was
All ouersprad with floures in compas.

Whereto they enclined euerichon
With great reuerence, and that full humbly,
And at the last there began anon
A lady for to sing right womanly
A Bargaret in praising the daisie,
For as me thought among her notes swete
She said Si douset & la Margarete.

Then they all answered her in fere,
So passingly well, and so pleasauntly,
That it was a blissful noise to here,
But I notit happed sodainly,
As about noone the sonne so fervently
Waxe whote, that the prety tender floures
Had lost the beauty of her fresh colures.

Forshronke with heat, the ladies eke to brent, which to That they ne wist where they hem might bestow, and T The knights swelt for lack of shade nie shent, about the T And after that within a little throw, The wind began so studied to blow, That down goeth all the floures euerich one. So that in all the mede there last not one, I of some of T

Saue such as succoured were among the leues, and you'll fro every storme that might hem assaile, not be not smooth from under hegges and thick greves, and agrino signal And after that there came a storm of haile, have been and raine in feare, so that withouten faile, The ladies ne the knights nade o threed fail of the bulk Dry on them, so dropping was her weed to sign as well bulk.

That came roming out of the flow with the And whan the florm was cleane palled away, and in Hond in white that flood under the treat all in flow in white that flood under the treat all in flow in white that flood under the treat all in flow in white that flood under the treat all in flow in white that flood under the treat all in flow in white that flood under the treat all in flow in white that flood under the treat all in flow in white that flood under the treat all in flow in the flow in th

Pur

They felt nothing of the great affray,
That they in greene without had in ybe,
To them they yed for routh and pite,
Them to comfort after their great difease,
So faine they were the helplesse for to ease.

Then I was ware how one of hem in grene
Had on a crown rich and well fitting,
Wherfore I demed wel she was a Quene,
And tho in grene on her were awaiting,
The ladies then in white that were coming
Toward them, and the knightes in fere
Began to comfort hem and make hem chere.

The Queen in white, that was of great beauty,
Tooke by the hond the queen that was in grene,
And faid, fuster, I have great pity
Of your annoy, and of the troublous tene,
Wherein ye and your company have bene
So long alas, and if that it you please
To go with me, I shall do you theease,

In all the pleasure that I can or may:
Wherof the tother humbly as she might,
Thanked her, for in right ill array
She was with storm and heat I you behight,
And every lady then anon right
That were in white, one of them took in grene
By the hond, which when the Knights had sene,

In likewise ech of them took a knight
Clad in grene, and forthwith hom they fare,
To an hegge, where they anon right
To make these iusts they would not spare
Boughes to hew down, and eke trees square,
Wher with they made hem stately fires great,
To dry their clothes that were wringing weat.

And after that of hearbs that there grew,
They made for bliffers of the fonne brenning,
Very good and wholfome ointments new,
Where that they yede the fick fail anointing,
And after that they yede about gadering
Pleafaunt falades which they made hem eat,
For to refresh their great vnkindly heat.

The lady of the leafe then began to pray Her of the floure (for fo to my feeming Her of the floure (for fo to my feeming Her of the flourd be as by their array)

To foupe with her and cke for any thing, he can be a large of the flould with her all her people bring and the flourd of the flourd manere, and the flourd of the most friendly cheare,

Saying

Saying plainly, that she would obay
With all her hart all her commaundement,
And then anon without lenger delay
The lady of the Lease hath one ysent
For a palfray after her intent,
Araied well and fair in harnais of gold,
For nothing lacked, that to him long shold,

And after that to all her company
She made to puruey horse and every thing
That they needed, and then full lustily,
Even by the herber where I was sitting
They passed all so pleasantly singing,
That it would have comforted any wight,
But then I sie a passing wonder sight.

For then the nightingale, that all the day
Had in the laurer fete, and did her might
The whol feruice to fing longing to May,
All fodainly gan to take her flight,
And to the lady of the leafe forth right
She flew, and fet her on her hond fortly,
Which was a thing I marueled of greatly.

The goldfinch eke that fro the medill tre
Was fled for heat into the bushes cold,
Unto the Lady of the Flower gan fle,
And on hir hond he set him as he wold,
And pleasantly his wings gan to fold,
And for to sing they pained hem both as fore,
As they had do of all the day before.

And so these Ladies rode forth a great pace,
And all the rout of knights eke in sere,
And I that had sene all this wonder case,
Thought I would assay in some manere,
To know fully the trouth of this matere,
And what they were that rode to pleasantly,
And when they were the herber passed by, or bear you?

I drest me forth, and happed to mete anon red and W Right a faire Lady I you ensure,
And she come riding by hir self alone, abbata mustases All in white, with semblance ful demure and a roll of I saluted her, and bad her good auenture
Must her befall, as I coud most humbly, and to the And she answered, my doughter gramercy and and to the

Madam (qd. I) if that I durst enquered this equipment of you I would faine of that company bloods all that I with what they be that past by this arbere, in now and the

I hankerly her of her molt iri

Bullo

And she ayen answered right friendly:
My faire doughter, all the that passed hereby
In white clothing, be servants everichene
Vnto the Leafe, and I my felf am one.

Se ye not her that crowned is (qd. she)
All in white? Madame (qd. I) yes:
That is Diane, goddes of chastity,
And for bicause that she a maiden is,
In her hond the braunch she bereth this,
That Agnus castus men call properly,
And all the ladies in her company

Which ye se of that hearb chaplets weare,
Be such as han kepte alway her maidenhede:
And all they that of laurer chaplets beare,
Be such as hardy were and manly indeed,
Victorious name which neuer may be dede,
And all they were so worthy of ther hond,
In her time that none might hem withstond.

And tho that weare chapelets on ther hede
Of fresh woodbind, be such as neuer were
To loue vntrue in word, thought, ne dede,
But aye stedsast, ne for pleasance, ne fere,
Thogh that they shuld their harts all to tere,
Would neuer slit, but euer were stedsast,
Till that their liues there asunder brast.

Now faire Madame (qd. I) yet I would pray,
Your ladiship if that it might be,
That I might know by some maner way,
Sith that it hath liked your beaute,
The trouth of these ladies for to tell me,
What that these knights be in rich armour,
And what tho be in greene and weare the flour?

And why that some did reuerence to the tre,
And some vnto the plot of floures faire:
With rizt good will my fair doughter (qd. she)
Sith youre desire is good and debonaire,
Tho nine crowned be very exemplaire,
Of all honour longing to chiualry,
And those certaine be called the nine worthy.

Which ye may fe riding all before,
That in her time did many a noble dede,
And for their worthines ful oft haue bore
The crowne of laurer leaues on their hede,
As ye may in your old bookes rede,
And how that he that was a conquerour,
Had by laurer alway his most honour.

And tho that beare bowes in their hond
Of the precious laurer fo notable,
Be fuch as were I woll ye vnderstond,
Noble knights of the round table,
And eke the douseperis honourable,
Which they bare in the figne of victory,
It is witnes of their dedes mightily.

Eke there be knights old of the Garter,
That in her time did right worthily,
And the honour they did to the laurer,
Is for by they have their laud wholly,
Their Triumph eke and marshall glory,
Which vnto them is more parsit riches,
Then any wight imagine can or gesse.

For one leafe given of that noble tre,
To any wight that hath done worthily,
And it be done so as it ought to be,
Is more honour than any thing earthly,
Witnes of Rome that sounder was truly
Of all knighthood and deeds maruelous,
Record I take of Titus Livius.

And as for her that crowned is in greene,

It is Flora, of these stores goddesse,

And all that here on her awaiting beene,

It are such that loued idlenes,

And not delite of no busines,

But for to hunt, and hauke, and pley in medes,

And many other such idle dedes.

And for the great delite and pleasaunce
They have to the floure, and so reverently
They vnto it do such obeisaunce,
As ye may se now faire Madame (qd. I)
If I durst aske what is the cause, and why,
That knightes have the signe of honour,
Rather by the lease than by the floure.

Sothly doughter (qd.fhee) this is the trouth,

For knights euer fhould be perseuering,

To seeke honour without seintise or slouth,

Fro wele to better in all maner thing,

In signe of which with leaves aye latting,

They be rewarded after their degree,

Whose lusty green May, may not appaired be.

But aye keping their beauty fresh and greene,
For there nis storme that may hem deface,
Haile nor snow, wind nor frosts kene,

Wherefore they have this propertie and grace, And for the floure within a little space Woll be lost, so simple of nature. They be, that they no greuance may endure.

And every storme will blow them soone away,
Ne they last not but for a season,
That if their cause the very trouth to say,
That they may not by no way of reason
Be put to no such occupacion,
Madame (qd. I) with all mine whole servise,
I thanke you now in my most humble wise.

For now I am acertained throughly
Of every thing I defired to know,
I am right glad that I have faid fothly
Ought to your pleasure if ye will me trow.
(Qd. she) ayen but to whom doe you owe
Your service, and which woll ye honour,
Tell me I pray, this year, the lease or the floure.

Madame (qd. I) though I least worthy,
Vnto the lease I owe mine observaunce:
That is (qd. she) right well done certainly,
And I pray God to honour you auaunce,
And kepe you fro the wicked remembraunce
Of male bouch and all his crueltie,
And all that good and well condicioned be.

For here may I no lenger now abide,
I must follow the great company
That ye may see yonder before you ride,
And forth as I couth most humbly,
I tooke my leue of her as she gan hie
After hem as fast as euer she might,
And I drow homeward, for it was night night,

And put all that I had feen in writing

Vnder support of them that lust it to rede.

Vnder support of them that lust it to rede.

O little booke, thou art so vnconning,

How darst thou put thy selfe in prees for drede,

It is wonder that thou wexest not rede,

Sith that thou wost ful lite who shall behold a single bloom M.

Thy rude langage, ful boistously vnfold.

The process of them that lust it to rede.

O little booke, thou art so vnconning,

How darst thou put thy selfe in prees for drede,

Sith that thou wost ful lite who shall behold a single bloom M.

Thy rude langage, ful boistously vnfold.

but now can no man le none effer mo,

HT he great charite and praiers

HT Tours and other holy I remand

I fpeake of many an hundred yere ago,

This was the old opinion as I rede.

Wherefore they have this propertie and grace, And for the floure within a little space.
Woll be soft, so simple furt within They be, that they no greyance may endure.

Be put to no fuch occupacion, Madame (qd. 1) with all mine whole femile, I thanke you now in my mod humble wife.

Floure and the Leafe.

w i am rees ained through the grant thing I defined to kind Ought to your pleafure if ye will me trow.

Od. the) aven but to whom doe you owe That is (qd. flie) right well done certain)

And I pray God to honour you auaunce, And kepe you fro the wicked remembraunce. Of male bouch and all his crueltie, And all that good and well condicioned be.

As it was written by For here may I no lenger now

GEFFREY CHAUCER.

The AR GUME No Took word I bak

A Batcheler of King Arthur's Court is enjoyned by the Queen to tell what thing it is that women most desire. At length he is taught it by an old Woman, who for that cause is enforced to marry her.

It is wonder that thou werest not rede, Sith that thou wolf ful like when and Brish of the sith that thou wolf ful like when worth and I would be sithed the sith that thou wolf ful like when we would be sithed the sith of (Of which the Bretons speaken great honour) and short yell All was this lond fulfilled of fairy, The Elfe quene, with her ioly company Daunsed full oft in many a grene mede: This was the old opinion as I rede. I speake of many an hundred yere ago, But now can no man se none elses mo, For now the great charite and praiers Of limitours and other holy Freres [1 [1]

That ferchen every land and every streme, As thicke as motes in the Sunne beme, Blissing halles, chambers kitchens and boures, Citees, borowes, castelles, and hie toures, Thropes, bernes, shepens, and deiries, This maketh, that there been no fairies: For there as wont to walke was an Else, There walketh now the limitour himselfe In vndermeles, and in mornynges, And saieth his Mattins and his holy thinges As he goeth in his limitacioun: Women may go safely vp and down In every bush, and vnder every tre, There nis none other Incubus but he, And he ne will doen hem no dishonour.

And so fell it, that this kyng Artour
Had in his house a lusty batcheler,
That on a day come riding fro the river:
And happed, that alone as he was borne,
He saw a maid walkyng him biforne,
Of which maid anon, maugre her hed,
(By very force) he biraft her maidenhed:
For which oppression was such clamour,
And soch pursute vnto king Artour,
That dampned was this knight to be dedde
By course of law, and should have lost his hed.

Perauenture foch was the flatute tho: But that the Quene, and other ladies mo So long praiden the king of grace, Till he his life graunted in that place, And yaue him to the quene, all at her will To chefe where that she would him saue or spill. The quene thanketh the king with all her might, And after this thus spake she to the knight, Whan she sey her time on a day: Thou standeth yet (qd. she) in such aray, That of thy life yet hast thou no suerte: Igraunt thee thy life, if that thou canst telle me What thing is it that women most defiren: Beware and kepe thy necke bone from yren. And if thou canst not tell it me anon, Yet wol I yeue thee leue for to gon A twelue moneth and a day to seke and lere An answere sufficient in this matere. And fuertie wol I have er that thou passe, Thy body for to yelde in this place.

Wo was the knight, and forowfully he fiketh:
But what? he may not don al as him liketh.
And at last he chese him for to wende,
And come ayen right at the yeres ende
With such answer as God wold him puruay:
And taketh his leue, and wendeth forth his way.

Nnnn 2

He seketh euery house and euery place, Where as he hopeth for to finde grace, To lerne what thing women louen most: But he ne couth ariuen in no cost, Where as he might find in this matere Two creatures according yfere. Some said women loued best richesse, Some said honour, some said iolynesse, Some said riche aray, some said lust a bed, And ofte time to ben widowe and wed.

Some faid, that our herte is most y esed Whan that we ben flattered and y plesed. He goeth full nye the sothe, I wol not lye, A man shall winne vs best with flaterye, And with attendaunce, and with businesse Ben we ilymed both more and lesse.

And some men fain, how that we loven best For to ben fre, and do right as vs lest:
And that no man repreue vs of our vice,
But say that we be wise and nothing nice.
For trewly there nis none of vs all,
If any wight wol clawe vs on the gall,
That we nil kike, for that he saith vs sothe:
Astaye, and he shal sinde it, that so dothe.
For we be neuer so vicious within,
We woll be holden wise and cleane of sin.

And some men sain, that gret delite haue we For to ben holde stable and eke secre, And in o purpose stedsastly to dwell, And nat bewray thing that men vs tell. But that tale is not worth a rake stele, Parde we women can nothing hele, Witnesse of Midas, woll ye here the tale?

Ouide, among other things small
Said, Midas had vnder his long heeres
Growing on his heed, two asses eeres:
The which vice he hidde, as he best might,
Ful subtelly from euery mannes sight:
That saue his wife, there wiste of it no mo,
He loued her most, and trusted her also,
He praied her that to no creature
She nolde tellen of his dissigure.

She fwore him nat for all the world to win,
She nolde do that villanie, ne that fin,
To maken her husbonde haue so foule a name:
She nold nat tell it for her owne shame.
But natheles, her thought that she dide,
That she so long should a counsaile hide,
Her thought it swol so fore about her hert,
That nedely some word she must a stert:
And sith she durst tellen it to no man,
Doun to a marris sast by she ran,

And as a bittour bumbeth in the myre,
She laid her mouth vnto to the water adoun.
Bewray me not thou water with thy foun
Qd. she, to thee I tell it and to no mo,
My husbonde hath long affes eres two.
Now is myn hert al hole, now it is out,
I might no lenger kepe it out of dout.
Here mowe ye se, though we a time abide,
Yet out it mote, we can no counsaile hide.
The remnaunt of the tale if ye will here,
Redeth Ouide, and there ye may it lere.

This knight, of which my tale is specially, Whan that he fawe he might not come therby, This is to fay, what women louen moste: Within his herte sorowful was his goste. But home he goth, he might not foiourne, The day was come, he must home returne. And in his way it happed him to ride In al his care vnder a forest side, Where he fawe vpon a daunce go Of ladies foure and twenty, and yet mo: Toward the daunce he drowe him, and that yerne, In hope that some wisdome should he lerne. But certainly er that he came fully there, Vanished was the daunce, he nist not where, No creature faw he that bare life, Saue in the grene, he faw fitting an olde wife: A fouler wight there may no man deuise. Againe the knight the olde wife gan arife, And faid, fir knight, here forth lieth no way, Tell me what ye feken by your fay, Peraduenture it may the better be: This olde folke conne much thing (qd. she.)

My lefe mother (qd. this knight) certaine,
I nam but dede, but if that I can faine,
What thing it is that women most defire:
Coud ye me wisse, I wold quite well your hire.
Plight me thy trouth here in my hand (qd. she)
The next thing that I require of the
Thou shalt it do, if it be in thy might,
And I woll tell it you, or it be night.
Haue here my trought (qd. the knizt) I graunt.

Than (qd. she) I may me wel auaunt,
Thy life is safe, for I wol stond therby,
Vpon my life the quene will say as I:
Let se, which is the proudest of hem all
That weareth on a kerchese or a call,
That dare nay say, of that I shall you teche,
Let vs go forth without lenger speche.

The rowned she a pistell in his ere,
And bad him to be glad and haue no fere.

Whan they ben comen to the court, this knizt Said, he had hold his day, as he had hight, And redy was his answere as he said:
Full many a noble wife, and many a maid And many a widow, for that they be wife, (The quene her selfe sitting as a justise)
Assembled ben his answere for to here, And afterward this knight was bode apere.

To every wight commaunded was filence,
And that the knight should tell in audience,
What thing that worldly women loved best,
This knight ne stode not still as doth a best,
But to his question anon answerd

With manly voice, that all the court it herd.

My liege lady, generally (qd. he)

Women defiren to haue fouerainte

As well ouer her husbonds as her loue,

And for to ben in maistry hem aboue.

This is your most defire, though ye me kill,

Doth as you lift, I am here at your will.

In all the court has there wife ne maid

Ne widow, that contraried that he faid,

But faid, he was worthy han his life.

And with that word, vp flert the old wife,
Which that the knight fond fitting on the grene:
Mercy (qd. she) my soueraine lady quene,
Er that your court depart, do me right:
I taught this answere vnto this knight,
For which he plight me his trouth there,
The first thing I would of him requere,
He wold it do, if it lay in his might:
Before the court than pray I the, sir knight,
(Qd. she) that thou me take vnto thy wife,
For well thou woost, that I have kept thy life:
If I say false, say nay vpon thy say.

This knight answerd, alas and welaway:

I wot right well that such was my behest,

For Goddes loue chese a new request:

Take all my good, and let my body go.

Nay (qd. she) than I shrewe vs both two.

For though that I be foule, olde, and pore,
I nolde for all the metall ne the ore,
That under yerth is grave, or lithe above,
But if I thy wife were and thy love.

My love (qd. he) nay my dampnacion:

My loue (qd. he) nay my dampnacion:
Alas that any of my nacion
Should ever fo foule disparaged be.
But al for nought, the ende is this, that he
Constrained was, that nedes must be her wed,
And taketh this olde wife, and goeth to bed.

Now wolden fome men fay perauenture

To tellen you the loy and the arrays in renam double to ! That at the feast was that ilkerday dishir quiphle ling To the which thing ahfwere thortly I shall a shower I fay there was no joy me feest at all, mielo ow sent low There has but hellinelle and much forowe the mo to roll For prittely he wedded her on a morowe, irrogment and And al day after hid him as an oule, adain your sold. So wo was him his wife loked to foule. Gret was the forow the knizt had in his thouzt Whan he was with his wife a bedde ibrought, bus your He waloweth, and turneth to and fro. hang to enob o'T His olde wife lay fmiling evernio, on nob silgim yed I And faid, O'dere misbonde, O benedicite, as an exal Fareth every knight thus as ye room on box side axional Is this the lawe of king Arrours house? Is every knight of his love to daungerouse? and low so ! I am your own loue, and eke your wife, noth singure A I am she, which that saved hath your life, when so the all And certes yet did I neuer you vnright.
Why fare ye thus with me the first hight? Ye faren like a man that had tofte his wit. become some Fy, what is my gilt? for gods lovetell me it, lot me it, And it shal be amerided if I may lord out shob as youlA Amended (qd. this knight) alas nay nay : wii bod to ! That woll not ben amended neuer mo, of emol sebrol A Thou art fo lothly, and fo olde alfo, want low sads on bank And therto comen of fo lowe a kinde, to moderwed to I That litle wonder is thouz I walow and winde, I bad bank So would god (qd. he) min hert would brezt. Is this (qd. she) the cause of your vnrest ? and wold !! Ye certainly (qd. he) no wonder nis. have you sin all Now fir (qd. flie) I couth amendall this, If that me lift, er it were daies three, an affording to I So wel ye might beare you vnto me.

But for ye speke of such geneilnesse, As is discended out of olde richesse, mos shorting of That therfore shullen ye be gentilmen: 1110 discuss quality Such errogaunce is not worthe an hen. If griffion as will Lo who that is moste vertuous alway, and distant I Preuy and aperte, and most entendeth ave Wall additions w To do the gentil dedes that he can, said to the greatest gentilman. Christ wuld we claimed of him our gentilnesse, and and Not of our elders, for our old richette. For though they yeue vs all her heritage, For which we claymen to ben of hie parage, Yet may they not byqueth, for nothing, To none of vs, her vertuous living, That made hem gentilmen icalled be, And bad vs followen hem in fuch degre. Wounted and on And there as ye Wel can the wife poete of Florence,

That hight Daunte, speke in this sentence: 10 bod sides of

Lo in fuch maner rime is Daunte's tale of nov nelles of Ful felde vp rifeth by his braunches smale Prowesse of man: for God of his goodnesse Wol that we claim of him our gentilnelle words yell For of our elders may we nothing claimed and and and and I But temporal thing that men may hurt and maime. Eke euery wight wot this as wel as I rothe yeb le bnA If gentilnes were planted naturally wand mid asw ow of Vnto a certain linage doun the line, orolled saw jero Preuy and aperte, than wold they neuer fine wand mand w To done of gentilnesse the fair office, bus abovelaw oH They might don no vilany ne vice. yel oliw ablo ail-Take fire and beare it into the derkest hous bill bak Bitwixt this and the mount Caucafus, doing visus distal And let men shitte the dores, and go thenne, all and all Yet wol the fire as fayre lye and brenne and good your all As twentie thousand men might it beholde: His office naturall ay wolit holde that do do not mad Vp peril of my life, till that it dyen I bib you come binA Here may ye fe well how that gentryeur av and yell Is not annexed to possession, but that mam a still nearly Y Sithen folke don not her operacion still ym a sadw , vil Alway as doth the fire lo in his kinde : one ad land it bnA For God it wot men may ful often finde bp) bebnemA A lordes sonne done shame and vilany. not son llow sad I And he that wol have prife of his gentry, hel of the world For he was born of a gentil house, to namos orned bank And had his elders noble and vertuouse, show shill sad I And nil him felfe don no gentil dedes, 100) bog bluow of Ne folow his gentle auncetre that deed is, and hop ains all He nis not gentil, be he duke or erle bp) vinished of Fye villaines, finful dedes maketh a cherle. For gentilnesse nis but the renomie Of thine aunceters, for her high bountie, man av law or Which is a strong thing to thy persone: The gentilnesse commeth fro God alone. Than cometh our very gentilnesse of grace, It was nothing biqueth vs with our place some gorns doug Thinketh how noble, as faith Valerius, and odw of Was thilke Tullius Hostilius, That out of pouertie rose to hie noblesse: Redeth Seneck, and redeth eke Boece,
There shall ye seen expresse, no drede is,
That he is gentile, that doth gentile dedis. And therefore dere husbond I thus conclude, and another of Al were it that mine aunceters were rude, Yet may that hie god, and so hope I, ve son years years to Graunt me grace to live vertoufly: Than am I gentil, whan I beginne I man and about said I To live vertuously, and leven sinne, no wollot av had bath And there as ye of pouertie me repreue, and the The hie God on whom that we bileue, In wilful pouerte chese to lede his life : www mi om the I And certes euery man, maide, and wife and move desired May vnderstond, Jefu heuen king ov or wonod flom bak Ne would not chefe a viciouse living. Glad pouerte is an honest thing certain, who was not

This wol Seneck and other clerkes faine to I sould need I Who fo would holde him paide of his pouert, I holde him riche, all had he not shert.

He that coueiteth is a full poore wight,

For he wold han, that is not in his might.

But he that nought hath ne conceiteth to have,

Is rich, although ye hold him but a knaue, bod or years

Very pouerte is sinne properly.

June al saith of pouert merily:

The poore man, whan he goeth by the way of I and both Biforne theues he may fing and play grand whe I you an Pouert is hatefull good; and as I gelle, a moon and a san I A full great bringer out of bulinefle: and with my droud A great amender eke of fapience, anismuo off qu fla To him that taketh it in pacience, deind side nedw bal Pouert is, although it seme elenge, Possession, that no wight wol challenge. And a do not so Pouerte ful often whan a man is lowe, as bothed better bathed and a man is lower.

Maketh his god, and eke himselfe to knowe. It bushoods A Pouert a spectacle is, as thinketh me, may be you only bush Through which one may his very frends fe. danom and I And therefore fin that I you not greue, who was both of my pouert, no more me repreue.

Now fir, eke of elde ye repreued me: salem sebnodzu !! And certes fir, though none autorite miliono of sorry but Were in no boke, ye gentils of honour, or yard I bal Saine, that men shuld an old wight honour, son live sen I

And clepe hem father for her gentilnelle. bus solo but And autours shal I finde as I geffered a month and book

Now there as ye fain, that I am foule and olde, Than drede you not to ben a coke wolde. For filthe, elthe, and foule, also mote I the, Ben great wardeins vpon chastite. But natheles, fin I know your delite, I shal fulfill your worldly appetite:

These now (qd. she) one of these things twey, To have me foule and olde, til that Idey, And be to you a trewe humble wife, And neuer you displease in al my life: Or els wol you haue me yong and faire, And take your auenture of the repaire That shal come to your house, bicause of me, Or in some other place, may well be? Now chefe your feluen whether that you liketh. This knight auiseth him, and sore siketh, But at the last he saith in manere: My lady, and my loue, and wife so dere,

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I put me in your wife gouernaunce, and provide hilliw not chefeth your felfe, which may be more plefaunce to but And most honour to you and me also, but how you and me also, but how you are the two:

I do no force whether of the two:

For as you liketh it sufficeth me. and me also, but you beld

Than haue I gote of you the mastry (qd. she) waid I Sin I may chese, and gouerne as my liste: We certes wise (qd.he) I hold it for the beste.

Kisse me (qd. she) we be no lenger wrothe: woo tasked to be my trueth I wol be to you bothe, and blow of roll of this is to say, to be bothe faire and good. Won tasked and and I pray to God that I more sterue wood, algorithm, doing But I to you be also good and trewe, and a strong view As euer was wife, sithen the world was newe: And but I be to morow as faire to sene, and an arround that is between Est and eke the West, allowed a moroid that is between Est and eke the West, allowed a moroid Doth with my life right as you lest.

And when this knight fawe all this, it has taken and of that the fo faire was, and fo yong therto, for ioye he hent her in his armes two:

His herte bathed in a bathe of bliffe,
A thousand times a rowe he gan her kiffe:

And she obeyed him in every thing,
That mought done him pleasure or liking.

And thus they lived vnto her lives ende
In parsite ioye, and Jesu Christ vs sende
Husbondes meke, yong, and fresh a bedde,
And grace to overlive hem that we wedde.

And I pray to God to shorte her lives,

And I pray to God to shorte her lives,

That will not be governed by her wives.

And olde, and angry nigardes of dispence,

God send hem sone a very pestilence.

Movement of the standard of the stan

Than drede you not to ben a coke wolde.

Than drede you not to ben a coke wolde.

For filthe, eithe, and foule, also motel the,

Ben great wardeins your chastite.

But natheles, sin I know your delite,

I shal fulfil your worldly appetite:

These now (qd. she) one of these things twey.

To have me soule and olde, all that I deep.

And be to you a trewe humble wife,

And neuer you displease in al my life:

Or els wol you haue me youg and laire,

And take your auenture of the repaire

That shal come to your house, bicause of me,

Or in some other place, may well be?

Yow chefe your feluen whether that you kireth.
This knight auifeth him, and fore liketh,
But at the last he faith in manere:
My lady, and my loue, and wife so dero,

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The Tall Best of Local Banor As wholly Translated

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Meleager and Attalante, out of the Eighth Book of Ovid's Metamorphofes.
Treesda and Guillerylin, Trees Brosness at the State of S
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